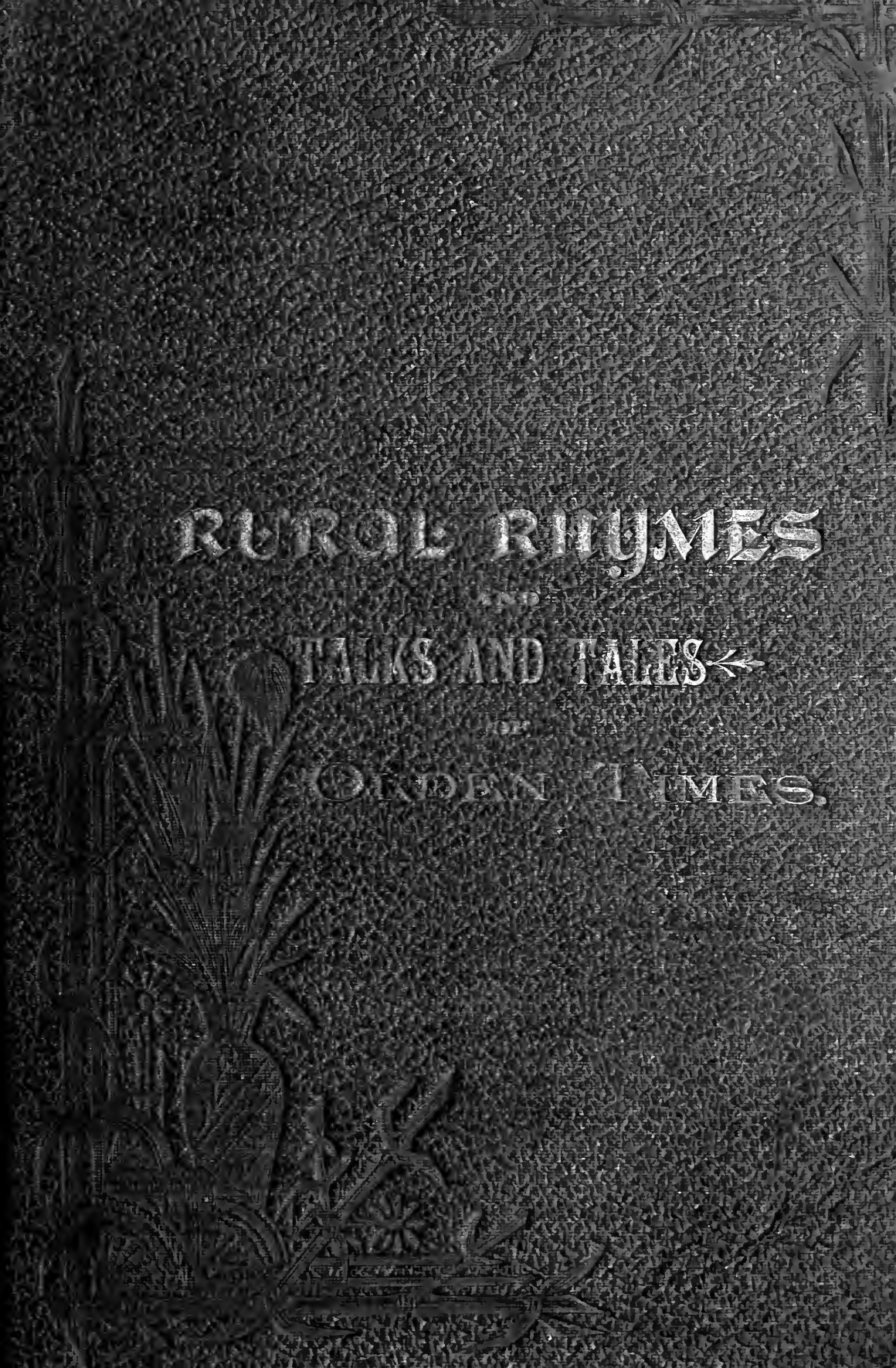


RURAL RHYMES
AND
TALKS AND TALES
FOR
ORDEN TIMES.



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Martin Price

RURAL RHYMES,

AND

Talks and Tales of Olden Times,

BEING A

Collection of Poems and Old-Time Stories.

GRAVE, HUMOROUS, DIDACTIC, SENTIMENTAL
AND DESCRIPTIVE,

WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND UNDER DIFFERENT
CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY

MARTIN [✓]RICE,

LONE JACK, MO.

33

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

KANSAS CITY:
RAMSEY, MILLETT & HUDSON,
1882.

10
7444 n

THE SNOW-FLAKE	208
'VANITY OF VANITIES! ALL IS VANITY!'"	209
PASSING AWAY	210
WHY SHOULD VAIN MORTALS BE PROUD	211
TWENTY YEARS PAST	213
I'M SITTING BY YOUR SIDE, MARY	215
LIFE AND DEATH	217
IMMORTALITY; OR, ANSWER TO LIFE AND DEATH	218
I AM STANDING BY YOUR GRAVE, MARY	219
HOPE DEFERRED	220
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY	221
TO AN ABSENT SON	222
WILLIE'S GRAVE	224
THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL	225
WHISKY, WHISKY—"TIS A CURSE	226
INTEMPERANCE	229
THE PROBLEM	238
THE FISHERMAN'S LAWSUIT	240
DORR MORRISON'S RIDE; OR, JOHN GILPIN THE II	243
DOUBLE ACROSTIC	252
ACROSTIC	253
ACROSTIC	253
ACROSTIC	254
ACROSTIC	254
ACROSTIC—DOUBLE	255
PARODY ON A WELL-KNOWN HYMN	255
THE MOON	256
THE ORPHAN'S LOT	260
THE CHILD'S DREAM	262
THE EXILE'S LAMENT	264
YOU'VE SUNG OF GREENLAND'S MOUNTAINS	265
ABRAHAM'S LAMENT	268
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN	270
DAVID AND GOLIATH	285
DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY MEN	302
DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN	306
PREACHING TO THE NINEVITES	308
THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR	311
THE BATTLE OF LONE JACK	316

INDEX.

v

SPOTTSYLVANIA'S WILDERNESS	318
THE HOME-SICK SOLDIER	320
THE BANDIT'S DREAM; OR, HILLS OF SNI-A-BAR	321
THE DYING SOLDIER AT LONE JACK	326
THE SOLDIER FROM THE KANSAS LINE	330
THE FADED BANNER; OR, HOPE-FORLORN	334
THE WATCHMAN; OR, BURDEN OF DUMAH	336
THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER	338
THE LONELY TREE	340
THE PRISONER	344
SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD	347
FORTY YEARS AGO—NOW AND THEN; OR, THE OLD MAN'S RETURN TO THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH	350
THE OLD-FASHIONED PREACHER	357
THE EARLY SETTLERS	359
THE CONTRAST	361
ADDRESS TO THE GRANGERS	364
LETTER TO AN EDITOR	366
THE EXODUS OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY-THREE; OR, ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN	370



INTRODUCTION.

THE author of RURAL RHYMES AND POEMS FROM THE FARM, in bringing this second edition before the public, returns his thanks for the favorable reception of the first edition. That edition of 1,500 has, with but little effort and no puffing or blowing, been sold, and there is still a demand for those simple home ballads of the plain Missouri farmer.

The present volume, styled "RURAL RHYMES AND TALKS AND TALES OF OLDEN TIMES," contains, in addition to the poems in the first edition, several others, written in the same easy and simple style; and also old-time stories in prose. In reference to these stories, the author desires to say, that, though some of them are mixed with a little of fiction, the main incidents and ideas are substantially true, as many of the older citizens of the localities can testify; the object being, in part, to give an account of the manners and customs of the Western men and women fifty years ago, and to contrast the old times with the present ones.

Hoping that the new volume will meet with even more favor than the first, and a greater sale, it is presented to an appreciative and generous public by the author,

MARTIN RICE.

LONE JACK, May, 1882.

TO THE READER.

Far from the city's noisy din,
Far from its bustle and alarm,
We had our being first within
The limits of an humble farm ;
From out its cool, sequestered shade,
In different ways, at different times,
We came ; and when together laid,
Are simply styled the " Rural Rhymes."

From out a toiling farmer's brain
We had our birth—no matter when,
If we can your attention chain,
And edify the minds of men ;
And though we may not soar as high
As Milton's thoughts in former times,
Oh, let it be no reason why
You should not read the " Rural Rhymes."

And though we may not live as did
Old Homer's verse and Ossian's lays,
Let not our simple truths be hid
By greater names of other days ;
Though thousand years we may not live,
As poems have from Eastern climes,
May we a transient pleasure give
To those who read the " Rural Rhymes."

And though not gorgeously arrayed
In soaring language, full and pure,
Remember gorgeous colors fade,
While simpler colors long endure ;
Then may the simple truths we speak
Fall on the heart with pleasing chimes,
And often may each reader seek
New beauties in the " Rural Rhymes."

Yours respectfully,

M. RICE.

❧ BIOGRAPHICAL. ❧

Martin Rice, the author of "Rural Rhymes," etc., was the oldest of the seven sons and four daughters of Enoch and Mary Rice, and had his birth and early training in what is now Union County, then a part of Campbell, in East Tennessee, and near the present Lost Creek post-office, thirty miles north of Knoxville. His father, Enoch, being a farmer of small means, poor health, and a large family, had hard work to make both ends meet, and consequently his boys were (as they ought to have been) brought up to labor on the farm. Martin, however, born on the 22d day of November, 1814, was sent to school at a very early age, and, at the age of six years, was pronounced, by his teacher, to be the best reader of his age in all the country. But after this, owing to the want of school facilities, or the pressing want of labor on the farm, or help to his mother in the house, his schooling was irregular and somewhat neglected, and at the age of fourteen he quit school altogether, having attended school, in all, from the age of five to fourteen, about thirty months; and at that time he says he had never seen the inside of a grammar. The last five months of his schooling, in 1828, he studied arithmetic, and at the end of the term, had got so far in "Pike" as to geometrical progression.

But though his schooling ended at the age of fourteen, his studies may be said to have just commenced. At his request his father bought him an English Grammar (Lindlay Murray's), and this he studied without the aid of a teacher; for his father, though a fair back-woods scholar of that day, had never studied grammar himself.

About the same time his taste for writing began to manifest itself, and many a Sunday and rainy day, while other boys were amusing themselves in play, he spent the time in putting his thoughts to paper, both in prose and in rhyme.

In the autumn of 1832 he was employed to teach a district school for five months in Claibourne County, Tenn., the first ever taught in the district under the first free school law of the State; for which he was promised ten dollars per month, one-fourth of which he never received; and while teaching this school he paid his own board by his own labor on mornings, evenings and Saturdays.

The next summer his father sold his small farm for \$800, and in the autumn, with his family, moved to Jackson County, Missouri, and in October, 1833, entered 160 acres of Government land near Lone Jack, a part of the farm on which Martin now resides. On this a log cabin was soon built, and the family moved into it in November of the same year.

Before moving to Missouri his father had traded for a cheap set of surveying instruments and an old treatise on that science, thinking they might be of use in the new country to which he was moving; and the winter evenings of that winter were spent by Martin in studying the lessons of that old book, as the days were spent in making rails and grubbing hazel.

After assisting in opening and fencing a farm and planting a crop, he was hired to a neighboring farmer for two months, at ten dollars per month, to be paid the next fall in pork.

After this, in the autumn, he taught a short term of school, the second ever taught in what is now Van Buren township in Jackson County.

In the summer of 1835 he made a crop with an uncle near Independence, sold his crop in the fall, and with the money obtained, and some borrowed, entered land near his father's, a part of the present Yankee farm, Secs. 28 and 29, Town. 47, Range 29. On this he worked through the winter and sold it in the spring, and then entered land in Van Buren, now Cass County, in Secs. 17 and 18, Town. 46, Range 29. On the 3d day of April, 1836, he was married to Miss Mary Lynch, of Lafayette County, and on the 11th day of the same month, moved to his lately purchased home,

and commenced housekeeping; and here he resided as a farmer until the death of his wife in December, 1855. His father having died in 1851, he sold out in Cass and bought the old homestead, in 1856, where he still is.

When he married and settled in Cass County (or Van Buren), it was a county but recently organized, and thinly settled. The first general election was held soon after, and he was elected county surveyor, an office of no profit then, and which he held for three years.

Politically, he has generally been in the minority, State and county, and in consequence has not sought or held political offices. He early adopted the motto of Henry Clay, "I would rather be right than to be in office." In 1846 he was chosen a justice of the peace, and served four years; and the title of 'Squire Rice sticks to him yet.

In 1850 the Whigs of the county ran him as their candidate for the State Legislature, and though he ran ahead of his party ticket, he was beaten by Charles Sims 174 votes.

Since moving to Jackson County, in 1856, he has not held, sought or asked for office, though at the last election, 1880, his name was placed, without his knowledge, on the Greenback ticket for surveyor, and again he ran ahead of his party ticket.

In addition to his occupation as an humble farmer, he has been engaged in propagating fruit-trees since 1849, and is now just going out of that business.

Large numbers of the orchards of Jackson, Cass, Lafayette and Johnson Counties, were grafted by the same hands that wrote the "Rural Rhymes;" and he has often been heard to say, that, after he is dead and gone, those labors of his hands, those orchards, will remain to benefit the country and the rising generation.

During his labors for so many years upon the farm, he has found time to cultivate the mind as well as the soil, and to pursue his studies, mathematics being his favorite one, and one in which he to-day excels many collegiate professors. Some things, too, he claims to have discovered in mathematics, not known before, or at least not laid down in the books.

As has been said, he commenced writing poetry, or

rhyming, at the age of fourteen. None of his youthful effusions have been preserved.

From 1850 to 1876, occasional pieces were published in the county papers, over the signature of "Phocion," and other *noms de plume*; and in 1877 his "Rural Rhymes and Poems from the Farm," was published at the office of Ramsey, Millett & Hudson, Kansas City, Mo.

This edition, numbering 1,500, has, with little effort, been disposed of, mostly in Jackson and adjoining counties; but many copies have also found their way to distant States, and are highly appreciated there, as well as at home.

Of Mr. Rice's six brothers and four sisters, two brothers and two sisters yet live: Enoch N. Rice, in Cass County, Mo., and Henry H., in Riley County, Kas.; Elizabeth Pilcher, in Pleasant Hill, Cass County, and Jane Snow, in Johnson County, Mo. His oldest brother, David, one of the early merchants of Cass, and who died on the way to California, in 1849, is referred to in his poem of "Twenty Years Past," written in 1852; and his youngest brother, Pryor, who fell at Corinth, in 1863, is supposed to be the "Soldier from the Kansas Line." His aged mother, who, after 1856, made her home with Martin, died in March, 1881.

Of his four sons and five daughters, three of each yet live. His eldest son and second daughter, died in infancy. His oldest daughter, Martha J. Tate, died in 1869; and her dying charge to her son is one of the author's poems. His sons, Isaac L. and Alvin B., live on his farm at the present time, and his youngest son, Marion, is in Ohio. One daughter, Mary Butler, lives near Freeman, in Cass County; one, Nancy Mitchell, in Vernon County; and the youngest, Elvira Mitchell, in Montana Territory.

Martin Rice is emphatically an old-fashioned farmer of the old-fashioned school, and, as said by his biographer in the history of Jackson County, lately published, he is, *par excellence, the Old Fogey of the township*—one that cannot be made to believe that the new-fashioned way of running things by steam, is much better than running them in the old-fashioned manner. He united with the Baptist Church at Pleasant Garden, near Lone Jack, in 1841, and afterwards transferred his membership to the Lone Jack Church of Missionary Baptists, to which he still belongs.

As was said, his wife died in 1855. His last daughter married in November, 1881, and he now has no family, but resides with his son Isaac and his family, on the old farm that his father settled in 1833.

As may be seen from some of his poems, he was, during the great Civil War of 1861, a steadfast friend of the Union, being then, as ever before in his county, in a minority; but he managed to keep at home, and on good terms with his neighbors who differed in opinion with him, frequently assisting and befriending them in their troubles, and being assisted and befriended by them in return.



Rural Rhymes and Olden Times.

A HOOSIER'S TRAMP.

THREE DAYS' TRAVEL THROUGH WESTERN MISSOURI IN 1836, AND
THREE DAYS OVER THE SAME GROUND IN 1880.

In the spring of 1880, having been in poor health during the winter, I was advised by my physician to spend a few months in travel, as it was thought that this would be of more benefit to me than any medical treatment that I could receive.

I immediately set about making preparations to leave my home on the White River, in Indiana, not as yet having fixed upon any particular line of travel or the direction I should take. In looking over some of my old papers, with a view of arranging my affairs before leaving home, I picked up what appeared to be the remnant of an old memorandum-book, written in pencil and so worn that I could scarcely decipher the writing upon it. I soon saw, however, that it was what remained of a diary that I had kept on a trip to the western part of Missouri, in 1836.

As I said, there was but a remnant left, and it contained the incidents only of three days of that journey.

Those incidents, or memoranda, were briefly stated, and read thus:—

“October 1.—Started after late breakfast, bidding our fat host good-by and paying fifty cents each. We had no road, but were directed in a northwest direction to an Indian

trail, which would lead us direct to Westport. Got lost, and traveled several miles out of the way; finally struck the trail, and stopped at noon near the south line of Johnson County, at the house of Mr. Norris, and fed our horses. About sundown passed a mound, nearly round and quite high; no house in sight. After dark lost the road again; saw a light and found a small cabin in the prairie; could not keep us, but put us in the road and sent us a mile further. Stayed with a young couple, lately married, living in Van Buren County.

"October 2.—Paid our bill, fifty cents each, and proceeded on our journey; still on the Indian trail, or Shawnee trace. Found houses for a few miles, and came again into a large prairie; fell in with an old gentleman going to the Platte Purchase, and joined company, as he said he could pilot us a better way. Stopped on the Little Blue and had shoes put on horses. Stayed at Stayton's, near Independence; went with the family to night-meeting, or preaching.

"October 3.—Paid lodging, seventy-five cents each; went on to Independence; met our pilot again; went on to Westport; crossed the Missouri River at Westport Landing. Stopped at night on Bee Creek, with a friend of our traveling companion, who gave us all a hearty welcome."

More than forty-three years had passed since that journey was made and that diary was written, but the incidents of those three days were yet fresh in my memory. They had impressed themselves, at the time, more forcibly upon my mind than the incidents of any other part of the journey, and it may have been for that reason that this scrap had been preserved.

Before I had finished reading, my resolve had been taken to go over the same ground again, in this my contemplated travel. At least, I resolved to proceed on the same route to Westport, thence through Kansas, Arkansas, and perhaps Texas.

That trip has been made, and I have returned with restored health, and have resolved to write a narrative of that three days' journey in 1836 and its incidents, and, also, of three days over the same ground in 1880.

I was then in my youth; now I am old and grey-headed, verging on to my three-score and ten years. Then, the

country was new and thinly settled ; now, it is comparatively old and populous. But to proceed.

About the last of August, 1836, my friend and neighbor, Frank Elmwood, informed me that he was thinking of trying his fortune farther west. We had come from Virginia to Indiana, boys together ; both had been married about eighteen months, and each had a small farm and a small family, on the White River. Frank said the Platte Purchase, in Missouri, was said to be the garden-spot of the world ; that it was now open for settlement, and settling up fast ; and asked me if I would not cut loose and go with him. After thinking and talking over the matter for some days, it was decided that we should go and look at the country before breaking up where we were.

Our preparations were soon made, and we set out on horseback about the 10th of September, and proceeded leisurely to Vincennes, thence to St. Louis, and from there in a southwest direction to the Kickapoo Prairie, in Greene County, where we had some Virginia acquaintances and some little business to transact. But as this sketch is only to treat of three days' travel, all else is hurriedly passed over. We left the Kickapoo Prairie, as well as I recollect, on the 28th of September, passing through the counties of Polk, Benton and Rives (since called Henry), and after passing the little town of Clinton, missed our way, and night found us at the house of Mr. Clark Davis, on a stream called Big Creek.

This Mr. Davis was almost a mountain of flesh, weighing, as he said, over four hundred pounds, but a genial, kind-hearted and affable man.

The country we had passed over after leaving Springfield, was thinly settled ; and a part of the way we had passed over bridle-paths, or settlement roads. The farms and the rude cabins were small, few, and far between. Our giant friend, with whom we tarried, informed us, that, a few miles to the north, we would strike an Indian trail, called the Shawnee trace, which would lead us direct to Westport, on the western line of the State, and near the Missouri River. This trail, he said, was made by the Shawnee Indians, in moving from the lower Mississippi to their homes on the

Kansas. He pointed out the direction we should go, and we set out. In a short time, in crossing a stream on which some timber and brush were growing, we got turned round while seeking a crossing-place, and as the day was cloudy, took a wrong direction; and instead of going north, we afterward found ourselves going nearly east. Several miles were passed, and we realized the fact that we were lost, on an almost boundless prairie. It was so cloudy and smoky that we could not see the sun, or the streams of timbered land, if any such there were to be seen. About ten o'clock, a solitary horseman was seen crossing our course, at about right angles. We spurred up, in order to meet him, and found that he was following a small trail, or wagon-track, through the tall grass; and on inquiring for the Shawnee trace, he said he was a stranger there, but that in passing down the day before, he had passed an old road, or trail, which he supposed was it; and that he thought it was only a short distance ahead. We turned our course and rode on together, through the rank grass. The stranger was a tall, good-looking young man, apparently thirty years of age; perhaps older; was quite talkative, and told us that he lived in Lafayette County, near Greenton, and seemed desirous of finding out something of our residence and business in such a waste world.

My companion, Frank, who had not spoken since first inquiring about the road, gave my horse a cut with his switch, as I was about to answer some question that had been asked; and the sudden spring of the horse prevented an immediate answer. On my looking back, he gave me a look and a gesture, which said as plainly as they could say, "be on your guard." I was somewhat surprised, as, before that, he had been more open with strangers, and less suspicious than I had been. I took the hint, however, and answered the stranger's question, by saying that we were from the Wabash country, and were visiting friends and looking at the country. In a short time we came to the old trail, and taking the left hand end, we parted company with the stranger, and rode on. As soon as we were out of hearing, Frank, who had been riding behind, came to my side, and I asked for an explanation. "Didn't you know him?" said he. "It is that villain Lester." "What! John

C. Lester?" "Yes," said he. "I knew him as soon as he opened his mouth to answer my question about the road." "Where did he say he lived?" "Near Greenton, I think." "Then," said Frank, "he will hear from me again, before we get back to the Wabash" "By the bye, you were quick to take the hint."

For some time we rode on in silence. Frank seemed, as I thought, to be planning some way to avenge himself of the wrongs he had received; and my thoughts, by the incident, were carried back to Virginia, and were brooding over the scenes of my youth. That Frank had been deeply wronged by this man, I knew. By his oily speeches and insinuating address, he had so played upon the credulity of Frank's father as to swindle him out of some thousands of dollars; and, what was worse, had seduced a fair young cousin of Frank's, a school-mate of mine, and carried her off, no one knew where; we had not heard of them since. No wonder, then, that this little incident had set us both to thinking. About noon, we came to a cabin on the road, and stopped to feed our horses and get dinner. We were told that Mr. Norris lived there, but that none of the family were at home, except a boy, who said he had just eaten all that was cooked. He, however, fed our horses, and told us it was twenty miles to the next house on the road. Our host of the night before had told us of this house of Norris, and of the one twenty miles above; to which he said we could get before night, and where, he said, we would find a jolly, cranky old pioneer, by the name of Langston; with a family of boys as cranky as himself. Having rested our horses, we pursued our journey through the lonely prairie, and in a few miles passed a small stream, said to be the head of Bear Creek; on which some man had hauled together a set of house logs, by the road side; but no other sign of humanity was to be seen. Late in the afternoon, we came in sight of a high and round looking-knoll, or mound, on the prairie toward which our trail led in a direct line; we could see it from every little rise or eminence for miles; and about sunset it was reached. The main travelled road passed round it on the south; but the original Indian path had passed directly over it. We rode on the direct straight path, up its steep side, to its rocky summit; from

which an extensive view on all sides could be had. For miles, in every direction, the prairie was spread out before and around it; but no house was in sight. To the north, at the distance of two miles perhaps, was seen what appeared to be a small corn-field; and far to the south, were seen two or three smokes, rising as if from chimneys: but no other sign of habitation.

A short council was here held, whether we should leave the road, and seek a lodging at the farm to the north, or proceed on the trail to Langston's. The latter being resolved on, we pushed forward, and just after dark came to a stream, on which, so far as we could see, grew a large body of woods. Passing through this woods, it was quite dark, and after crossing the stream we lost the road again, and got into a small lake or swamp; and once out of that, into a flat, marshy bottom, where the grass was higher than our horses. Here, Frank proposed that we should stop, and wait till the moon rose; but as that would not be till midnight, and as it had cleared up so that the stars could be seen, I insisted that we push on in a northwest course, and that we might strike the trail again, or come in sight of the light in Langston's house, which I said could not be very far off. And sure enough, in a short time, a light was seen, and on approaching it, the outlines of a very small cabin; but no other sign of improvement. The man who came at our call, in answer to the question, where we were, said we were in Van Buren County, on the waters of Big Creek and close by the Shawnee trace. In answer to the question, whether he could keep us and our horses over night, he replied, "I reckon not; we can hardly keep ourselves. We've only been here a week or two, have no stable, no corn, no meat, no coffee, no nothing; we are new beginners here in the world; but if you'll go down there and get in that trail, you'll find a house jest beyant the branch, where I reckon you can stay." On our saying we were afraid of getting lost again, he said, "I'll go and put you on the road, and you can't miss the way. Once in the *trace*, you can't get out, without you *kick out*." He did so, and as we were parting Frank asked, if the house across the branch, was the Langston place. "Yes," was his reply, and we were away. We soon crossed the branch, and came to a small field of two or three acres; at

the farther side of which, we came in view of another small cabin. As we approached it, Frank remarked, "If the old man and his wife and his six-foot boys are all at home, I fear we'll have a crowded house to-night."

In answer to our halloo, a boyish specimen of humanity came out to the little gate; and when asked if he could keep us till morning, answered that if we were not particular about our fare, he would try. And in our circumstances, we thought it best not to be too particular. He assisted us in putting up our horses in a small stable made of poles; and throwing some fodder into the trough, he told us to go into the house, and he would bring some corn from the field for our horses. On our saying that we were as hungry as bears, and would like to have supper, he said, "Go in and talk to the cook."

Frank preferred to go and assist in feeding the horses, while I went in to order supper. On my entrance, I was surprised to see nobody but a bashful-looking girl, fifteen or sixteen years old, who set me one of the three chairs in the cabin, and bade me be seated. I told her we would like to have supper; and while she was busy in making a fire in the wide, open fire-place, I took a hasty view of the surroundings. The room appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen feet square; the floor was of rough hewed puncheons, and over-head were half a dozen round pole joists, on which was laid a loft of clapboards. There were two doors; the shutters of which were also made of clapboards. Of furniture, a bed in the northeast corner and another in the southeast, placed on rough bedsteads, the post and rails of which had been hewed and dressed with a drawing-knife. In one corner, next the fire-place, with its rough back and jambs, was the cupboard or dresser, made by laying some smooth clapboards on pegs driven into auger-holes in the wall. A similar piece of furniture, in the back end of the house, between the beds, served in place of a bureau, on which the bed-clothing and wearing apparel were packed away. A square table, three split-bottomed chairs, and what was neither lounge, sofa, settee or cradle, but a sort of compromise between them all—a thick, heavy board, or puncheon, dressed off and placed on rockers, like those of a cradle, with another board fastened to uprights, against which the back could rest while sitting.

on the bench and rocking. There was also the large cotton wheel and cards, and other necessary articles of housekeeping.

In the corner opposite the cupboard, was the book-case, made as the cupboard was, by laying boards upon pegs in the wall. Having a curiosity to see what kind of books the cranky old man was in the habit of reading, after the girl had lighted an old-fashioned, greasy, cast iron lamp and had stepped out for something, I approached the book-stand, and on examination found some histories; the Life of "Washington" and "Marion" by Weems; the "Life of Jackson;" some books of travel; and amongst the rest, an old treatise on surveying. Having hastily come to the conclusion that the old folks were away from home, and that the younger children were keeping house in their absence, when the young woman returned, I ventured to remark:

"Your father and mother are not at home I suppose?"

With a mischievous smile, she replied: "They were a few days ago, and I reckon they are yet."

"Then you don't live here?"

"Yes, I stay here, but my parents live twenty miles off, on the Sni, near Greenton."

"Near Greenton did you say; are you acquainted in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, I was raised there."

"Do you know a man there by the name of Lester?"

"No, I don't know him; I've heard of him though."

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of Frank and the young man, who had been caring for the horses.

Frank appeared as much surprised as I had been, on seeing nobody but me and the girl present; and we both took a hasty survey of the beardless boy who was acting as our host; spare built, with long legs and arms, and awkward and gawky-looking in the extreme. Frank at once came to the same conclusion that I had done—that the old folks were away; and asked the youngster about the same questions that I had asked the girl—whether the old folks, his parents, were at home.

He smiled, as the girl had done, and replied: "I spose they are; they very seldom leave home. But I know what

you mean, and must inform you that we are the old folks ourselves."

"I beg pardon," said Frank, "but we were told that an old man lived here, Mr. Langston, is that not your name?"

"Not quite that," said he; "the old man Langston did live here; he settled the place, but he has moved to the Platte, he and all his boys; and as to asking pardon, there is no harm done; we are used to it; it's not the first time that we've been asked where our daddy and mamma was."

"What is your age," said I, "and how long have you been here?"

"I am twenty-two and she is sixteen; and we came here last April."

"How long have you been in the State, and from what part did you come?"

"We are both from Tennessee, near the Cumberland Mountains; I have been in the State three years, and she has been here nearly all her life."

The young housewife here handed her husband a tin cup, with some parched coffee in it, and asked him to beat it. He stepped to the door and brought in his axe, which had an old-fashioned pudding-stick handle, sawed off square at the end, and seating himself on the rocking-bench, with the cup pressed between his feet on the floor, commenced beating with the end of the axe-helve, and soon had the coffee pulverized. Meanwhile, the oven with its corn-dodgers, and the skillet with its fried pork were before the fire, and supper was soon served, to which we did ample justice.

I must own we were disappointed; we had expected to be entertained with the cranky actions, jokes and tales of the old pioneer; but instead we were being taken care of by a boy and girl, who were quite reserved in their manners. Our questions were all answered with civility and simplicity; but beyond this, the conversation was mostly on our part.

We learned that his nearest neighbor (excepting the one across the branch, who had just moved there) was a mile and a half off; that our host had bought the little improvement of the old pioneer, and entered the land on which it was located; that he had kept "batch" awhile, making rails to fence a farm; "and then," said he, "I married and brought

this girl here to cook for me." I here remarked to Frank, that the lady had informed me that her parents lived near Greenton.

"Near Greenton?" said Frank to the young man; "are you acquainted there?"

"Not much," said he; "only with a few families."

"Do you know a man by the name of Lester?"

"I saw him once."

"Then, tell me all you know about him?"

"Of my own knowledge, I don't know anything. I've heard a good deal. He bought my father-in-law's farm some time ago, and they are all living there until my father-in-law can build and move on-to his place, in this neighborhood."

"What family has he?" said Frank, somewhat agitated.

"Can't say certainly; I've heard my wife's mother speak of them. There's Lester himself, three women and a boy; but she was somewhat in the dark as to the relationship, and thought there was some mystery about them."

"Three women, you say. What are their ages? Have you ever heard them described?"

"Well, one of them, I suppose, is an old lady, as she passes for Lester's mother; another is a young woman and is called his wife; besides, there is another elderly woman, said to be a widow, with a son ten or twelve years old. But my mother-in-law doubts whether any of them are all they pretend to be; at any rate, she thinks there is some mystery about them."

"And do you know anything about Lester's occupation?"

"Can't say; he bought the farm, as he said, for farming purposes; but I suppose trade and speculation is his principal business. I have heard my wife's brother speak of his boasting of what sums he had made by his sharp tricks in trade."

"And you have never seen those women yourself?"

"Yes; I was there a short time ago, and saw the two younger women pass through the yard. They were living in a cabin a few paces from the one occupied by my father-in-law."

"Can you describe the youngest one—Lester's wife?"

"Rather taller than common; spare-made, light hair, inclining to red."

"That's her," said Frank to me; "the villain! the deep dyed villain!" and he relapsed into silence.

I then entered into conversation with the young man, relative to the country through which we were passing. He said we were near the northeast corner of the county of Van Buren; "a county organized," said he, "only a year ago;" said the first general election was held in August, and that the county polled less than two hundred votes; that the seat of justice was not yet located; that the courts had been held at private houses, on the South Grand River, some eighteen or twenty miles to the southwest; that there was but one store of goods in all the county, and that it was about six miles west of him; that there was but one post-office, and that it had just been established, and was twenty miles away. I asked what the prospect was for entering Government lands in the county. He replied that there were but eighteen sections, or half a township, yet in market; that the balance was condemned land. Wishing to know what was meant by condemned lands, he said it had been returned by commissioners or surveyors as not worth surveying, on account of the scarcity of timber. The eighteen sections, then in market, he said, were in the northeast corner of the county; that only a small part of that was entered yet; that there were but five or six families living in that half township; but that more would be very soon. On my asking how the condemned land was taken up and held, he said: "Each settler marks out his claim, which if not unreasonably large, is respected by everybody else, and no one trespasses upon another; and they run their lines to suit their own convenience."

"Then," said I, "you have no use for county surveyor, and, perhaps, have none."

"Very little use, indeed," said he; "I was elected as such last August, but it is an office of no profit and very little work to do."

"I see," said I, "that you have Gibson's Surveying; at what school did you study it?"

"At no school at all; haven't been at school since I was

fourteen years old, and not much before; but I learned surveying like I learned other things, by hard study at home."

The young housekeeper having cleared up things, invited us to occupy one of the two beds in the cabin, and I slept soundly till daylight.

On waking up, Frank said: "I'll tell you what, Jim, I've been dreaming all night about Lester and his rascalities; and mark what I tell you now, he'll get his deservings some day. I dreamed it over and over, the same thing again and again, and I tell you now, and mind you remember it, he'll end his days upon the gallows."

"I'm going back by there," said he, "and I'll find out more about him before I leave the State; and as I said, he'll hear from me some day."

I tried to dissuade him from his purpose, saying that he could not punish him by law for what he had done; and that if he resorted to violence, he would make matters worse, and get himself and friends into trouble.

We paid our bill, more than was asked, and set out again on the old trail. About three or four miles further on, in going round a farm that had been fenced across the trail, we took the wrong road again—the one that led to the store which our host had spoken of, and which, as I remember, was kept by a Mr. Wright, who was selling goods, groceries, medicines, and a little of everything needed in new countries. The store was located on a high ridge of prairie, from which was an extensive view in all directions, with a farm and farm-house in sight, here and there, but the greater part of the country in its native wildness. I afterward saw in Wetmore's Gazetteer of Missouri, written in 1836, a mention of this store and the surrounding country, which I can vouch for, as being true at that time.

Before reaching the store, we were informed, by a man that we met in the path, that we were at least a mile south of the Shawnee trail; and on learning that we were wishing to go to the Platte Purchase, he exclaimed, "Well, old Uncle Jimmy Savage is at the store, now on his way there, and if you'll hurry up, he can pilot you right thar."

"But who," I asked, "is old Uncle Jimmy Savage?"

"Oh!" said he, "everybody knows him, and he knows everybody. But if you wish to catch him, you had better

hurry up; he jest come to the store to get a new hat, and he's goin' straight to Independence, and then on to the Purchase."

We trotted on to the store, hitched our horses and went in. I asked the keeper of the store if Mr. Savage had been there, as I saw no person present that filled the description of an old uncle.

"Yes," said he, "been gone only a few minutes."

Frank then spoke to the merchant, in an undertone, informing him of our destination, and asked whether he thought Mr. Savage a proper traveling companion.

"Yes," said the merchant, "there's no harm in Old Jimmy, and you'll find him an entertaining companion."

We waited for no more, and on reaching our horses, met a youth just alighting, and asked if he had seen anything of Old Mr. Savage.

"Yaas," said the boy, looking up the road. "Do you see that man way off yander, on that big roan marr?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's him."

We whipped up, and in less than an hour had come up with him. A plain farmer-looking man, of perhaps sixty years; dressed in homespun from head to foot, with a new wool hat, sure enough. After the first words of salutation, I asked if he lived in the vicinity.

"Yes," said he, "across the creek yander (pointing east), a little piece this side o' the Jack."

"And may I ask," said I, "what you call the Jack?"

"Oh! the Lone Jack, to be sure."

"Excuse me, sir, but we are strangers here, and don't know any place of that name."

"Well," said he, "look across over yander; do you see that lone tree, standing on the high prairie?"

"Yes; I see something of that sort."

"Well, that's Lone Jack."

"And why do you call it Jack, rather than Jim or Tom?"

"Just because the tree is a black Jack tree, and not a black Jim." It's been called the Lone Jack ever since I know'd it, and that's been a good long while, I tell you; before there was any roads in the country, or trails through

the grass; it was our pilot, or landmark, when we was out here bee huntin', and deer huntin', and huntin' elk, which we was mity near every fall."

"Then, you are an old settler in this country?"

"Old settler! I reckon I am, if twenty-five years counts anything. I was in the State ten years before it was a State; settled in Cooper County, amongst the Injins, before the war of 1812; and was one amongst the fifteen families that fortified through the war, in Cole's and Kinkaid's forts, to save our scalps."

"No doubt, then, you know, and could tell something about the dangers and hardships of frontier life?"

"Frontier life! I don't know anything else. I've been on the frontier for twenty-five or thirty years; and am on my way, now, to the Platte Purchase, to hunt me a home at the jumping-off place again."

"Ah! is that so?" "We are on *our* way to look at that country, and would be pleased to have a frontiersman to be our companion and pilot."

"At your service, gentlemen. I know almost every hog-path between here and the Missouri River, and a good many on the other side, too; and besides, I have several friends and acquaintances, lately moved to the Purchase; so, you'll find me at home wherever I go."

Frank now spoke up for the first time, saying, "Are you much acquainted in Lafayette County?"

"Oh, yes; I know most all the old settlers there; especially in the western part."

"Are you acquainted near Greenton?"

"Mighty well, with the old settlers there. The Helmses, the Jameses, the Hoppers, the Whites, the Hughes, the Manions, the Barkers, McClure, and Sloane, Jennings, Cammel and a good many others."

"Do you know any one by the name of Lester?"

"No; I reckon he's a new-comer. I don't know many of them."

"Do you know the young couple and what kind of people they are, where we staid last night; down on the Shawnee trail, where Mr. Langston once lived?"

"Mighty well. That youngster kep' our school a year

or two ago ; and I've known his wife ever since she was a child. He's a perfect swinge cat, worse than he looks ; that is, he knows more than you think he does. His wife's mother is a mighty fine woman, and I reckon she is a first-rate gal. She don't know much about readin' and writin', but she knows how to spin, and weave, and milk the cows, and I reckon that boy and gal will make a livin'.

"I remarked, that what my friend wanted to know, principally, was whether they were truthful, as they had given him some information, in which he was deeply interested."

"I have never heard anything else of them," said he, "and if they told you anything that ain't so, I don't think they intended it."

Frank appeared satisfied with the answers, and asked where we would cross the river, and how far it was to it.

"We can cross," said he, "at Ducker's Ferry, or at Westport Landing. I am not certain which way I shall go, but I think by Westport. I shall stay in the neighborhood of Independence to-night, which is twenty miles from here ; and Westport is ten miles west of it."

"It looks," said I, "as if we had a good stretch of prairie ahead of us."

"Yes ; and we will pass no house till we reach the Blue timbers, a good ten miles yet."

I asked if the road we were on was the old Shawnee Trail.

"No," said he, "we passed that some distance back, and this is the Harmony Mission road, leading to the Mission or Injin School on the Osage or Merrydezen."

We found the old gentleman a genial, friendly, communicative back-woodsman, with a frank, open countenance,—open in more ways than one ; for there was an opening in front of his face that reminded one of a poor man's rent—from year to year (without the y). He interested us with his tales of the early settlement of the country and of frontier life, when the boys went courting in their deer-skin dressing, and the girls sometimes wore dresses of the same material.

He told us, too, of the dangers, privations, and hard-

ships of the fifteen families living in the county of Cooper, during the war of 1812, some of his tales being amusing and some otherwise.

One particular incident he recounted, of his own narrow escape from the Indians, when he and a fellow-hunter, named Smith, were surprised when outside the fort hunting for something to support life inside.

"We were some distance from the fort," said he, "and had killed a fine doe, and was fixing to swing her on a pole to carry to the fort, when our dog gave a fearful growl, and his hair all turned up the wrong way. Smith said: 'Lookout, Jim!' and I did lookout, and saw something I didn't want to see. Across the holler, over on the next ridge, we saw about a dozen redskins, who had already seen us, and was stealing along through the weeds and bushes right toward us. We dropped our venison and picked up our guns, and you may bet we made moccasin tracks fast. I was younger then than I am now, and had run many a foot race, but I made better time then than I ever made before. Smith soon dropped his gun, and we run side and side. The fort was nearly north, and the Injins was toward the west. A part of them came like all fury right toward us, and a part attempted to head us off, by striking straight for the fort. They were soon near enough to commence shooting; I gave a few jumps more, then turned and fired at them; and dropping my old flint-lock, I ran for dear life, giving a yell every few moments to let our folks at the fort know what was up. A hundred yards further, and Smith fell by my side, his blood spurting onto my huntin' shirt. Another moment or two, and my calls for help were answered from the fort. A gun was fired, and I had the pleasure to see the Injins stop. But you may be sure I didn't stop, nor did they stop shooting as long as I was in reach."

After he had recounted many of his adventures and trials, I asked how long he had been in his present location.

"I moved to where I live now two years ago last March, but I have been in Jackson County since 1826, before it was organized as a county, when Independence was a corn patch and deer and turkeys was plenty, and the nettles grewed as high as my head, in places. I built a cabin on Little Blue, up here; and after opening a little corn field and beatin

meal and hominy for a year or two, I built a little water mill for the accommodation of the settlers, and remained there until the winter of 1833, when I sold it and moved down by the Lone Jack; and am living now in the first house that was ever built in that part of the county — built by a man named Dunnaway — one who, like me, has always been trying to be at the outside. I hear he is settling or building now at the head of Bear Creek, down on the Shawnee trace. Did you see anything of him as you come up?"

I told him that we had seen no one after leaving Norris's, but that we had passed a set of house-logs at the head of the creek.

"Well," said he, "that's Isaac Dunnaway, and I reckon he'll keep a-going."

"Have the Indians ever given you any trouble here?" I asked.

"No," said he, "we have never had any to speak of. Our old wimmen would sometimes take a skeer, and some of the old womanish men would run and hide. But we never had any war trouble that amounted to much, till the Mormons come here and kicked up a dust, and we had to drive 'em off. But may be you don't know anything about Mormons?"

I assured him that we did not.

"Then you needn't want to know any thing about 'em," said he, and I thought he was not going to tell me any thing.

After a few moments I asked, "what kind of people are they?" not exactly knowing whether they were people or some other kind of "varmint."

"Oh," said he, "they claimed to be some kind of a religious sex, and said they had received a revelation from heaven, which the angel Gabriel, or some other angel, brought down on plates of gold to their prophet, Jo. Smith; that it had been revealed to 'em that they were to build the Zion, or new Jerusalem, on the spot where Independence now is; and that the whole County of Jackson had been given to the Saints (as they called themselves) for an inheritance, and that the Gentiles was to be driven out and dispossessed."

"And did they have their preachers, and what kind of doctrine did they preach?"

"Yes, they had their preachers, or elders, as they called 'em; and their preachin', I reckon, was like everybody else's—better than their practice. They put up a printing office at Independence, and printed a newspaper filled with nonsensical prophesies and revelations made by the Almighty to his servants, Joseph, and Synney, and Oliver, and Parley, and Lyman, and Ziba, and I can't tell you how many more; their preacher pretending to speak in unknown tongues, heal the sick and work miracles, and, so far as I could see, it was all an unknown jargon of foolishness."

"And did they attempt to dispossess the other citizens, or the Gentiles?"

"Yes, in a certain way; you see, a few of them located near Mr. A; by their petty thieving, their trespasses and insulting ways, would so annoy him that to escape their deviltries, he would sell out to them for a mere song; and then half a dozen more of them located on his place, would so annoy Mr. B, adjoining, that he too would sell out to escape them; and so on, first one and then another, until it seemed that the whole possey would be bought out, from A to Izzard. So we got together, and said it had to be stopped; and if any more dispossessing had to be done, it would be the other way.

"They had a strong settlement at Independence, one at Westport, and scattered members all over the county.

"About the last of September, three years ago, some of the heathen Gentiles about Independence got together, pulled down their printing office, tarred and feathered their Elder Partridge, and whistled Bob White at him, and ordered the whole lot of latter day Saints to get away. They went to Westport, where a few weeks after the Gentiles and the Mormons had a little brush of a fight. The Mormons, also, came in force to attack Independence, but were met by a force so large that they didn't do it; and after some palavering, they agreed to leave the county; and they did leave and went across the river into Clay."

"And that," said I, "was the last of them, I suppose?"

"Not the last by any means," was his reply. "The next spring some of their head men from New York and Ohio came on with large reinforcements, and they resolved to come back and wipe us all out.

"That was the biggest scare and excitement we ever had. The whole county was in arms, with a part of Lafayette to help us. A company of fifty, or more, from our part of the county, and Van Buren, which then was a part of Jackson, elected me their captain; and we made a forced march to Independence in the night. The night, you remember, that the moon was eclipsed, two years ago last June. Well, we got there, but the Mormons hadn't come yet; and when they found out we was too strong for 'em, they gave it up, and entered into some sort of a treaty to disband their army and let us alone."

"And where are they now?" asked Frank.

"Up on north Grand River. They staid a year or more in Clay, till the people there, got tired of them, and drove 'em as we did; and they went to Daviess and Caldwell Counties and are there yet, and still increasing in numbers; and I guess the trouble is not over yet.

We had left the Mission road, and were pursuing our way on a small bridle-path, or trail, through the grass, and after awhile, came to the timbered lands of the Little Blue; and as we proceeded, the country became more rough and uneven, with here and there a cabin and small corn-field; and as we passed, our companion would now and then point out spots where he had killed elk or deer, or cut beech-trees, and recount the circumstances. On reaching the Blue, we found a small grist-mill and a small and narrow corn-field, which our companion told us he had formerly owned, and sold it to its then owner, a Mr. Hawkins. He pointed out the spot where his first cabin stood, and where his nearest neighbor then resided. Having some business at the mill, he stopped there; directing us where we could find a blacksmith, to put a shoe on each one of our horses, we parted company, agreeing to meet the next morning at the store of General Owens, in Independence. After some trouble, we found the shop, and the smith, who was also an old pioneer (Johnson, I think, by name); a smith who manufactured his own coal, having a large charcoal pit burning at the time."

On being asked if he knew old Jimmy Savage, he replied, "Oh! certainly; everybody knows him. He's the first

preacher that ever preached in these diggins; or if not the first, near about it."

"Well," said Frank. "that beats me. I knew he was farmer, miller, hunter and soldier, but didn't dream that he was a preacher." Having to make our horseshoes from a heavy bar of iron, and also to make the nails to put them on with, the sun was quite low before we left the shop. The smith said, "if we did not wish to go on to town, we could stay at Stayton's, or at Shepherd's." We stopped at Stayton's about sunset, and were told that it was two miles to town, and that we could stay. He appeared to be a well-to-do farmer; had a good farm in a beautiful location, a large family, mostly boys. We had supper soon, and our host informed us that there was to be preaching at the meeting-house, and that he hoped we would excuse him, as he wished to be in attendance.

Frank, who was a church-going man, proposed that if it was not too far, we would attend also. On being told that it was but a short mile, and that the family would walk, we all set out together. We had been told that it was a Baptist meeting, and that Parson White, of Lafayette County, was expected to preach.

I suppose that this fact was one reason why Frank wished to be in attendance.

He was, however, disappointed. Elder White was not present. The pastor of the church, Fitzhugh, I think, opened the services; and while singing the opening hymn, we were surprised to see our traveling companion enter, and on a signal from the preacher, walk up into the stand. After the hymn and prayer, and a whispered consultation of half a minute, the tall pastor announced his text: "By grace are ye saved." I soon found that he was not only a Baptist, but one of the kind called "hard-shell," or extreme Calvinistic. He appeared to be a man of some intelligence and well read, but somewhat eccentric in his manners and arguments; bringing smiles to the face oftener than tears to the eyes.

At the close of the sermon, old Uncle Jimmy rose slowly, and after singing "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," opened his discourse about as follows:—

"My dear brethren, friends and old neighbors, as our good brother down at Salem would say, my tex is found

at verse 8, IV chapter, of the one I John: 'God is Love.' So well convinced was the Apossel John of this fact that he said it, not only once, but twice or off'ner. You'll find it at verse 8, and again at verse 16; and, my friends, I believe he meant just what he said—that God, the great God of heaven and earth, is Love, first, and last, and all the time; that He is Love, from the beginning to the end; not a part Love, and a part hate, but Love all the time; and being Love, and loving the whole of the lost race of Adam, He gave his only Son, the Lord Jesus, to die for them, for me and for you, and for all: 'That whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting Life.' Brethren, this is all the doctrine I have to preach on this tex. You know that Old Jimmy is called the exhortin' preacher. Then let me to-night exhort you, as though it were the last night of my life, and yours, if you have not already believed in him, and come to him, to make a start now. Let me plead with you, as one who loves you well, to ground the arms of your rebellion, against one who loves you much better, and died that you might live."

For twenty minutes then, he continued to exhort the unbelieving part of the audience, in language that drew tears from his own, as well as other eyes; completely, as I thought, upsetting the predestinarian doctrines of his brother and predecessor.

After we returned from church, I asked our host who Uncle Jimmy meant by the good brother at Salem?

"Well," said he, "I suppose it is Brother Joab Powell, a good and worthy preacher, but one that is quite illiterate—scarcely able to read intelligibly—and who is reported to have taken his text, or quoted something from the 'two chapter of one I John;' a made tale," said he, "no doubt."

Our host told us that his father and a younger brother were also Baptist preachers, and that this denomination was the prevailing one in the county.

The next morning, at the store agreed upon, we met our traveling companion of the day before. We found Independence to be the most beautiful town and the largest we had seen since leaving St. Louis.

In addition to the store of Samuel C. Owens, who afterwards fell at the battle of Sacramento, in the Mexican war

there were several others, which our friend Savage told us were doing a good business. There was also a variety of tradesmen, such as smiths, saddlers, tailors, wagon-makers, hatters, etc. Leaving Independence for Westport, we crossed over what our pilot told us was the Temple Lot, on which the Mormons were to build the Mount Zion, of the latter days; and as we stood upon that elevated and beautiful site, surrounded by the beautiful and fertile country on all sides, we could not do otherwise than commend the good taste of the revelator, whoever it was, that revealed this as the chosen site of the new Jerusalem. A ride of three hours brought us to Westport, on the western boundary of the State, the State line, as we were told, being less than a mile west of the town. It was the outside verge of civilization, or the white man's residence. Beyond the State line, we were told, the Shawnees, the Delawares and Wyandotte Indians had their homes or reservations. Dozens of them were in the streets and stores that morning, in their grotesque habiliments, some comparatively well dressed, and some almost naked. The Santa Fe and mountain traders were also arriving from the western plains, with their long teams of oxen and mules. Indians, Mexicans and Missourians were mixed and mingled together in the one street of that small western frontier town. But as we were in haste to cross the river into the lately purchased territory—the promised land to many an expectant emigrant—we staid not long to make inquiries about the trade or business of this bustling village, but left it with the impression that in the future it might eclipse, in size and business, many a larger town. Our pilot having transacted his business, we set off in a northern direction for the river, or, as it was called, the landing. A wagon-road had been made with great labor, leading from the steamboat-landing up into the town, a distance of three or four miles. A few cabins and corn-patches were seen and passed, but we were told that the larger part of the land was held by speculators and large land-holders of Westport and vicinity. We found the landing under a steep bluff, which extended for some distance up and down the river; the roughest and hilliest landscape we had seen since leaving Springfield.

The hills, steep and rugged, appeared to be thrown together in confusion, separated only by deep and almost

impassable gorges, extending from the mouth of the Kaw for miles down the river; and no thought entered our minds that this was to be the site of the future great metropolis—Kansas City.

Having crossed the river, we found quite a different country; instead of rough hills and gorges, as on the south side, we found a level bottom, extending for miles up and down the river, and far out to the north. Taking the road leading north, through the western part of Clay County, we came to the small town of Barry, and then turning west, were soon passing the lately-built cabins and the newly-cleared lands of the Platte Purchase. Every mile two or three cabins were seen and passed, which indicated that if the country was not already settled, it soon would be.

It was night when we arrived at the house of his friend, for whom Uncle Jimmy had been inquiring. Like all the others, it was a newly-settled place, on a stream called Bee Creek. There was no barn or stable, but we were provided with halters, and our horses, as well as ourselves, were made welcome and comfortable. The conversation was almost wholly carried on by Uncle Jimmy and his old friend and family; which Frank and I enjoyed almost as much as they, as there were a good many interesting stories and reminiscences of the old times to talk over, and many hearty laughs were indulged in at the recital of those stories of the past.

Amongst other things, I remember the conversation turned upon ghosts and ghost stories. Uncle Jimmy said the most of these stories were all fiction. "But," said he, "I remember one, in which I acted a part, that had no fiction in it. It was when I was a young man, in my courting days, that me and three other mischievous youngsters happened at the Widow B's, on a winter's evening, all bent upon a courtship. There was four boys of us and only three gals; and it so turned out that I was the one that was left—that is, left without a partner. I staid, though, till near bed-time, talking to Bob, the big brother, and playing pranks and jokes on the other boys and gals, and at last picked up my hat to go home. One of the gals (my gal, by the bye,) said that if I started, I'd get scared in going by the grave-yard, and come back on the run.

"Her partner—the chap that had cut me out—said he'd

bet a ninepence that I wouldn't dare to go by the meetin' house at all, but that if I did go home, I'd go some round-about way, so as to miss the ghosts.

"These insinuations got my dander up, and I told the gal that she wouldn't see me running back there in a hurry; and I told Jack I'd take his bet, and to prove that I went the direct road, I'd go into the meetin' house and write the first letter of my name on the pulpit. 'Done!' said Jack, 'and I tell you now, Jim, that big "J" won't get on the pulpit to-night.' The other gals laughed, and the other boys said they'd like to go a ninepence, too. But I told 'em I didn't want their money, but I did want to show 'em I wasn't a coward, and that the winning of one ninepence would be as convincing as if I won a hundred; and picking up a piece of charcoal from the hearth, I put on my hat and started. The snow was on the ground full six inches deep—soft and light—and I hurried on, too mad, as I thought, to be skeered at ghosts or anything else. It was but a short distance to the meetin' house, an old log building, whose one door usually stood open; at least it was never locked, and I knowed I would have no trouble in getting in to make my mark. I passed the grave-yard pretty brave; my hair did rise up a little, but I kept my hat on and pressed it down, keeping on till near the door of the meetin' house, when I stopped short. A deep, hollow groaning seemed to come from the house, as if some one breathing in the last agonies of death. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, went my heart, and I felt as if my feet would like to beat the same music in the snow. Two or three times I turned round to leave the house and hurry home, and as often turned back to hear the same fearful groaning, deep and death-like.

"All at once it occurred to me that Bob had left the room just before I started, as he said, to go to bed; and I made up my mind that it was a put-up job to get a big joke upon me, and that Bob was in the house making all that fearful noise. I was mad enough before; the cutting-out had put me in bad humor. The insinuations of my want of courage had raised my dander still higher, and now I was awful mad. The moon was near setting and gave but little light; but I managed to find a stick, or club to my notion, and screwing up my courage to the upper notch, I marched up to

the door—up on the steps. The door was open; I listened; the groaning seemed to come from under the pulpit, right where I was to make the big “J.” I thought the death-groans too natural to be imitated by Bob or anybody else; but I made up my mind to give Bob, or the ghost, or whoever it was, a taste of my club; and drawing back, I let fly with all my might. Before I could think, a large figure in white was coming right toward me. It looked, as I thought, a hobgoblin in size and in deed, and in an instant, before I could move, or think of moving I felt myself lifted off the steps and being carried through the air some distance, and then thrown to the ground.” “Law! law!” said one of the girls present; “what did you do!” “Well,” said he, “I didn’t faint; I didn’t scream; I didn’t jump up and run: but I got up and laughed. And what do you think it was? Nothing but an over-grown white sow that had gone into the house to sleep in the dry, and when her slumbering and snoring was disturbed by the whack of my stick, had run with all speed, and coming between my legs, lifted and carried me into the yard and then dropped me and run off, while the grunting and squealing of the shotes told the tale.”

“Well, as I said, I got up, and after getting over my laugh, I brushed off the snow, felt in my jacket pocket for my fire-coal; went in and up to the hog bed by the pulpit, and made my mark, which the boys were curious enough to come and look for next morning; and Jack was man enough to pay the ninepence; but I was not man enough to tell all the story that I’ve told to-night.”

We parted company next morning with the old frontier preacher and his kind friends, and made our explorations through the Platte country alone. It is not my purpose to state what we saw or did further, save only to say that Frank selected a home in what is now Buchanan County, to which he afterward moved; and that I returned to spend my days amongst the Hoosiers on the White River. On our return we stopped and tarried all night near Greenton. Frank could learn nothing further about Lester than we had heard on our way up. All that had been told us, however, was confirmed. We were told that the man whom he had bought out, and with whom for a time he lived, had moved off, and no one else seemed to know much about his domestic affairs.

Frank was persuaded to proceed on, without seeing his cousin, or provoking a quarrel with her seducer. He informed me, though, that he had made arrangements with a young man, that he thought he could depend upon, to watch Lester's movements, find out all he could, and keep him (Frank) posted.

Years passed. Frank was in Buchanan. I had become a man of family, and many of the incidents of my journey to Missouri had faded from my memory. I received letters from Frank, at long intervals apart. In one he told me he had managed to correspond with his cousin, and, also, with her friends in Virginia, and that she had abandoned Lester, and returned to her relations. A few years later, another letter closed with these words: "You remember J. C. Lester; he has met his deserts, as I told you he would; my dream has been realized. He was hung last week, at Clinton in Henry County, not many miles from where we met him on the open prairie. A history of all his crimes, and their incidents, would fill a volume."

A short time after, as I was returning home from our county town; I fell in with a traveller, who said he was from Lafayette County, in Missouri. I asked immediately if he ever knew John C. Lester.

"Yes," said he, "I knew him for years."

"And is it true that he was hung recently?"

"Yes, very true; and if anybody ever deserved hanging I suppose, he did."

"For murder, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes; we never hang for anything else, and not often enough for that."

On my remarking that I would like to hear the particulars, as a friend had said they would fill a volume.

"Yes, sir, a good large one, and it would be a long story to give even a sketch of his career in crime."

"Well," said I, "I feel an interest in that story; I knew him when I was a boy; and I know something of his early tricks; saw him once in Missouri, and heard something of his doings there; and if you'll stop over night with me, and give what you know of his history, I will make you a welcome guest, as long as you please to stay, and will be very much your debtor beside."

It being near night, he consented, and during the evening gave me the desired history, the substance of which I give, as nearly as I can, in his own words :

"I was never intimately acquainted with Lester, I lived in the western part of the county ; saw him occasionally, and heard him spoken of as a scheming, speculating trickster. He first bought out an old settler by the name of Lynch ; a good farm of eighty acres, for \$600. He soon sold that, at a large profit, and partly bought and partly swindled a Mr. Hughes out of one of the best farms in the Greenton valley, and settled himself upon it. About this, time it is said, a young man from Virginia, by the name of Horton, was employed by a friend or relation of Lester's wife, or the woman rather that he lived with, to assist him in unearthing some of Lester's dark deeds, and to secure the return of the woman to her friends. He succeeded in this, it was said, but because his employer could not or would not pay him all he demanded for his services, and the secrets he possessed himself of, he sold himself to Lester, who, finding that Horton knew so much that he was completely in his power, gave him large sums of money, and took him into partnership ; and together they practiced their deeds of villiany. Being rid of the woman that he brought there with him, amongst other money-making schemes, he concluded to marry the daughter of a wealthy widow owning a large farm, several slaves and other property, with but two children, a son and daughter. For this purpose, or for some other, he professed religion and joined the Baptist church, and for some time was a prominent member of that denomination."

I here asked him what became of his mother and the widow that he carried to Missouri with him.

"I believe," said the gentleman, "that his mother died a few years after coming there, and after he married the Widow Scott's daughter—or perhaps before, the other woman left him. Lester, however, kept her son as a kind of servant, claiming that the boy had been bound to him by his mother as an apprentice. This, the mother and boy both denied, and after a time she brought suit for the boy and his wages. On the trial, Lester produced the articles of apprenticeship, and the man Horton, whose name was signed as a witness, swore to them as genuine, and the widow lost her

suit. The community, however, were not satisfied, and the friends of the widow and of justice went to work, and at the next term of court, Lester and Horton were both indicted; one for forgery and the other for perjury.

"The trials were put off from time to time, and in the interval, other strange occurrences took place. The wealthy widow, whose daughter Lester had married, held her farm and negroes during life, and was not disposed to divide with her children as they desired; and on a winter's evening, when the negroes were all off at a corn-husking, the widow was burned to death in her house, where she had been left alone.

"Circumstances pointed to the fact and the neighbors believed that she was put into the fire by Lester, but as there was no proof of it, he was never arrested for it. The widow being out of the way, the property of course descended to the son and daughter. King Scott, the son, a reckless spendthrift, who was thought to be hand in glove with Lester in his rascalities, was after a time arrested for theft. The officer having him in charge permitted him to go to bed at night in an upper room, and, after hiding his prisoner's clothes, went to bed and to sleep himself, below stairs. In the night Scott got up, came down, and stealing the officer's clothes, decamped and made good his escape. Rewards were offered, and a diligent search was made, but all in vain. Nobody had seen him, and he never was seen again alive by any of the neighbors. In a short time Horton was tried for perjury and sent to the penitentiary, (I believe for five years).

"Months passed and Lester was in possession of the Scott farm, and no tidings or clue to the whereabouts of the missing brother. Circuit court came on again, and Lester was tried for forgery and acquitted, owing, it was thought, to the influence that money has in our courts of justice. The friends of Horton then got up a petition to the governor, for his pardon and release, on the ground that if Lester was not guilty, Horton was not. In other words, if the articles of apprenticeship were not forged, but genuine, then Horton had sworn truly. On this petition, he was pardoned, and returned home. Lester had not manifested much desire to get him released, but he manifested great anxiety to be the first to see him, after he returned. But others were before him, and the silence or the secret which he wished to secure,

was imparted to others, and astonished all who heard it. He said King Scott was no longer living; that he had been murdered; that he saw him killed; that he saw him buried, and that Lester was the murderer, and that he could now point out the spot where he was buried. A warrant was at once issued for the arrest of Lester, and the sheriff, with a posse of men, set out to make the arrest, and the guilty culprit was taken in charge. On the way to Lexington (the county seat), as their horses were drinking at the Little Sni, Lester suddenly wheeled his horse and fled. He was mounted on a strong and swift horse, but the sheriff was equally well mounted, and after a race of six hundred yards, came near enough to fire a pistol-shot, which took effect, disabling one of Lester's arms; but he still whipped with the other. The sheriff at length rode up by his side, and ordered him to stop or be shot. He replied: 'I can't hold him.' 'Then quit whipping, you rascal.' The horse was at length stopped, and Lester fell off, apparently dying. His captors, however, thought there was more of 'possum than death, and hurried him on to prison. In the mean time, Horton, with an officer, and a squad of men, was dispatched to dig up the bones of the murdered man. Some thought he too was possumming, or trying to make believe. One of the men present afterwards told me that when the spot was pointed out, and he commenced digging in the bottom of a small ravine, in which the water was then flowing, he did so with the firm conviction that nothing would be found.

"There was nothing," said he, "to indicate that the spot had ever been visited by the foot of man since the world began. As they dug," he said, "Horton sat on the bank, looking as confident and unconcerned as if he had been overseeing a parcel of boys digging potatoes.

"That nothing was found as they proceeded, which indicated that the earth had ever been disturbed, until the body was reached. The bones were lifted out, but the head was wanting, as Horton had said it would be. The shirt, drawers and vest were entirely rotten; but the stolen pants, in which he had escaped from the officer, were in such a state of preservation as to hold together while lifting the body from the pit. The pantaloons and the watch in the pocket were recognized as those belonging to the officer, and no

doubt remained that these were the bones of King Scott. The conviction, however, was strong in the minds of all, that if Lester was guilty, Horton was accessory and equally guilty, and he, too, was taken into custody, and both were indicted for the murder. Lester's trial came on first. Horton was the principal witness against him; but there were other circumstantialia that strengthened his testimony."

"But," said I to the stranger, "how did Horton account for seeing so much of the murder and burial, without implicating himself, as taking part in it?"

"As well as I remember, his story was, that he was passing through the woods hunting, a few days after Scott made his escape, when he saw Scott and Lester walking along together, when something that he saw or heard induced him to secrete himself and watch their movements. 'Lester,' he said, 'had carried provisions, or something, to Scott to aid his escape, and as Scott stooped to pick up something, Lester struck him a heavy blow on the back of the head, and, following up his blows, soon deprived him of life.' That Lester walked a short distance, and returned with a spade, and buried him near by where he was killed. He also went on to say, that some days after, as he was hunting again in the same woods, he went to the spot and found that the body had been taken up, or rooted up by the hogs, and was lying there with the head gone and nowhere to be seen, said that some hours after, as he was returning home, near the spot, he saw Lester carrying the body toward the branch, or ravine; that he hid himself again, and watched him until the body was buried in the running stream; and that after Lester retired, he went to the spot and marked the locality, so that he would be able to point it out.

"By change of venue and other dilatory pleas, Lester's trial was kept off for a year or two; and the State would not bring Horton to trial, as his evidence was wanted against Lester. At last the trial came off, at Clinton, in Henry County, and he was found guilty, and hung only a month or two ago."

"And where," I asked, "is Horton?"

"He is there yet, awaiting his trial. People, generally, think he was in the murder; but as there is nothing but cir-

cumstantial evidence against him, he will probably be acquitted."

"Yes," said I, "if he has money enough to fee the lawyers."

"Well," said the stranger, "he hasn't got it, but his father-in-law has. You see, while he and Lester were engaged in their mischief, he married the daughter of a wealthy farmer and slave-holder, near Lexington, much against the old man's will, and he disowned them both, and permitted Horton to go to the penitentiary, without raising a finger to help him. But after he was pardoned out, he took him under his protection and has stood by him ever since."

So ended the story of the stranger; and a few months later I heard that Horton had been tried and acquitted, and to escape the execrations of the community, or the vengeance of "Judge Lynch," had left the county.

CHAPTER II.

The years came and went; peace and war succeeded each other and came in turn; friends and acquaintances that I had once known were dropping off; my old friend, Frank Elmwood, was reposing, as I heard, in the cemetery at St. Joseph; the War of the Rebellion had been over for years; the sons of many a northern and western father had found graves in the South; one of my own was buried, I was told, where he fell, near the lone tree, the black-jack that the old Baptist preacher had pointed out to me on the high prairie, the summit land between the waters of the Missouri and the Osage. My own health had failed, and I was preparing to leave the home where I had so long dwelt, in hope of finding in travel that which medical treatment had failed to give, with the intention, also, of visiting that soldier's grave beneath the lone tree on the high prairie, and to see and revisit the country I had passed over, with my friend, in the days of our youthful manhood. My preparations were soon made—a gentle and strong horse, a light carriage, with a grandson of fourteen years to drive and take care of me, I set out, pro-

ceeding, as before, to Vincennes, and thence to St. Louis. My journey through the State of Illinois prepared me in some degree for the changes I was to witness still further on. The then large and unsettled prairies were all now in cultivation; the little villages had grown to be large and populous towns, and railroads were almost as numerous now as wagon-roads were then; St. Louis, which we then saw as a good large town, stretching up and down the river some distance above and below Wiggins' ferry, was now grown to be a city of such dimensions as not to be taken in at a single view, nor even by several views: but as I gave only the incidents of a three-days trip then, I will go over only the same ground in my descriptions now.

No. having any business at Springfield, we proceeded leisurely along to Warsaw, on the Osage. It was a new and very small village then; it is not a very large town even now, and has not as many marks of improvement as some other towns that have outstripped it. From thence to Clinton, which in 1836 had just been selected as a county seat, with no town at all. We found it now a live business place, with a railroad, on which could be heard the loud snort of the locomotive, where then the snort and whistle of the bounding stag was heard; and where the wild turkey then gobbled almost unnoticed, we found railroads, banking and other monopolies gobbling up a great part of the proceeds of the farmer's labor.

Leaving Clinton in the afternoon, we stopped some distance from the little village of Chilhowie. From what I could learn from my host, who was comparatively an old settler, I was led to think we were near the spot where we fell in with Lester, in 1836. But how changed was the scene! Instead of an almost boundless prairie, covered with rank grass, through which a solitary Indian trail was found, I saw a country where field was joined unto field—the green fields of wheat and oats, and the lately-planted fields of corn, the orchards and groves of shade-trees, where then scarcely a shrub or switch could be seen for miles. And instead of the straight and narrow Indian trail, leading in a direct line to the west-northwest, we found broad wagon-roads, leading through lanes, zigzagging to the four cardinal points, and this as far as the eye could reach. I inquired for our old host of

forty-three years before, the man of four hundred pounds weight.

"Oh, yes," said our host, "Clark Davis; I have often heard of him, but he was dead before I came here."

He said the old Shawnee trail was only remembered by the old pioneers; that the present road to Westport would cross over it many times, but that the traveller will never travel on the old trail, fifty yards at a stretch. I mentioned the singular mound that I had passed over in 1836.

"Yes," said he, "that is called Centre Knob. You will pass three or four hundred yards north of it to-morrow with a farm on your left, and a railroad on the right, and a town just before you."

I found our host a well-informed, talkative farmer; and on my asking if he ever knew John C. Lester, he said: "I never knew him, but I saw him hung; I was a boy then, and it was the first and the last hanging I ever witnessed."

The next morning I resumed my journey. The travel, the change of climate and scenery, or the excitement, had benefitted me very materially, and the weather being fine, I set out in excellent spirits, and passed on through the prairie country, with farms, houses and orchards on either hand, and came to the head of Bear Creek, where I inquired for the man whose cabin-logs I had passed, when there before; but the man said no such man as Isaac Dunaway had lived in that vicinity for thirty years.

On and on; we passed first north and then west, all the time in a lane, till near noon we arrived at the town of Holden, a town of some three thousand inhabitants, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad; from which point another railroad branches off, and runs southwest through Harrisonville into Kansas. I was told that I was now a short distance north of the old Shawnee trail, and that the whole country north and south was under fence.

Here, then, was a town of three thousand inhabitants, in a country where forty-three years before, a traveller could find no place to stay over night; a lively, bustling city, surrounded by farms which nobody then thought of entering, at a dollar and a quarter per acre; many of which were entered, after the graduation law took effect, at twelve and a half cents per acre.

We left Holden, and in two hours or less, came opposite the Centre Knob. I had a great curiosity to stand again upon its summit; and seeing a path leading up to it, through the farm, we alighted, hitched the horse, and walked up to the top, and stood again upon that stony summit. But what a contrast was the view that I then had, with the sunset view that I had had so long ago.

Instead of one single solitary farm in sight, it was farm after farm, and farm joined to farm as far as I could see, north, south, east and west. Four miles to the east, was the town of Holden, with its thousands; and three-quarters of a mile to the west, was the village of Kingsville. And instead of two or three smokes rising from distant and unseen farms, were now seen the smoke from the fine flouring-mill in Kingsville, and also from the mills and other machinery in Holden; while a black column rose from a freight train moving west, and from another moving east, as they met and passed each other at Kingsville; the contrast was almost too great for my weak frame to bear.

Returning to the carriage, we were soon in the streets of Kingsville, which, I was told, was situated immediately on the old Indian trail. Having promised a friend to attend to a small matter of business in Pleasant Hill, in Cass County (called Van Buren in 1836), I made inquiry as to the road and the distance, and was told that it was on the railroad, the second station above, about twelve miles; and that it was south of the old Shawnee trail. On my asking how far from where Wright's store was in 1836, my informant said it was the same place; the old store-house being one of the first houses ever built there.

Leaving Kingsville late in the afternoon, we drove on and stopped in the little village of Strasburg for the night.

After telling my landlord of my travels through Missouri in 1836, and describing our ride through the wide and desert prairie, and our night's lodging on the old trail, I asked if he knew where the young couple were.

"Yes," said he, "I reckon I know who he is, but he lives in Jackson County now; and his wife has been dead more than twenty years. He is an old gray-headed man now, and you wouldn't know him."

"I guess," said I, "that the little cabin has gone long ago."

"Not all of it," he replied. "It has been moved and rebuilt two or three times, and a part of the logs may be seen now in a stable that stands on the farm where he was then living. By the way," said he, "you ought to see his book of poems, and read his description of that old cabin home."

"Ah, indeed; has he turned author and poet; I would indeed give a shilling to see a description in rhyme of that little cabin, as I saw it then."

"Well," said he, "I think I can get a copy of the book, for I know there are several in town."

He stepped out and soon returned with a small volume entitled, "Rural Rhymes and Poems from the Farm," and turning over the leaves, he pointed to one of the poems entitled, "The Old Cabin Home."

"That old cabin," said he, "is the one in which you lodged that night."

Putting on my spectacles, I read as follows:

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

Written in 1874, and published in the *Independence Sentinel*.

I passed an old cabin of logs to-day,
Weather-beaten and worn and decayed;
And it spoke to my mind of friends far away,
And of loved ones by death lowly laid.
That cabin was built in a wilderness here—
'Twas the verge of the settlement then—
'Twas built long ago by an old pioneer
Who came in the van of white men;
It stood by the side of the old Shawnee Trace*

A trail by the Indians made,
As they moved to the west from their old home place,
Where the bones of their fathers were laid.
That old pioneer has gone long ago—

*This trace or trail was made before the country was settled by white men, and made by the Shawnee and Delaware Indians, as they removed from the Mississippi to their location above the mouth of the Kansas River.

Long since he was laid to his rest,
And all his descendants, so far as I know,
Have gone to a still farther West.

I passed the old cabin, and sadly I mused—
I wept and the tears fell fast—
Though now for a stable the cabin is used,
'Twas my home in the years long passed;
It spoke of life's joys, its sorrows and strife,
And a morning in spring-time fair,
When first setting out on the journey of life,
That Mary and I came there.

That old cabin home has sheltered us oft
From the rains and the wintry blast;
'Neath its clapboard roof and its clapboard loft,
Many halcyon days I've passed.
Ah! dear to my heart is that old cabin yet,
And the field where I followed the plow—
That farm and that cabin I cannot forget,
Though another possesses them now.

That old-time roof has been gone long, long,
And gone is the old puncheon floor;
And the wheel, and the loom, and Mary's sweet song
Is heard in that cabin no more.
'Tis seldom I see the old cabin of late,
But my thoughts to it often revert;
And if in my eyes the tears congregate,
I feel that they do me no hurt.

'Twas there that my sons and daughters were born,
And there it was some of them died;
Those blossoms of hope were cut down in the morn;
And Mary now lies by their side.
'Twas an humble abode, that cabin, I know,
But I never again shall enjoy
Another on earth, where the sweets of life flow
With so little of bitter alloy.

And now in the cold even-tide of my days,
As the shadows are lengthening fast,
I look from out of a dark'ning maze,
To the sunshine of days that are past.
From out of that cabin's old timbers I fain
Would carve me a staff, firm and strong,
On which I can lean, as in weakness and pain,
On life's journey I totter along.

I am wayworn and weary; I soon shall go hence,
And see my old home cabin no more;
But when I have quitted this world of offense,
A home shall I find evermore.
Ah, yes, there's a mansion prepared, bright and fair,
For all who the race have well run;
And Mary, dear Mary, awaits for me there,
As of old, till my day's work is done.

I'm coming, dear Mary, I'll be at home soon;
The time of reunion draws nigh;
The morning has past, it is long since noon,
And the sun has sunk low in the sky;
I'm leaving the scene of our labors and love—
The old home I may never more see;
But by faith I can see the fair mansion above,
And a light in the window for me.

While I was engaged in reading the poem, my host picked up a daily newspaper, the *Kansas City Times*, I think, and for half an hour nothing was said. I finished the poem, and handed the book to my grandson, who was anxiously waiting for it; wiped my eyes and communed with my own thoughts, while the landlord and the boy read on.

At length the gentleman laid down his paper and said, "I see by this paper that there is to be a meeting of the old settlers of Jackson, Cass, Clay and Platte Counties, at the Fair Grounds of Kansas City, next Saturday, and that General Doniphan, the great orator and hero of Sacramento, in the Mexican War, is to deliver an oration; and that your friend, of the cabin, is to read a poem descriptive of Old Times; I should like to be there sure."

"How far," said I, "is Kansas City from Westport."

"Oh!" said he, "they are almost the same. Westport is one of the suburbs of Kansas City, which now extends from the river almost to Westport, and up to the mouth of the Kaw."

"I suppose, then, that it includes the steamboat landing of forty years ago?"

"Yes, and all the country adjacent to it."

"I can't see," said I, "how they could build much of a city amongst those hills and hollows?"

"Ah, those hills have to some extent been leveled down, and the hollows filled up. If you could be there, you would be astonished to see what has been done."

"Well then, I am going there. The route I had marked out was to Westport, which I visited in 1836, thence through Kansas and Arkansas, and then home. But I shall be at Kansas City, at that old settlers meeting; and now, while I think of it, did you ever know anything of an old settler of Jackson County by the name of Savage?"

"Yes, old Jimmy Savage; I can just remember hearing him preach when I was a child, but I have heard him spoken of so often that I almost seem to have known him always. He moved, as I have heard, to Texas, and some of his family are there yet."

"If I am not mistaken," said I, "he lived near Lone Jack; how far is that from here?"

"Seven miles north."

I then informed him of my intention to visit that place, and for what purpose; and asked if he or any of his neighbors was in that battle.

"I was not there," said he, "but some of my neighbors were. A friend of mine, in town here, was living there then, and his house was burned and his wife was killed during the action."

And when I asked how that happened, he replied:

"The Union soldiers were in the house—a large hotel—fighting from it, when the Confederates set fire to the house. That his friend's wife and mother then fled to a field, grown up in weeds, and lay down amongst them and while there his wife was struck by a rifle-ball, inflicting a mortal wound."

I asked then, as I had to go to Pleasant Hill and intended visiting Lone Jack, Independence and Westport, what would be the best route.

"I think," said he, "I would go to Pleasant Hill first, and from there to Lone Jack, and then to Independence."

Having resolved to follow the route suggested, I left early in the morning, and in a few hours was in Pleasant Hill; but it bore no resemblance to the site of the solitary storehouse of the county in 1836. I found the business part of the town on a flat or bottom prairie, instead of on a hill, and thought the town had the wrong name. It was, however, a good large town, or would be if the vacant places were filled up; a population of 2,000 or 3,000, and doing a large business; situated on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, with another road branching off and running to Lawrence (the principal town in Kansas), and other railroad connections contemplated in the near future.

Having attended to my business in town, I set off to Lone Jack. Leaving the depot, I left the low lands, and ascending a gradual rise, we passed several fine churches, a large school building, and passed through what a gentleman who rode with us told us was Middletown, and finally the old town of Pleasant Hill, on the high ridge that I had seen before. At my request the gentleman pointed out the site of the cabin where Wright was selling goods in 1836. "The log cabin," he said, "had been pulled down long ago, and that fine brick residence yonder occupies its site. His daughter and her husband, Mr. Broadhead, live there now."

We were now on the high land, with its extensive view; but it was a very different view from the one I had from the same spot when there before. Instead of the Mission road, leading off through the wild prairie grass, on which old Jimmy Savage was seen wending his way, we were in a broad thoroughfare; in a lane bounded on one side by a corn-field and by an orchard on the other, with lanes and corn and wheat-fields and farm-houses as far as could be seen. The road to Lone Jack, with the exception of a mile or so through the woods on the creek, was by and between those farms, and through lanes zigzagging north and east.

About a mile before reaching the town, we fell in with a plain, farmer-looking man trudging along on foot towards the

town. On my asking him if he could show me where the Union soldiers were buried there, he said: "I reckon I can; I helped to bury them."

"Ah, indeed; were you there in that fight?"

"No," said he, "I'm not a fightin' man myself; I wasn't there in the fight, but I was pretty soon after."

"You were not a soldier, then, on either side?"

"No, sir; I was living close by, and as soon as the fight was all over, I came into town to see if I could be of any service to those who were hurt."

"Well," said I, "I have a son buried there, and I wish to see his resting-place. Will you get up and ride with us and point out the spot?"

On arriving at the summit of the ridge, separating the Big Creek from Sni-a-bar, I saw to the right in a corn-field, separated from the town by a hedge, a marble shaft, the inscription on which informed me that it had been erected in memory of the Confederate dead who fell on the 16th of August 1862. My friendly guide informed me that he could not point out any particular soldier's grave.

"They were all buried in a promiscuous manner in this long trench," pointing to a slightly raised mound, sixty or eighty feet in length by six or seven in width, sodded over with blue-grass.

The Confederate dead were buried a few paces to the east, very much in the same manner, except that they were designated at the time by head-boards, with their names written upon them, which have nearly all disappeared. Near the south end of the Confederate mound, the monument, some fifteen or sixteen feet high, was erected, costing about \$1,000. This monument was erected by voluntary contributions from friends of the Lost Cause, and stands only a few feet from where the lone tree that gave the town its name was then standing. It had died the year before, and fell a few years after, and no vestige of it now remains.

I asked my good-natured friend to tell me some of the particulars of the burial, and how they were put away. He answered that they were buried in a hurried manner, for help was scarce. "I was requested," said he, "by the Federal surgeon who had remained behind when the soldiers retreated, to assist in gathering up and hauling the dead to a

place of burial. While I and some others were at this, some eighteen or twenty prisoners were engaged in digging the grave, or trench, to put them in. We did not get them buried that day, and the next morning another Union army, under Generals Blunt and Warren, came in sight, and the Southern soldiers left in a hurry, and the Federals after them; and the citizens were left to finish burying the dead, to take care of the wounded, and get the dead horses out of town, which was a heavy task. The dead were all laid in the trench side by side, heads and feet alternately turned toward the sun-rising, so as to occupy less space."

I asked how many Union soldiers were laid beneath that mound.

"I cannot say," said he, "certainly; when the battle ended there were forty dead upon the ground; others died before night; and I have heard it said there were thirteen others dead next morning; and some others died before the ambulances came from Lexington to carry the wounded off; so that I guess there is not less than sixty lying there now."

"And how many on the other side are in this other trench on the east?"

"Near about the same number. Fifty-nine head-boards were counted a week or two after, and some were carried away and buried in other places."

Here, then, thought I, beneath this grassy mound, lies that loved son of mine; and here lies the hope of many a fond parent's heart. Here lies the gallant son, the devoted brother, the affectionate father, the loving husband and the patriotic soldier, who laid down their lives in their country's defense; and that country has placed no stone to mark their last resting-place; and sorrowing and surviving friends can place no head-stone at the loved ones' grave, because no one can know on what part of this long mound the loved one reposes. Bidding a sad adieu to the soldiers' grave, and a kind farewell to my obliging and stranger guide, I passed through the little village, made historic by what is said to have been the hardest fought contest in the State during the whole War, and before night was some miles on my way to Independence.

There were a good many young folks where I staid,

and a good deal of mirth and jollity; and as the events of the day had unfitted me for enjoying their amusements, I asked leave to retire early, and consequently had but little conversation with the worthy man of the house. Next morning, I found that he had lived nearly all his life in Jackson County (nearly fifty years). I asked if there was any road leading to Savage's or Hawkins' mill, on Little Blue.

"I reckon not," said he; "that old mill has not run for more than thirty years; and the country is so fenced up that I would not know how to get there; and to go to Independence now, we must go the public road, by Lee's Summit, or else by Blue Springs."

"Do you know any person near Independence by the name of Stayton?"

"I used to know several of them," was the reply.

"And do they live on either of these roads?"

"Yes, on the Blue Spring road."

"Then direct me that way."

Receiving my directions, I set out and passed on through a fine prairie country, in a fine state of cultivation, but I thought some of the farms were too large, and that some men were monopolizing more of mother earth than was good for the community at large. The soil appeared to be excellent, the richest and fairest portion of the State I had yet seen. It was not many hours till we came to a town, lately laid out on a new railroad (the Chicago & Alton), and were told it was the town of Blue Springs, which has a beautiful site, as well as a beautiful country surrounding it. After noon we came to the farm where I was told Mr. Stayton lived many years ago. I found the house, as it was then, on the summit of a ridge of woodland, but everything was changed; a fine brick house stood near by where the old one had been; the farm was enlarged, and other farms and farm-houses were in close proximity.

We stopped for dinner. The old man, as I expected, was dead—had been for many years. I asked for his sons, the boys I had seen; they too were dead; a daughter-in-law was living on the old homestead. I was disappointed again; I had expected to see at least some of the younger members of the family. I was in hopes, too, that I would pass by and see the old log meeting-house, but was told that the road had

been changed and no longer ran that way, and that the old house was no longer in being; that a brick church in town was now used in its place.

As I was getting ready to start, a light wagon, with two old men and an elderly woman, passed by, going toward the town; and the young man with whom I had been conversing asked me if I was going to the old settlers' meeting at Kansas City. On my saying that I expected to be there, he remarked there goes some old folks now, and I guess they are going there too. We drove on slowly after the wagon, till we reached town. Everything was strange again. We entered the town from the south, instead of from the east, as before; and before reaching the public square, crossed a railroad that runs through the town, and were told there were two others in less than a mile of that one. The public square looked something like the same, but the court-house was larger, taller, and far more imposing, and fenced around with an iron fence. The town was much larger, the buildings larger and taller; but this was no more than I had expected. I drove to the south-west corner of the square, and looked for the store of Samuel C. Owens; but the one-story frame building was not there, but on the corner where it stood, was a large two-story brick building, the banking house of Chrisman and Sawyer. The carriage ahead of me stopped in front of the post-office, near the bank, and I drew up at the same place. Drawing near I entered into conversation with the oldest of the two men, asking if he had much acquaintance in the place.

"Very little," said he; "in fact scarcely any now. The time was when I knew everybody here, and everybody knew me. But now I know nobody, and nobody knows me.

"You are an old settler then," I observed.

"Yes, one of the oldest. I cut the first logs for a cabin that was cut in the town. That was fifty-five years ago, and the most of them were cut on the Temple Lot, out west here—the lot that the Mormons claim the grand Temple of the New Jerusalem is to be built upon."

"Then, you were fortunate in selecting your home, as, no doubt, the county or somebody paid you well for it."

"Not so fortunate, either," he replied; "for I lost my labor in cutting the logs. Another pioneer informed me that

I was trespassing on his claim ; and when he showed me that he had marked off his claim a few days before I did mine, I gave it up and selected another a few miles east of here."

"Then," said I, "you know all the first settlers, I suppose."

"Yes, nearly all."

"Did you know the Baptist preacher, Savage?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him, and Stayton, and Fitzhugh, and Powell and Jackson and some others. In fact, I believe I knew more men then, as thinly settled as the county was, than I do now, when it has its eighty thousand inhabitants."

"Are any of your family living?"

"Yes; this is my son," pointing to the other old man, "and this is his wife. He was a small boy when I came here, and his wife was the first female white child born in the county."

"Then, I suppose you are going to the old settlers' meeting to-morrow?"

"Yes, we will be there if nothing happens."

I then bade him good-by, and expressed a hope that I should see him next day.

I found Westport not much larger than when I saw it before, but everything was changed there, too. The Indian and the Mexican were not there; the store-houses were larger, but doing a smaller business; of Santa Fe and Chihuawa traders, their wagons and teams, none were to be seen; of the mountain and fur traders and trappers, I saw none. Instead of the lazy Indian and Mexican, I saw the Dutch and Irish laborers. Instead of the ox and the mule wagons, I saw the street cars, the pleasure carriages, hacks and omnibuses passing to and from Kansas City every few minutes, while the large wagon and yoke factory was no longer there.

I put up at a private boarding-house and had a good night's rest, my host telling me how the glory of Westport and its western trade departed when the Territory of Kansas was settled and the city of Leavenworth sprang into existence.

Next morning we drove north, as before, but how different the appearance of everything. The road was a broad

macadamized thoroughfare, which led down towards the river, and on this road was an iron track, on which the street-cars went and came every few minutes; and instead of the few small cabins and corn-patches, there were stately residences, vineyards, orchards and gardens, until the city proper was reached. Then for hours I drove from point to point, over that once hilly, rough, and unsightly landscape; viewing the principal places of interest in this great metropolis of the West. Hiring a guide, we drove in various directions, visited the water-works, the foundries, the packing-houses, the machine-shops and the principal publishing houses; thence to the great Union Depot, where nine railroads have already come, and others are soon coming; then to the great iron bridge, across the mad Missouri, up to the mouth of the Kaw, and across that river into the State of Kansas, and city of Wyandotte, and back to the Fair Grounds about noon, where the old settlers of Jackson and her neighboring counties were assembled.

We found those old pioneers, with many of younger years, congregated in small groups, under the shade-trees, partaking of the picnic or basket dinner, and enjoying the pleasures of social converse. It was a pleasant day, and all nature seemed to smile on those old pioneers, who had so long ago seen the land in the garb in which nature clothed it.

Soon after dinner, it was announced from the stand, that General Doniphan, the expected orator of the day, was not in attendance, and that some of the old pioneers would entertain the assembled hundreds with some reminiscences of the olden times. By the aid and assistance of my hired guide, who had accompanied me, I obtained a seat where I could hear.

The Hon. Jacob Gregg, the president of the Old Settlers' Association, one of Jackson County's oldest citizens, one of its first sheriffs, and one who had served in the State Legislature, was first introduced. He said he had been requested to say something about the early pioneers of the country, as he supposed, because he was one of the oldest now remaining.

"For this," said he, "I claim no merit. Pioneers are like other men—no better, and I trust no worse. That I was an early pioneer in this county was perhaps owing to acci-

dent—a train of circumstances over which I had but little, if any control; and that I am here to-day, one amongst the very few of those early pioneers who have been spared by the hand of death, is owing to accident or a multiplicity of accidents or circumstances, that my hand nor no other human hand could control. I presume it is safe to say, that, of one hundred who came here as early as I did, ninety-nine are gone, and it is not owing to any superior sagacity, prudence, foresight, or energy on my part, that I have been spared, and that my companion in life has also been spared; and that we are both with you here to-day. It has been a long, long time since I first came to the County of Jackson, in 1825; but I have not forgotten the lives that we lived in the back-woods here then. Those woods in which the track of the Indian might be said to still remain, and from which his war-whoop had scarcely died away.

“I have not forgotten those days of hog and hominy; especially the hominy, which these hands have many a time beaten. I have not forgotten our many hunting excursions in quest of the deer and other wild game, and the wild bees and their honey, dressed as we were in the skins of the deer. I have not forgotten the simplicity of pioneer life, and its sociability. I remember the old-fashioned preachers and the preaching of those days; and how the girls would walk barefooted, and carry their shoes and stockings in their hands till near the meeting-place, and would then sit down and put them on. I remember the country as it was before there were good wagon-roads, much less railroads, in the country. I remember when Independence was a corn-patch, and when Kansas City was nowhere, and the whole tract on which it stands could have been bought for almost a song. I remember the old bar-share plow, the bull-tongue, the shovel-plow and the carey, the scythe and the cradle, the reap-hook and the flail, before the age of machinery had come. No doubt you, too, remember these things. Many of my old gray-headed friends, I know, have, like me, forgotten many things that have since occurred; but those scenes of simplicity and happiness are, and will be, remembered until reason fails or memory is dethroned.

“I am happy to meet so many of my old pioneer friends

here to-day, and with you rejoice in this one more reunion. But I am disappointed, as all of you are, in the non-arrival of that old and eloquent pioneer, Gen. Doniphan, who we expected would entertain us with his eloquence to-day. And as I am no speaker, and can not fill his place, I will give place to some one that can talk."

This short speech was well received, as it deserved to be; and the next speaker was a stout, square-built man, who looked as though he might be in the prime of life, but who was, in reality, older than he appeared to be. I was told that it was the great Government contractor, or freighter, of twenty-five years ago, who for years had a monopoly of freighting Government stores to the Indians and the Western forts, and was largely engaged in the Santa Fe transportation and trade.

He announced himself as Aleck Majors, the ox-driver, and said that he was no longer a citizen of Jackson or any adjoining county, and not even a citizen of the State, but that he had stopped on his way from New York to his home at Salt Lake, to spend the day with his old pioneer friends in Western Missouri. "And," said he, "I am happy to meet with so many of them. I have enjoyed the last few hours immensely, in conversation with first one and then another of the old pioneers that I knew in my youth. I came with my father, Benjamin Majors, to this County in 1825, almost as soon as the Indians had left it. Some of you know where Majors' old mill stood, on the Little Blue, fifty years ago. I was just big enough then to ride the near steer and drive a yoke of oxen, and how many thousand I have driven since I don't know.

"In conversing with my old friends to-day, my mind and my memory have been refreshed and carried back, and I have been reminded of many things I had almost forgotten amid the turmoil of trade, and the busy scenes of life; but while some of the incidents of those early years have, in a measure, faded from my memory, there are others that seem to be stamped upon it forever. The boys that I went to school with are remembered yet; the boys that I played marbles with I have not forgotten; neither have I forgotten the girls, that were then more attractive in my esti-

mation than anything else ; I have not forgotten how social, how friendly and accommodating those early settlers were with each other.

“The log-rollings, the house-raising, the corn-shuckings, the sewings and the quiltings, that were so common amongst them ; when the youngsters would meet together, and work all day and dance all night ; or if the old folks were too pious to allow dancing, they would play Quebec or Old Sister Phebe. Some of you old folks have been there ; you know how it is, or how it was ; and may be some of you are like I am—you would like to be back there again. Yes, I’ve played Sister Phebe. I think I remember the first time that I ever enjoyed that good old play that so many tens of thousands have played, before and since. It was at my father’s, at a log-rolling, or house-raising or something of the kind, when the boys and girls of the whole neighborhood were there. I remember their names yet. One tall, good-looking young man, or bachelor, was there with the girl that he afterwards married ; his name was Jake Gregg. How plainly I seem to see them now ; how vividly his image and hers rise up before me, and I fancy I see them, as they march round on the puncheon floor ; and I can almost hear him singing—

“Heigh-ho ! Sister Phebe, how merry was we,
That night we sat under the juniper tree ?
That juniper tree, heigh-ho !”

“I do wonder if I ever shall see that old friend again ? Can anybody tell me whether he or his wife is here to-day ?”
“Yes, they are both here,” was answered ; and the aged president, Mr. Gregg, rose to his feet and received a hearty hand-shaking from the speaker, and Mr. Majors continued, “God bless you ! my old friend. How happy I am to meet you here to-day, after so many years spent apart, amid the toils and turmoils of an unfriendly world. Do you, my old friend, call to mind the incident I have just mentioned ?” (I remember it *well*, said Gregg.) “Thank heaven, the pleasures of memory never fail ; thank heaven, that though old age and infirmity may come upon us, and losses and crosses afflict us, and a weight of sorrow may weigh us down, in memory we can go back to the happy days of youth, and live over again the brighter scenes of early life ; and though

adversity, with frowning features, may stare us in the face, we can shut our eyes and call up in memory the days of greater prosperity, and live them over again. And now, before I sit down, let me say to the ladies, that though I live at Salt Lake, among the Mormons, I have but one wife—the one I found in the good old County of Jackson—and if I should unfortunately lose that one, and desire another, I think I would certainly come back here to look for it.”

Some other short speeches were made, pertinent and to the point; and it was announced from the stand that the poet of Van Buren township would read a poem of old times and old pioneers.

I had been curious to see my old friend of the cabin, but had not as yet got a sight of him. He came forward, as I thought, with the same awkward manner he had in his youth, but no longer a boy in appearance. Somewhat bent with age and with hair almost as white as the snow, he unrolled his manuscript. The secretary appealed to the audience for order and quiet, as the reader's voice was not of the strongest. I give the poem as it appeared next morning in the *Kansas City Times*, without any comment of my own.

TALK TO THE SETTLERS OF JACKSON, CLAY, CASS AND PLATTE.

'Tis almost half a hundred years
 Since you and I, old pioneers,
 With aspirations free,
 A home within this region sought;
 But who of us then dreamed or thought
 To see the many changes wrought,
 That we have lived to see.

From different countries then we came,
 Our aims, our objects all the same—
 A home in this far West.
 A cabin here and there was found,
 Perhaps a little spot of ground
 Enclosed and cleared, while all around
 In nature's garb was dressed.

Here, then, we saw the groves of green,
Where woodman's axe had never been—

The spreading prairies too.

Within those groves, so dense and dark,
Was heard the squirrel's saucy bark.

The bounding stag was but the mark
To prove the rifle true.

But all is changed. The cabin's gone ;
The clapboard roof with weight-poles on,

The rough-hewn puncheon-floor,
The chimnies made of stick and clay,
Are seen no more—gone to decay.

The men that built them, where are they ?

I need not ask you more.

They're gone, but they're remembered yet.
Those cabin-homes we can't forget;

Although we're growing old.

Fond memory still the spot reveres—

The cabin-homes of youthful years,

Where, with compatriot pioneers,

We pleasures had untold.

The dense and tangled woodland too,
The groves we often wandered through,

No longer now are there.

The prairie, with its sward of green

And flowerets wild, no more is seen ;

But farms, with dusty lanes between,

Are seen where once they were.

Large towns and villages arise,

And steeples point toward the skies,

Where all was desert then ;

And Nature's scenes have given place

To those of Art ; the hunter's chase

Has yielded to the scrambling race

Of speculating men.

The very spot on which we stand—
This city, so superb and grand—
 How did we see it then?
How wild was that forbidding scene?
The hills, with gorges thrown between,
As though by nature it had been
 Made for a panther's den.

Those hills have since been leveled down,
The gorges filled, the streets of town
 In all directions range.
The labors of ten thousand hands,
The working-men from thousand lands,
The energy that wealth commands,
 Have wrought the wondrous change.

Ah! what a change the pioneer,
In forty years, has witnessed here?
 And things are changing still.
Those streets and alleys then were not;
Its greatest thoroughfare was—what?
A ground-hog's walk, or 'possum-trot,
 Which led from hill to hill.

Ah! yes, my friends, old pioneers,
Full many a change within those years
 The country's undergone.
How many changes it's passed through;
And we, old friends, are changing too.
There's been a change in me and you;
 And still that change goes on.

And when we think upon the past,
Those friends whose lot with us was cast
 On this once wild frontier,
And pass them all in brief review,
As oftentimes in thought we do—
Alas! alas! how very few
 Are there remaining here.

A few more years will come and go,
As other years have done, you know,
And then—ah, yes, what then's
The world will still be moving on;
But we, whose cheeks are growing wan,
Will not be here—we'll all be gone
From out the ranks of men.

Our places will be vacant here,
And of the last old pioneer
The land will be bereft.
The places which we here have filled,
The fields which we have cleared and tilled,
Our barns, though empty, or though filled,
To others will be left.

But ere we pass to that far bourne
From which no traveller can return,
We meet, old pioneers;
The few of us who yet remain,
And we, who here have met, would fain
Now clasp those friendly hands again
We clasped in by-gone years.

In glad reunion now we meet,
Each other once again to greet
And conversation hold;
And while we socially to-day
A few brief hours may while away,
Let us, although our heads are gray,
Forget that we are old.

Let us go back—in memory go—
Back to the scenes of long ago,
When we were blithe and young;
When hope and expectation bright
Were buoyant and our hearts were light,
And Fancy, that delusive sprite,
Her siren sonnets sung.

And as we join in friendly chat,
We'll speak of this, and talk of that,
And of the many things
That have occurred within the land
Since first the little squatter band
Came to this country, now so grand!
Before 'twas ruled by rings.

'Tis natural that we should think,
While standing on the river's brink,
How wide the stream has grown!
We saw it when 'twas but a rill,
Just bursting from the sunny hill;
And now its surging waters fill
A channel broad, unknown.

'Tis natural and proper, too,
That we compare the old and new,
The present with the past,
And speak of those old foggy ways
In which we passed our younger days;
Then of the many new displays
That crowd upon us fast.

We little knew of railroads then,
Nor dreamed of that near period when
We'd drive the iron horse;
And 'twould have made the gravest laugh,
Had he been told but only half
The wonders of the telegraph,
Then in the brain of Morse.

We did not have machinery then,
To sow and reap and thresh the grain,
But all was done by hand;
And those old-fashioned implements
Have long ago been banished hence,
Or rusting lie beside the fence—
No longer in demand.

Yes, there are grown-up men, I trow,
Who never saw a bull-tongue plow,
A flail or reaping-hook ;
And who could not describe, you know,
A swingling-knife or board, although
Their mothers used them long ago,
And lessons on them took.

The young man now would be amused
To see some things his father used—
Some things he ne'er has seen;
The way in which we cleaned our wheat,
When two strong men with blanket-sheet,
Would winnow out the chaff and cheat,
And twice or thrice the thing repeat,
Until the grain was clean.

The single-shovel plow and hoe,
To clean out weeds, was all the show—
We knew no better ways ;
But now our sons would laugh to scorn
Such poky ways of making corn,
And bless their stars that they were born
In more enlightened days.

They say the world is wiser grown ;
They've got the speaking talkaphone—
Talks twenty miles or more—
And preachers now may preach and pray
To congregations miles away ;
And many other things, they say,
We never had before.

And yet I do not know but what
The pioneer enjoyed his lot,
And lived as much at ease
As men in these enlightened days,
With all their strange new-fangled ways,
That wealth and fashion now display
The mind of man to please.

'Tis true, we did not live as fast,
But socially our time was passed,
 Although our homes were mean.
Our neighbors then were neighbors true,
And every man his neighbor knew,
Although those neighbors might be few,
 And sometimes far between.

Ah, yes, old pioneers, I trow,
The world was brighter then than now
 To us gray-headed ones ;
Hope pointed us beyond the vale,
And whispered us a fairy tale
Of coming pleasures, ne'er to fail
 Through all the shining suns.

Ambition, too, with smile so soft,
Was pointing us to seats aloft,
 Where fame and honors last.
We had not learned what now we know—
The higher up the mount we go
The storms of life still fiercer blow,
 And colder is the blast;

That though we reach the mountain's top,
Fruition find of every hope,
 Or wear the victor's crown ;
Though far above the clouds we tread,—
There's other clouds still overhead,
And on the mind there is the dread—
 The dread of coming down.

Ah, yes, old settlers, one and all,
Whatever may us yet befall,
 We will not—can't forget
The simple, plain, old-fashioned plan—
The routes in which our fathers ran,
Before the age of steam began
 To run the world in debt.

And while we talk upon the past,
Of those who are dropping off so fast,
And those already gone,
It may not be, my friends, amiss
For each of us to think of this,—
The curtain of forgetfulness
Will soon be round us drawn.

And though in glad reunion we
Have met to-day, perhaps 'twill be
A day of taking leave.
And we, who oft have met before,
And parted in the days of yore—
Will part, perhaps, to meet no more,
When we shall part this eve.

The mind goes back through all the years,
We call to mind the pioneers—
Those bold and hardy men.
We pass them in the mind's review—
The many dead, the living few—
Those unpretending farmers, who
Were our compatriots then.

Men who of toil were not afraid,
Men who the early history made
Of this now famous land ;
The men, who, ere the Mormons came
This heritage so fair to claim,
Were here, prepared through flood and flame
Those claimants to withstand.

Sam Lucas, Boggs and Swearingen,
The Nolands and the Fristoes then,
The Greggs and Owens too ;
The Davises and the Flournoys,
The Kings, the Staytons and McCoys,
And Dealy, with his twenty boys—
All these and more we knew.

The Wilsons and the Adamses,
The Irvings and the Lewises,
The Webbs and the Fitzhughes,
The Powells and the Harrises,
The Walkers and the Burrisses,
The Bakers and the Savages,
The Hickmans, Woods and Pughs.

Yes, some of these were noted men,
Well-known and much respected then,
Although their coats were plain ;
And when in office they were placed,
They proved themselves not double faced,
The people's trust was not misplaced—
We need such men again.

We had our courts of justice then—
A terror to dishonest men,
Who feared the halter's drop.
Judge Ryland then the courts could hold,
In full a dozen counties told,
Decide the cases manifold,
And keep with business up.

We had our lawyers, too, but they,
Or nearly all, have passed away—
We looked for one of them to-day,
A brave and fluent man—
But we are disappointed sore ;
That man of fame and legal lore,
Perhaps we'll never see here more—
Brave Colonel Doniphan.

Where now are all his old compeers,
The lawyers 'mongst the pioneers—
Charles French, and Hicks and Young ?
Where now are both the Reeces gone ?
And where is Hovey—noisy one ?
And where is David Atchison,
The man of fiery tongue ?

They're gone! you say 'tis ever thus;
The men of note are leaving us—
The men of greatest heft.
But when we pause and look around,
A few whose heads are 'bove the ground,
A few perhaps may yet be found—
Sawyer and Woodson's left.

And then we had our preachers, too,
And some of them, I think, you knew,
And knew their Christian walk.
And who of you, that ever heard
Joab Powell preach the word,
But had his better feelings stirred,
By plain and simple talk;

McKinney, Ferrill, Nelson too,
Stayton, Warder and Fitzhugh,
Tillery, Rice and Hill.
And there was Elder Kavanaugh;
And any one that ever saw
Old Jimmy Savage, sure can draw
A picture of him still.

Ah, yes, the preachers of those days
Were noted for their simple ways,
And some for style uncouth;
But they are gone; they all are dead;
Another class are in their stead,
Much better paid and better read;
But have they more of truth?

But time would fail to speak of all
The changes that our minds recall
Upon life's shifting waves;
And soon those shifting waves will bear
The last old pioneer to where?
His lost and loved companions are
Low in their silent graves.

But ere, my friends, we hence embark,
 We fain would place some lasting mark
 Upon this mundane shore ;
 A mark the traveller may see
 In coming years, and know that we
 Have lived, and passed the road that he
 May then be passing o'er.

When death's dark curtain shall be drawn,
 And we old pioneers are gone,
 Let truthful history tell
 To far posterity the tale,
 As down the stream of Time they sail,
 How we with motto, "Never Fail,"
 Came here, and what befell.

Let history, then, impartial state
 The incidents of early date ;
 And that it so may do,
 Let pioneers of every age
 In this important work engage,
 And each of them produce his page—
 A page of history true.

The incidents of early years,
 Known only to the pioneers,
 With them will soon be lost,
 Unless before they hither go,
 Those incidents are stated so
 Posterity the facts may know,
 When we the stream have crossed.

After the speaking was over, I introduced myself to the gray-haired poet, and found that he remembered my night's lodging with him, and several of the incidents ; said he recollected my making the memorandum, the next morning, and of our lonely ride through the prairie ; passing the Centre Knob, getting lost. I asked about the new beginner across the branch, and he replied.

"He is yet living, like me, in the decline of life ; has had his 'ups and downs' and more 'downs' than 'ups'. Like

me, he is a widower, having lost two wives and some of his children. His health was impaired in the service during the Rebellion, but he is in the enjoyment of a pension that will keep him comfortably through life's evening."

I remarked that I supposed the Government land in that half a township was all taken up now.

"Yes, indeed," said he, "and instead of only five families on it, and half a dozen children of school age, there are three school districts, with their school-houses and three churches, besides the village of Strasburg. Not only that township," said he, "has been all bought long ago, but the condemned land, not worth surveying once, has been bought, every acre of it; and is nearly all under fence, and instead of a voting population of 200, the county has over 5,000."

Next morning I left for Kansas, and in eight weeks returned to my home with restored health, and a better opinion of Missouri and Kansas than I had before I set out.

"IS THE WORLD ANY WORSE?"

UNCLE BEN AND CHARLEY.—DIALOGUE.

Charley—Well, Uncle Ben, what is your opinion on the question for debate to-morrow night? Is the world growing any worse?

Uncle Ben—Well, I can't say, but I suppose the world, on an average, is pretty much the same as it was a hundred years ago. In some respects changed, but still the same old world.

Charley—Yes, but the people are not the same; and the question, I suppose, is, whether they are better or worse.

Ben—It is said, that human nature is the same the world over, and in every age; and I suppose that this is no better, and no worse, now than a thousand years ago. Circumstances change, and they may, perhaps, be more or less favorable for the development of the good or bad in human

nature than formerly ; while other circumstances may enable us to see and to realize the good and evil tendencies and consequences, more plainly now than we did then. Ever since I can recollect, it has been said that the olden times were better then than the present ; and I suppose the same thing was said in Solomon's day, for he says in the book of Ecclesiastes : " Say not what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning these things." As much as to say, that it was not the case. And again he says : " The thing that hath been, it is that that shall be ; and that which is done, is that which shall be done ; and there is no new thing under the sun." And he says again : " There is no remembrance of former things," intimating that we are liable to forget how bad the former times were ; and from the whole of his writings, I am inclined to think that mankind has not changed much since his day. The same evils we complain of, he complained of, and describes them better than we can.

Charley—But, Uncle Ben, was there ever before such a rage for speculation, swindling, public plunder and crime in general as now ; when swindling and public plundering is general all over the land, and railroad and other monopolies are grinding the laboring classes to death ; and the smartest man is the one that can get his hand the deepest into the public purse, and gobble up the biggest slice of the public land. Was it always so, or was it so in your younger days ?

Ben—Well, in my boyhood, we had no railroads to plunder and swindle us, and very few corporations of any kind ; and those few were so far off, as to be out of sight. We did not read the newspapers, and hear of every wicked thing that transpired then, as we do now ; and hence, I say, we did not see or perceive the evil consequences of a vicious human nature then as we do now ; though there were no railroads and but few banking corporations, to gobble up the public domain and put their hands into the national purse, there were others who attempted to, and perhaps did, play the same game, that those corporations and sharks have since played ; avarice has been avarice always, and there never has been a time, when some individual or company was not ready to grind the poor laboring classes, and fleece

the public. As early as 1788, a Mr. John Livingston and others formed themselves into a company to fleece the Indians, and the people of New York, out of more than half the lands of that great State. They entered into a contract with the Six Nations to lease the lands of nearly all Western New York for 999 years, for an annual rent of \$3,500; but the Legislature of New York interfered in the matter, and Governor Clinton, by proclamation, forbade any person to occupy any part of the territory, under that lease, and the scheme was broken up.

Charley—That shows that Livingston and his company wasn't smart. If they had done as modern speculators do, they would have given the members of the Legislature, and Governor Clinton, a share in the loaf; and then it might have been different, you know.

Ben—Perhaps so; but Livingston's company may have been more grasping than modern ones, and wanted all the profits themselves; and perhaps the legislature had a scheme of their own to gobble up the land, and was not willing to divide with Livingston and his company; at any rate the scheme failed. And again in 1795 or '96, another land-jobbing scheme was concocted to gobble up the entire State of Michigan. This was by a Messrs. Randall, Whitney and some other Indian traders. They came to Congress with their scheme, and did offer some members an interest in it, if they would vote for it. It so happened, however, that they made the offer to at least one member who was honest enough to expose the whole thing, before it came up for action; and then those who might have favored it, did not dare do so. I am disposed to think, though, that some of them would have gone into it, if there had been a prospect of success, and no danger of exposure. The Indians, however, in both cases lost their lands in the end; and you must admit that the white man's monopoly has been gobbling up their lands for 200 years or more. And as I am so often giving talks and tales of olden times, I will show you a long talk of the Oneida Indians, sent by their chiefs to the Legislature of New York, in relation to that lease of their lands to Livingston and company, and as boys like to read things in rhyme better than in plain prose, and as Indian talks are always poetical, I

change the words a little so as to rhyme, preserving the substance and sense the same.

TALK OF THE ONEIDA INDIANS, SENT BY THEIR CHIEFS TO THE
LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK, IN 1788.

Brothers, sachems, chiefs and great men,
Who sit round the great council fire
Of our brothers, the people, and State of New York,
Your attention we ask and desire ;
Brothers—white brothers—we thus far had come
To meet at your great council fire ;
But the roads are now bad, and a prospect for worse
Induces us home to retire.
Brothers—we speak now in writing—your allies we are ;
A free people we ever have been ;
Our chiefs have enjoined us, to speak thus to you—
Ears open, and take our words in :

Brothers—white men—in your late and long war
With the people across the great deep,
At a time when thick darkness had covered the land,
The Oneidas were not then asleep.
Uninvited we took up the hatchet for you ;
Stepped forth in our brother's defense ;
We fought side by side ; your friends we then were,
And friends we have been ever since ;
Our blood flowed together, the bones of our men
Were mingled with yours in the grave,
You grateful appeared, for what we had done,
And repeated assurances gave,
That should the Great Spirit ever give you success,
Your Indian friends should rejoice ;
The result of the war was propitious to you,
And we returned to the home of our chosen.

Desolation and ruin the land had o'erspread ;
Our towns and our fields were a waste ;
We rejoiced, however, that we could return ;
That the fruits of a peace we could taste.

We pleased ourselves with the hope that in peace
We could quietly rest on our shores—
A home for which we had fought, and had bled,
In a cause that was common with yours.

While flattering ourselves with these prospects and thoughts,
Looking forward with hope and desire,
Invitation we had to meet with your chiefs
At Herkimer's great council fire.

We were pleased—we were glad—and quickly set out
To meet them of nothing afraid—
Expecting that they our wants would supply,
And make good the assurances made.
The assurances given; so oftentimes made,
With a grave and truthful-like voice,
That when from the war to our homes we returned,
Our hearts should be made to rejoice.
The chiefs who then met us, no doubt, recollect
Our disappointment, so sad and so sore,
When they told us they came to purchase our land;
No other commission they bore.

Brothers—'tis needless to mention in this
The speeches we then and there made.
You can not forget them—you've written them down
In books whose words never fade.
Your chiefs may remember how loth we then were
To enter on treaties of trade;
They may also remember the means we then took
That treaty and sale to evade.
By proposing to lease a part for a time;
(To sell we were not then inclined).
The contempt with which that offer was met,
Is, doubtless, still fresh in their mind.
If memory has failed them, 'tis not so with us;
Those things we remember full well.
In compliance, at last, with their urgent request,
We consented to sell, and did sell;
In consequence though of a most solemn pledge,

By your greatest and chief sachem given,
That this was the last demand for our lands,
And that we should no further be driven.
We sold you a part of our lands and our homes,
And the homes of our fathers' before ;
But in this, we now are resolved and determined,—
That we never will sell any more.
The experience of all the tribes, south and east,
Has fully convinced us of late,
If we their example shall follow, that we
Will soon—very soon—share their fate.
We wish that our children, and grandchildren, too,
A living in comfort may draw
From the land the Great Spirit our forefathers gave,
Ere white man the land ever saw.

We therefore determined to lease them ; and friends*
In different parts of the land,
Having learned our desire—being willing that we
Should continue a national band—
Have offered to take our lands upon lease,
And pay us a generous rent—
A rent upon which our children can live ;
And to this the Oneidas consent.
We were loth to affront you again, as we did,
By an offer to lease them to you,
And therefore agreed to proposals from friends,
And trust they will full justice do.

Brothers—since we have been thus on the road,
A lying, bad bird has passed by;
It has reached, as we hear, your great council fire,
And told you—*yes told you a lie*:
That we have *not* leased our lands, as we say.
Brothers—that tale is not true ;
And we hope you will treat it as false, which it is ;
We've leased them, but not unto you.

*Livingston & Co.

Brothers and chiefs, we are surprised very much,
 To hear you are angry of late,
 Because others have taken a thing which your chiefs
 Thought beneath them, the nation or state ;
 But, BROTHERS, we are more surprised yet to learn
 You are claiming a right never known—
 The right to control the disposal of lands
 You acknowledge to be all our own,
 As much as the game that we take in the chase ;
 Why, then, let us ask, do you say
 That the Indians shall not dispose of them just
 As we please, without your yea or nay.
 If one of our braves to your market should go
 With furskins, you might then just as well
 Point out him a buyer, and say to him thus :
To no other man can you sell.

Brothers—we wish you'd consider it well ;
 Do us justice, and do not refuse ;
 We have leased our whole country, excepting what we
 Have reserved for the tribe still to use.
 We doubt not the people will pay us the rent,
 The rent they agreed they would pay.
 If you can encourage its settlement, do ;
 This is all that we now have to say.

Witness:	JACOB REED, Secretary.
PETER B. TEN BROECK.	PETET ^{his} X SALEKARENGHIS.
GEORGE STINSON, JR.	^{mark} DANIEL ^{his} X SEGOANEGHSRISER.
	^{mark} HENDRICK ^{his} X SAHONWATE.
	^{mark}

Personally appeared before me the above subscribers, and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be their voluntary act and deed.

Acknowledged before me, this 12th day of March, 1788.

HENRY I. V. RENSSELLAER,

One of the Judges of the Inferior Court of the county of Columbia.

Charley—A pretty good talk, the way you have fixed it up; but do you think it's a genuine Indian talk, or was it some of Livingston's company got it up for them?

Ben—I should not wonder if Livingston and company were at the bottom of it; but you see it is subscribed to by the Indian Chiefs, and authenticated by a judge's certificate, which goes to show that men at that day could pull the wires as well as they can now, when somebody is to be swindled.

Charley—But do you think it means the same the way you've rhymed it that it did originally?

Ben—Yes; I think so.

Charley—Well, Peter Pinkard is going to speak Patrick Henry's great Liberty or Death speech at the exhibition, and if you'll just change it into rhyme, as you did the Indians talk, I'll speak it too, and leave it to the teacher to say whether it's the same old speech, or another one.

Ben—Very well; that's a talk of the olden time, and if you'll agree to study it well and speak it properly, I'll fix it up for you.

Charley—I'll do that, certain.

“GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!”

I know it is natural for man to indulge
 In illusions that hope often brings
 To close his eyes against truth, and to heed
 The song that the false siren sings;
 But is it the part of the wise, I would ask,
 Who are struggling for freedom and life,
 To list to the charm that will transform to beasts—
 To surrender the struggle and strife?
 Are we now disposed of that number to be,
 Who, though having eyes, refuse to discern
 The danger before them, and turn a deaf ear
 To their greatest and grandest concern?

For my part, whatever of anguish may come,
 Whatever of grief it may cost,
 I am willing—desirous to know the whole truth;
 To know and prepare for the worst.

I have but one lamp my footsteps to guide—
 'Tis experience; to that I hold fast;
 There is no better way of the future to judge
 Than to look at the things of the past;
 And, judging of coming events by the past,
 I would wish and would ask now to know
 What things we have seen in the ten years that's passed,
 That warrant our hoping on so?

What have gentlemen seen or what see they now,
 In the conduct of those who bear rule
 In the British dominions, that solaces them,
 While they call on us here to "keep cool?"
 Say, is it the bland and insidious smile
 That late our petitions received?
 Ah, trust not to it; a snare it will prove—
 Let freemen be never deceived!
 Take heed to yourselves, and be not entrapped
 Nor betrayed by a Judas' kiss;
 When gracious receptions and speeches you hear,
 Then ask yourselves questions like this:
 How gracious receptions and speeches compare
 With preparations so warlike and grand;
 Preparations that cover our waters with ships,
 And darken with soldiers our land.
 Are large fleets of ships and armies of men
 Necessary to bring about love;
 To reconcile friends that have once been estranged?
 'Tis the hawk reconciling the dove.
 Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be
 Reconciled to our mother and friend
 That force and coercion can alone bring us back
 On the arm of King George to depend?

Let us not be deceived, nor deceive ourselves thus—
 All these are the implements dire,
 Of war and coercion—last cruel resort
 Of kings with ambitious desire.
 I ask you what means this martial array,
 If its purpose be not to force us
 And bring to submission? can any assign

Any other for threatening thus?
Has Britain, Great Britain, an enemy here,
In this part of the great western world,
That is calling for all of the navies we see,
And those armies with banners unfurled?
No, no, she has none; they are meant but for us—
(Some gentlemen think I am wrong)
They are sent here to rivet and bind upon us
The chains they've been forging so long.

And what have we here to oppose them, I ask?
Shall we reason and argument try?
We've tried them—been trying for long, tedious years;
Have we anything new to apply?
Nothing; no, nothing; that subject so grave,
We have held up again and again?
We have turned it and showed it in every light,
But in vain—it has all been in vain.
Shall we resort to entreaty, and humble ourselves
As suppliants ever so low?
What terms shall we try that have not been employed
And exhausted in days long ago?

Let us no longer trust or deceive ourselves, sir,
As we've done in the days that are gone;
We've done everything that we could to avert
The storm that is fast coming on.
Supplication, petition, remonstrance, we've tried,
And tried them so often in vain;
Prostrated ourselves at his majesty's throne,
And implored him again and again.

Yes, begged him, most earnestly begged him, to stay
His ministers' tyrannic hands;
The acts of a tyrannic parliament too,
In relation to these loyal lands.
Our petitions have often been slighted, you know;
Remonstrance was followed by violence
Or added insult, and all of our prayers
Were met with contempt, or with silence;

We also were spurned, with contempt, as it were,
From the foot of his majesty's throne;
He, too, has been deaf to the voice of prayer,
And leaves us to struggle alone.

After all of these things, it were vain now to hope
That light will spring out of the gloom;
That reconciliation and peace will succeed—
For hope, there is no longer room.

If we wish to be free; if we wish to preserve,
Inviolatè still, and safe from the strong,
Those dearest of rights, for which we contend,
And have been contending so long;
If we do not mean to abandon the cause
And the struggle in which we're engaged;
If we do not intend the desertion of friends,
And the faith unto them we have pledged;
If we wish for those things, and do not intend
To relinquish an object so dear,
We must fight, we must fight, I repeat we must fight!
The appeal unto arms is now near;
An appeal unto arms and the great God of hosts
Is all that is left us, I trow.
They say we are weak and unable to cope
With a power like Great Britain now;
But when will we ever be stronger, I ask?
Will it be the next week, or next year?
Will it be when we are disarmed, and a guard
Is stationed in every house here?
By irresolution, shall we gather strength,
Or the means of resistance acquire
By lying supinely and hugging false hopes,
And the phantoms that such hopes inspire?

Ah, no! we're not weak, if we make the right use
Of the means that kind nature has given;
The great God of nature has given us space
From which we can never be driven.

Three millions of people, in holy cause armed—
 Of right and of freedom forever—
 In such a grand country as we here possess,
 Can never be conquered ; *no never!*

But we shall not fight all our battles alone ;
 There's a just holy, GOD who presides,
 Who governs the actions of nations and men,
 And He'll raise us up friends on all sides ;
 That God and those friends, our efforts will aid—
 The battle's not all to the strong ;
 But 'tis to the vigilant, active and brave,
 Who contend for the right against wrong.

In addition to this, no choice have we left ;
 If base enough now to desire,
 Too late it is now to halt and turn back ;
 Too late it is now to retire.
 No way of retreating is left us, I trow,
 Except to submit and be slaves ;
 Your chains are fast forging—they're forged even now—
 Being borne across the salt waves.

On the fair plain of Boston, they are clanking to-day—
 Their clanking is heard here by some ;
 Inevitable now is the war, and I say,
 "*Let it come!* I repeat, LET IT COME!"

'Tis vain—worse than vain—to extenuate now ;
 Gentlemen may cry peace, even peace ;
 But peace, there is none ; the war is begun !
 And GOD only knows when 'twill cease.
 The next gale that sweeps from the north States may
 bring
 The clashing of resounding arms ;
 Why stand we here idle ? Our brothers are there,
 On the field, with its hostile alarms ;
 What is it that gentlemen wish or desire ?
 What is it they'd have, if they could ?
 Is life now so dear that they prize it still higher
 Than everything else that is good ?

Is peace so ecstatic and sweet unto them
 They would purchase, at such a great cost—
 Chains, bondage, and slavery? Forbid it, oh, God!
 Ere freedom and Liberty's lost!
 I know not, I care not, what others may do,
 Or what they would ask, or bequeath;
 But now, as for me, *let me have Liberty*,
 Or, failing in that, GIVE ME DEATH!

THE FALL OF THE OLD MILL.

And has it fallen—that old mill—
 Upon the Lost Creek shore?
 That mossy wheel, is it now still,
 And will it turn no more?
 The history of that fallen mill—
 Its history, who will write?
 Its early deeds—perhaps they will
 Be some day brought to light;
 Its incidents, what ere they were,
 Few of the living know.
 They say my grandsire built it there,
 In years, long, long ago—
 When Tennessee was first a State—

Within its wooded wild,
 In seventeen hundred ninety-eight,
 My father, then a child.
 The builder then was in his youth—
 He long has passed away,
 And I, his grandson, now forsooth
 Am old, and worn, and gray.

The Indian war-whoop scarce had died
 Upon the hills around,
 When settlers came from far and wide
 And had their hoe-cakes ground.

Those ancient settlers, where are they?
I cannot tell you where;
Long time ago they went away,
And left the old mill there.
Children were born, grew old and died
In sight of that old mill;
Their bones are lying side by side,
Above it on the hill.
And yet, through all those changing years,
In every changing scene;
In peace and war, and blood and tears—
And many such have been,—
That old mill-wheel went round and round—
The stone went faster still,—
And still the staff of life was ground
By that old water-mill.

The last old pioneer had gone,
For either woe or weal;
The never-failing stream flowed on,
That turned that old mill-wheel.
The sons and daughters of the one
Who builded it were dead,
Save only one surviving son,
Far in the West, 'twas said.
Some children's children still were there;
Some few, but ah! still more,
Reposing in the grave-yard where
The sire had gone before;
And many, many more beside,
In distant lands away,
Are scattered far, and severed wide,
And have been many a day;
And of that number, I am one,
In life's cold winter chill,
And from life's far-off setting sun,
Look back to that old mill.

How often in my dreams, I've seen—
Since wandering from there—
That mill, the cedar grove so green,

And fields as once they were ;
And oftentimes will memory tell
The story oe'r and oe'r,
Of what a wayward boy befel,
Upon that rocky shore.

Though memory now is feeble grown,
And recollections fail,
They bring me back the years long flown,
And tell the oft-told tale ;
They point me out the narrow track
Across the vale and hill,
O'er which, upon old sorrel's back,
I rode to that old mill.

My cousins and my playmates gone,
They often bring to view ;
As when we sailed upon the pond,
In the old dug-out canoe.
But I had wandered far away,
And they in death asleep ;
While other boys, as wild as we,
Sailed on the mill-pond deep.

Years passed ; the waters in the race
Flowed on, and onward still,
While others came to take the place
Of those who ran the mill.
For eighty years—how long a time
Since first its work began !
The generations came and went,
And still the old mill ran ;
That never-failing stream supplied
The needed motive-power
That through those many years supplied
The land with meal and flour.

But was that mill the same, you ask,
Through all those changing years—
Was it the same in every part—
It's stones and running-gears

Ah, no! it underwent repairs,
As everything must do;
And soon or late, it's every part
Gave place to something new.

You've heard, perhaps, of that old knife,
In use for five decades,
Which half a dozen handles had
And twice as many blades;
And yet it was the same old knife,
The man contended strong;
The same old knife his father had
And he had used so long.
And so it was with that old mill,
Though oftentimes repaired;
Though millers came and millers went,
The old mill still was spared.

For eighteen years or more, it ground
The bread I lived upon,
And then I left my native place,
And forty years were gone;
And when those forty years were passed,
Returned to that old mill;
It looked, it seemed, almost the same,
And it was grinding still.

I asked: "Is this the same old mill
My grandsire built, you know—
The same old mill I left in youth,
Near forty years ago?"

An answer came: "The same old mill,
As much as you're the same
Descendant of it's builder; you,
Who answer to his name.
You say you are the self-same youth
Of eighteen years of age,
Who left this stream so long ago,
Life's battle-storm to wage;

What part of that; then youthful frame,
Where Life's machinery ran—
What part have you brought back with you,
You old gray-headed man?
Your ancient comrades know you not;
They cannot recognize
The boy of forty years ago,
In that old time-worn guise."

I was convinced; I felt the truth;
I could not answer, nay;
I was, and yet was not, the same
Bright boy that went away.
Like that old mill, my every part
Had undergone a change;
And though I thought myself the same,
To others I was strange.

They tell us—men of science say
That every seven years,
The tissues of the body change,
And a new man appears;
And yet it is the same old man,
As everybody knows.
The oftener that the frame's renewed,
The older still it grows;
Until at last, like that old mill,
Repairs are at an end—
It falls, it sinks, and with the dust
Its every part will blend.

And yet 'twill live! that old mill lives
Within my memory yet;
And He who gave our bodies lives—
No part will He forget.
He'll raise them up more glorious
Than e're they were before;
And they no more repairs will need
Upon that other shore.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONED SCHOOLS.

DIALOGUE—BEN AND CHARLEY.

Charley—Uncle Ben, I want you to help me with my composition for the examination next week.

Uncle Ben—Very well, what is it? Let me see it.

Charley—I have not decided that yet. You can write me one on any subject you please.

Uncle Ben—That's another thing, Charley. I have not promised to write one of my own for you to claim and read as yours; but only to help you over the hard places, while you are hoeing your own row. The object of your teacher in setting you to write compositions, is to teach you to express your thoughts on paper. But what good would it do you to read over, as your own, what I had written; a part of which you might not understand.

Charley—It would do me this much good, Uncle Ben: I would have the name of reading the best composition in the school, and that is what each one is striving for.

Uncle Ben—Let me tell you, Charley, it will do you no good to get that name, or anything else, by false pretenses. You should act the truth, as well as speak the truth; and some day you will receive a better reward than what you are seeking now—a name for the best essay.

Charley—But, Uncle Ben, did you never get anybody to write out your compositions when you were a boy at school, like I am, and hadn't learned how to write them yourself?

Uncle Ben—No; it was not so common in my school-boy days as it is now to put boys to writing compositions. Indeed, it was very uncommon, and I never saw it done in any school that I attended.

Charley—What! didn't you have to write compositions at school?

Uncle Ben—No; I was not required to write compositions in my school days.

Charley—What sort of schools and teachers did they have then? They must have been very different from the

ones that we have now, for boys and girls, too, all have to write them—at least all that can write or handle a pen or pencil.

Uncle Ben—Yes, they were very different in some things, and the boys of to-day ought to be thankful for the many advantages that they have over the boys of fifty years ago; and it does seem that they ought to learn much faster and a great deal more than we did, but I don't see that they do.

Charley—Can't you tell me something about those old-fashioned schools and the old-fashioned teachers that I have heard mentioned so often; and tell me the difference between them and ours, and between your school-boy days and mine?

Uncle Ben—Well, there was a great difference, in some things; a difference in the way schools were carried on, but not so much difference at last, in the objects sought for and obtained. In my day, we had no free school to which all were at liberty to go on equal terms; and the boy whose parents were too poor, or too selfish to pay for his schooling, was shut out from the school. We had no school districts or district school-houses established by law, as you have now; nor did we have any normal school to teach the teachers; nor any school commissioners to examine them and give them a license to teach; but every man, woman, or boy, who wanted a school and could make up the number of scholars, was allowed to teach it. Another great difference between then and now, was in the school-houses—generally rough log cabins, large enough to hold twenty-five or thirty children, by crowding them in. The one I went to school in may serve as an average description, at that day in that State.

It was built of round logs, notched up and covered with clapboards, ribs and weight-poles, the cracks chinked and daubed with mud; a puncheon floor and a chimney made of sticks and clay; a wide fire-place, with a back wall of stone and a large flat rock set up on each side for the jambs. It was not seated, as your school-house is, with seats and desks; but the seats were rough and long benches, with nothing for the back to rest against; and on these benches the scholars sat, sometimes crowded together as close as they could wedge in—especially in cold weather, on the benches next the fire-place. A wider and taller bench, placed against the wall, where a large crack or crevice was left open to give

light, served as a writing desk; and another bench of the same length served as a seat for the writing class to sit on when writing. This was all the furniture. No black-board then; no stove, no maps, no globes, and each patron furnished his children such books as he pleased, and nearly every scholar was in a class to himself. It is true, that Webster's North American Spelling Book was the principal speller, but some children brought the old Dilworth, that their fathers or mothers had studied in before them. A few copies, also, of Dr. Franklin's spelling book, were in the school.

As to readers, except the Testament, scarcely any two were alike—one or to copies of Scott's Lessons, which we called John Gilpin, because that was all the lesson in it that interested us, or that we cared to read; a few copies, also, of the English Reader by Murray. Pike's Arithmetic, with a few older authors that had been used time out of mind, were the mathematical books. And as to grammar, I only went to one school, and only a month to that one, where the teacher pretended to teach it; but when it was taught, it was Lindlay Murray's old and dry grammar; and in all my schooling, I never saw the inside of one.

Charley—But, Uncle Ben, was there much difference in the manner of teaching what they did teach and in governing schools from the present system?

Uncle Ben—I suppose there was, but can't say for certain. I am not very well posted in the present system, and cannot tell how they manage them now, only as I get it from you and others who go to school; but from what I see and hear, you have some variations from the old style. The custom, when I went to school, was for the first one at school in the morning to recite the first lesson, the second next, and so on to the last. And many a race I have had and witnessed to get into the school house first. Sometimes there was a spelling book class and a Testament class; and when called up, we spelled a word or read a verse alternately, and if one missed a word or miscalled a letter, any one below him was allowed and required by the teacher to be on the watch and correct him; and the first one to make the proper correction went *up*, perhaps to be turned down himself at the next or some future round. Each one studying arithmetic was in a class by him-

self, and got on as fast as he could, without waiting for others, and without dragging his classmates or being dragged along by them, as is too commonly the case now. Each one had his own black-board in the shape of a slate, and had no regular time for saying lessons. When he worked out his *sum*, he took his slate to the master to see if he had done it right. If he stalled and came to a dead halt, he would scratch his head awhile, and then march up to the master's seat and ask for help. In most of the schools we had loud study, that is, every scholar read or might read and spell aloud; and sometimes, especially when learning the heart lesson, each one would strain his voice to get above every other, and one could scarcely hear himself. Another difference was this: if you met a scholar going to school or returning, he was not loaded down with books; he was not studying half a dozen or more branches at once. When he had learned to spell and read and write creditably, he went to cyphering; and in general, it was only when his head or his brain became tangled with figures, that he laid down his slate and went to the writing bench, or the spelling book, till his head became straight again; and until he got through with Pike, no other study was allowed to interfere, except as a rest or recreation. Another good custom not now in use was to write down in his cyphering book the solution of every problem solved, to which he could refer in after days, if his memory failed him as to the process by which the answer had been obtained. As well as I can recollect, my cyphering book contained two quires of paper, and was preserved for years, and would be highly prized now if I had it. Another difference time has wrought in schools, school-teaching and school-teachers: the teachers then put in their whole time, or nearly so. Six hours did not count as a day, and four weeks didn't count a month; and if a teacher lost Christmas or Thanksgiving Day or any other holiday; he made up the time the same as other hirelings did. When men paid for the schooling of their own children, instead of other people's, as now, they contended for the worth of their money. There are those who contend that school-teachers are poorly paid now, when they get from \$35.00 to \$60.00 per month; and I believe that they themselves complain more on account of the smallness of their wages than teachers of fifty years ago did, when they

received from \$10.00 to \$15.00, worked all day, ruled copy-books, set copies, made and mended pens, from the goose-quill, and helped the boys cut and "tote" wood enough at one play-time to do until the next; and then, at the end of the term, or at Christmas, had to treat or be ducked in the creek. There are some of those old-fogy teachers living yet, who have not forgotten those things and if \$40.00 is not enough for teachers now, I think they ought to claim a back salary for the time they taught for \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Charley—But, Uncle, I heard Doctor R. say the other day, that it was cheaper to pay \$60.00 per month for a good teacher than to pay \$15.00 for a poor one.

Uncle Ben—Yes; I know that's the argument, and the fact that a young man has passed through college or been to the normal school, and has learned to smoke cigars with a fashionable grace, entitles him to the title of a good teacher of the sixty-dollar class; while another who has gotten his education as my teachers did, mostly at home by the light of a pine knot, is considered a dear teacher at any price, although in point of knowledge and solid acquirements, he may discount the other fifty per cent.

Charley—Tell me, Uncle Ben, how it happened that you learned to write as well as you do, if you never wrote compositions in youth?

Uncle Ben—I did not say that I never wrote compositions when a boy. I said I never wrote them at school; because it was never assigned to me as a task. But I did write them at home for my own amusement and edification, with a hope that I might some day be benefitted by it, as well as other home studies, after leaving school, as my self-taught teachers had been. Perhaps if those teachers had been taught at College, and learned all that they knew there, I might have fancied that there was no other way to acquire an education, and given up in despair, because I was too poor to go to College, or to any other high-school. When I was at your age, I would have been pleased to write such compositions as your teacher requires you to write; and I admit this is one of the improvements made in teaching, and I am very much in favor of the practice; but I would have every boy to write his own, and all the help I would be willing to give, would be to criticise, or point out errors, or make some suggestions as

improvements. If you wish to succeed in your compositions, or anything else, you must rely mainly upon your own application to study, and your perseverance in it; and if you fail at first, try again. There is nothing like trying. Do not depend too much upon what your teacher, or others may do for you. It is well enough to have teachers to help you over the hard places, and to correct you when you are going wrong; but remember, that though they may *teach*, you have to do the *learning*; and remember, again, that the boy who *follows* only as somebody *leads*, will sooner or later find himself at a loss. And here, I think, is one disadvantage the youth of to-day labor under. They have so many so-called advantages over the youth of fifty years ago, in the way of educational facilities, that they trust too much to those facilities, and too little to themselves and their own exertions. They have free schools to which all can go at least half the year. They have comfortable school-houses, well furnished with every needed help and appliance; good teachers, versed in all the branches of knowledge required to be taught in common schools, and even more. And the boy too often thinks that so many, and such great facilities, will carry him through without any extraordinary effort, or with no effort at all on his part, and what he fails to learn while those facilities are offered him, he never learns after they are withdrawn. He fancies he is going to school to acquire knowledge at the hands of those who have themselves acquired it at other schools, from other teachers; and when his term of school ends, and the facilities which it afforded are withdrawn, he stops for the want of a leader: whereas, if he had obtained the same knowledge that he has, under the privations and disadvantages under which we labored, he would have more self-reliance, and might go on improving and adding to his knowledge after school was over.

Charley—Don't you admit, though, that school-teachers as a class are much better qualified than fifty years ago, and that there are not so many ignoramuses amongst them now as there were then, and that they understand the work of teaching much better?

Uncle Ben—Yes; in a certain sense, I admit all that. Schools have been multiplied, and the teachers of to-day have had twice as much training as the man in the back-woods had

fifty years ago; and the young man now who does not take in the rudiments of knowledge freely, has it pumped into him, as it were, almost by force; and although he may not have mastered the required number of studies, he has been dragged through by his teachers, and has managed to learn some things that teachers of the olden time never heard of; while at the same time, some of these old-fogy teachers could put him to the blush in some of the most common and most useful branches of an every-day education.

Charley—They might, perhaps, stall some of our young men and young lady teachers in their mathematics, but I'll bet you'll not find one that can stump our teacher, Mr. G., for he has arithmetic, algebra and geometry at his fingers, ends, and knows them by heart—or by head, as you please to call it.

Uncle Ben—Perhaps you think so, and may be he thinks so, too, for I hear he is well posted in mathematics, particularly in mental arithmetic, which was not taught much when I was a boy; but do you think he can, by his head, and without using his fingers or figures at all, compute the compound interest of one hundred dollars, for one hundred years, at five and two-fifths per cent, or any less amount for a less number of years, at the same or other rate of interest? If he cannot, he is not equal to one of the old-fashioned teachers that I know of, who lives not a hundred miles off, and who never studied figures six months at school, all put together. If your teacher can do that, or if he can, by his head, (mentally), extract the fifth or the seventh root of any number less than a thousand, then, perhaps, he can solve the problem of John's farm, which the old foggy I speak of can solve, but has never found any College professor able to do it.

Charley—What problem is that?

Uncle Ben—As it is stated in rhyme, it reads thus,—

John's farm a semi-circle is,
Laid out by rule precise;
No man but him, no brain but his
Could such a plan devise.
That semi-circle's base, now mind,
Is poles two hundred long,
From which the area you can find,

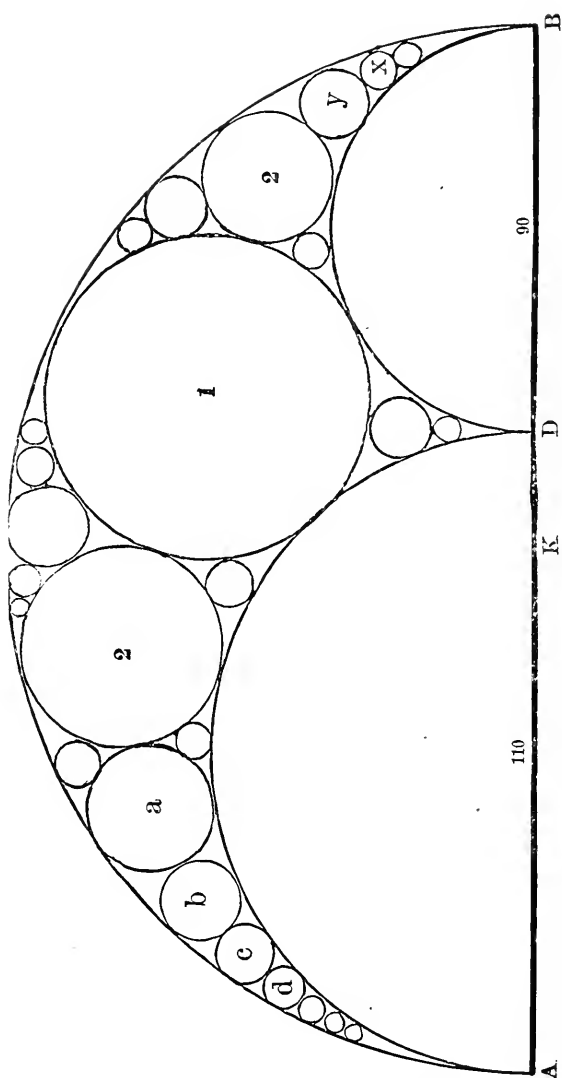
And 'twill not take you long ;
 Upon the base 'tween A and B,
 Ten perches from the centre K,
 There stands a silver-maple tree ;
 'Tis nearer B than A,
 And from that tree to A and B,
 He semi-circles drew
 Within the farm, and they, you see,
 Are semi-circles true.
 And then, adjoining these, he put
 An entire circle, such
 As neither curving are to cut,
 But each of them to touch.
 And having drawn that circle one,
 Another one he drew,
 Just touching these, but cutting none,
 And that is numbered two;
 Another, and another still,
 A, B and C and D,
 Decreasing, growing smaller still,
 To end, if end there be.

And then upon the other side of circle numbered one,
 He circle after circle drew, as he before had done.
 Still smaller every circle grew, and faster than before ;
 'Till 'tween those semi-circles two, no room was found for
 more.

Now, say how many circles there, if any man can know ?
 The radius true of each declare, and how you know it's so ?
 Should other circles still be drawn, no other circle in,
 But touching those already drawn, and lying in between,
 Tell me the size of every one, no matter where they lie ;
 Or, if you say it can't be done, just tell the reason why ?

Charley—Well, I don't know that I understand it, or
 that my teacher will ; but if it can be done, I think he'll
 do it.

Uncle Ben—It may be that he will not understand it
 fully, or know what is required ; and to enable you or him
 to do so, draw a half-circle, the straight line or diameter
 equal 200. Then inside of that, draw two other half-circles,
 meeting on diameter, A B, ten perches from the centre,



one being 110 and the other 90 in diameter. Then draw an exact circle, the largest that can be drawn inside the large semi-circle, without cutting any part of the smaller ones, and tell its size. Then draw a circle on each side of that, just touching, but not cutting it or any other arc, and so on, telling the size of each; and if Mr. G., or any other modern teacher, can solve it, he will do what none of them has done, so far as is known, and perhaps none of the old-

fashioned ones can, except the one referred to ; and he perhaps would be refused a certificate to teach a modern school, because he might not answer questions in the language of the books now in use, or might not rightly divide the alphabet into vowels and semi-vowels, consonants, labials, dentals, mutes and semi-mutes ; or like another old fogy, might not correctly answer what the difference is between the reciprocal of a number and the number itself, not comprehending its meaning. But now to sum it all up, Charley : though you had better schools and more of them than we had in my boyhood ; better houses and more of them ; better books and a great many more of them, with better and greater facilities every way for acquiring knowledge, the results, or the fruits of those schools, are not in proportion to the money expended in supporting them. In other words, the knowledge or the education acquired is not in proportion to the dollars and cents that it costs.

You may hear old men on all sides saying that children commencing in their letters now, do not learn as fast as they did when they were children.

This may not be the fault of the schools, or the teachers, or the children, but if such *is* the case, there must be a cause for it. Perhaps the parents may be to blame. They may think, that as the State or the public pays the teacher, and pays him so much better than old-time teachers were paid, it is their place to do all the teaching, and do not themselves lend the same help that the men and women of by-gone days did, when they had to pay out of their own pockets, for all the teaching their children received at school.

And now, let me say this to you : If you have a lesson to learn, study it yourself, and do not depend upon your teacher or classmates to study for you. If you have a composition to write, go at it, and do not ask Uncle Ben, or any other uncle, to write it for you. If your lesson is hard, study the harder ; if it is easy and soon learned, be thankful that you have some time to study something else useful ; and devote more of your time to useful than to ornamental branches ; and before you sneer, as some do, at old-fogy ways, old-fogy schools and school-teachers, be sure, that you, with your greater facilities, are doing as well or better than they did without them.

PERSECUTION FOR OPINION'S SAKE.

(This parable was written more than 200 years ago, and the author is not known. Dr. Franklin translated it more than a hundred years since and published it, and it was so much like him, he was thought to be its author; but he only turned the Latin into English, and I now turn his plain English prose into rhyme; but the thoughts and the moral are as they were 200 years ago.)

After these things, when the day was far spent,
And Abraham sat in the door of his tent,
A man bent with age, with a trembling frame,
Who leaned on a staff, from the wilderness came;
And Abraham rose, the tired stranger to meet,
And said: "Turn in, I pray thee, and here wash thy feet;
And tarry with me, in my tent, all the night,
And thou shalt arise at the morn's early light
Refreshed, on the morrow, go forth on thy way."
But the stranger made answer and meekly said: "Nay,
But under this tree, all alone, I'll abide;"
But Abraham pressed, and the stranger complied;
He turned at the bidding, and thankfully went
And set himself down in the patriarch's tent.
Then Abraham baked him the unleavened bread,
And togeth' they did eat; but Abraham said:
"I see that thou hast not blessed the Most High,
Who created all things; pray now tell me why?"
But the stranger made answer, and said: "I ne'er claim
The God that you worship nor call on His name;
For a God of my own, I have made unto me,
Which always abides in my house, do you see,
And provides me with everything needed in life."
But Abraham's zeal was now kindled for strife;
Against the poor stranger at once he arose,
He fell upon him, and he drove him with blows
Forth into the wilderness, far, far away;
But God called to Abraham, and thus, did He say:
"Abraham—where has the stranger man fled?"

And Abraham answered the Lord, then, and said :
 “ Lord God of the earth, he would not worship Thee,
 Nor call on Thy name; which so much angered me
 That I’ve driven him hence before my stern face,
 With blows, and with stripes, to rough desert place.”
 “ Have I borne, ” said the Lord, “ with that stranger so long,
 These hundred and ninety-eight years in his wrong,
 And nourished and clothed him as I have done thee,
 Notwithstanding his stubborn rebellion toward me,
 And couldst thou, who also have sinned in my sight,
 Not bear with the stranger for one single night ? ”

LAWYERS AND A LAWSUIT OF THE OLD TIME.

DIALOGUE—UNCLE BEN AND CHARLEY.

Charley—Do you think, Uncle Ben, that Patrick Henry was in earnest when he said, “ Give me liberty or give me death,” or was he just “ gassing,” as other lawyers do now.

Uncle Ben—It is hard to tell, Charley; I suppose he really meant the first part of it, “ Give me liberty ; ” but as to the latter part, “ Give me death,” I am inclined to think, that, if death had been offered, he would have preferred something else, as the man in the fable did.

As you say, lawyers are very often “ gassing,” and it is hard to tell when they speak their real sentiments. You know it is their trade to talk for money; and one, for the sake of a good fee, will talk away a man’s life, liberty or character, though he may be satisfied of his innocence. And another, for a like fee, will labor night and day, and shed tears like a crocodile, to save a man from the penalty of the law, when he verily believes him guilty. I have heard them talk sometimes when I thought they meant what they said, and sometimes quite the reverse. Sometimes the lawyer, upon each side, talks for money, and also to gain a reputation for oratory and sharp practice without caring three straws how

the case may go. When I was a boy, about your age, or a little older, I heard the first lawyer's pleading in a court of justice; and if they convinced me of nothing else, I was convinced that both were good talkers, and that both were shrewd, sharp fellows; and that is the verdict that the most of them seek from the public, more than a verdict of right from the jury.

Charley—Was it a case of life or death?

Uncle Ben—No, it was a very small affair; or at least it grew out of a small affair; a case of petty larceny, where a young woman was arraigned for stealing two ounces of indigo, worth about thirty cents; and yet it was a case of some moment. Indeed, it was of very great moment to the girl accused, as her reputation was at stake, as much as if it had been for hundreds of dollars.

Charley—And did they carry that small affair into the court-house, and fee lawyers on each side, for the sake of thirty cents?

Uncle Ben—Yes, indeed; for that or for something else—not an uncommon thing either. Many a lawsuit has cost thousands of dollars, the cause, or origin of which, was less than one. That being my first acquaintance with lawyers, and that the first court-house I ever saw, it made an impression on the mind that has not been effaced. A young woman or girl, not much older than I was, had been indicted for stealing two ounces of indigo, which at that time was an article more in demand than it is now, for the reason that men, and women too, dressed in homespun—home-colored and home-made clothing; and instead of calico prints, the young women wore their home-made cotton dresses, striped with the red, white and blue. The case was tried in the old limestone court-house, in Tazewell, in Claibourne County, Tennessee. The friends of the young woman—a revolutionary family from Virginia, who had, perhaps, heard Patrick Henry in his time—employed old General Cocke (Old Jack, as he was called who had led the First Division of Tennessee Volunteers in the War of 1812;) to defend the case, and his nephew, Sterling Cocke, was prosecuting attorney for the State. The youth and beauty of the prisoner, together with the standing of her family, and also the standing of the prosecutor, contributed to make the case one of great interest in

the community where they lived. The evidence, in short, was that the prisoner had been employed by the prosecutor, and had done one or more week's spinning; the lady testifying that on Saturday evening, as Miss Betsy was about to leave for home, she noticed on or about her bosom a small blue spot, and that as soon as she was gone, she went to look for her indigo, and that it was gone. This was all the evidence, except that another witness had noticed the stain of indigo on the bosom of her dress, and also what appeared to be a lump of something inside.

The theory, then, of the prosecution, was that the defendant had taken the indigo from its place in the afternoon, during Mrs. G's absence, and had secreted it in her bosom before starting home. The defendant had no counter evidence to produce—nothing but a simple denial, and plea of not guilty; and could not account for the stain of indigo—if there was any—on her person, or on her clothing. The State's Attorney made but a short speech—said the case was too plain to need one—dwelt upon the good character and credibility of the witnesses; the fact that the indigo was there in the morning, and gone in the evening—missed almost as soon as the defendant was gone; said it was true that the stolen article had not been traced into defendant's possession, or found on her person, but that its mark or stain had been seen and noticed, and the impression of its bulk had been seen and noticed also; and that this impression and this stain had not been accounted for, and could not be on any other hypothesis than the one claimed by the prosecution.

The counsel for the defense (Old Jack) then rose, and made quite a lengthy speech, charging that a conspiracy or scheme had been formed to blast the reputation and ruin the character of an innocent, hard-working young woman, dependant upon her own labor for a support, and her own honesty for a passport through life. On cross-examination, the witness had testified that the stolen article was of the Begal, or hard kind of indigo; and the old general exhibited a small sample or lump of that kind to the jury, to show that in ordinary handling, it would leave no mark or stain, either on the fingers or the clothing, rubbing it on his hands, his vest and shirt bosom, and leaving no stain whatever. He then poured forth a stream of invective against the

conspirator or conspirators, and a stream of eloquence as to the irreparable injury that would be inflicted upon an innocent girl, if the jury should, upon such evidence, render a verdict of guilty.

While he was pouring forth these strains of eloquence, for which he was noted, his nephew, young Sterling, asked him for the bit of indigo, when he had ceased to exhibit it to the jury; and wetting and softening it with spittle, he rubbed it upon the bar, against which the old general would occasionally press his white cotton pants.

The speech went on for an hour and the process of rubbing the indigo on the bar went on also. When the orator, in his gesticulations, would recede from the bar a short distance back or to one side, the indigo was applied, only to be transferred to the white pants when the general, in his energy, would press against the bar to press more forcibly his arguments home upon the jury. Finally, in summing up the evidence and arguments, he dwelt upon the fact that about all the evidence relied on was that a stain of indigo had been seen on the defendant's person or on her clothing; and hence, said he, you are called upon to say that she stole some of the article. But, gentlemen of the jury, have I not shown you that if she had stolen it and put it in her bosom, as they said she did, it would not have betrayed her, for the kind of indigo stolen, or said to have been stolen, does not, in ordinary handling, leave any mark of blue whatever. This, gentlemen, I have demonstrated to you beyond a doubt.

The young attorney could contain himself no longer, and seeing that the jury were in the same situation, he interrupted his uncle by saying: "If you will examine a little closer, general, I think you will find that it has left some marks—a certain gentleman's pantaloons appear to have changed color within the last hour."

After the laugh had subsided, in which the judge could not help joining, Old Jack at once saw through the trick that had been played, and how he had been caught. But he proved equal to the emergency. Taking a new start, he went on something after the following manner: "I told you, gentlemen of the jury, at the start, I've told you time and again, and I tell you now this defendant, this fair

young girl, just coming into womanhood, has been the victim of some foul scheme by some foul person or persons, who have plotted and planned to rob her of everything she had upon earth, a good name—an unsullied character; and she has been called upon to explain certain things, which only they themselves can explain. Witnesses have sworn that the indigo was missing; who took it? It may have been stolen or hidden by some one of the plotters. Witnesses have sworn that they saw marks of indigo upon the defendant's clothing, and we are asked how those marks came there; and I ask the same question? Perhaps they were made by some person in the plot, and made without her knowledge, as those blue stains, which I now wear, were made without my knowledge. Somebody can account for these blue stains being here better than I can.

And some person or persons could explain more about that plot to stain and ruin a poor girl's character than she herself can. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I might have stolen and carried off pounds of such indigo without receiving a stain. The fact that a person has no blue marks upon him is no proof that he never stole indigo, and the fact that he has such marks is no proof that he did. You see I have the marks, but you know I did not steal the indigo that made them. How do you know it? Because, like the conspirators in this plot against this defendant, you know how they came there; and somebody knows where the indigo is that made them. I remember, now, I saw smiles on some of your faces a while ago, that I could not then account for; but I can account for it now, and I only wonder that you did not laugh aloud. No doubt, gentlemen, that while the fair cheeks of my fair client have been bathed in tears through the long summer's day, and her pillow wet with them at night, in consequence of this indictment, somebody else has been smiling, and gloating over her distress, and her hoped-for ruin. While she was ignorant that the stain of indigo, or the still darker stain of dishonesty, rested upon her, somebody else, who assisted in putting that stain there, would have pointed it out, and could have told how it came there.

Gentlemen, I am thankful, truly thankful, that the illustration has been so plainly made how an innocent, unsuspecting character may be stained with the marks of guilt, and

how easy it is for a plot or conspiracy to be concocted and carried out, and a train of circumstances laid that will go far to prove that white is black, or rather blue, and the innocent, for a time, made to appear as under a cloud of guilt, because unable to account for circumstances of which he or she had no knowledge, and which were brought about by the secret actions of others.

Gentlemen, if I had had any doubt, before this coloring of my pantaloons, of what your verdict in this case will be, I have none now ; my client will go forth acquitted of the charge of theft, under which for months she has been resting.

Charley—And was she acquitted sure enough?

Uncle Ben—Yes; the State's attorney made a lengthy reply, but his evidence and his arguments were not strong enough to convict. She was acquitted, lived some time in the county, then moved to Kentucky, married and was living there when last I heard of her ; and to old General Cocke's credit, be it said, he refused to receive any fee.

Charley—Bully for him ! But I think the girl ought to have washed his pants, if she could pay nothing more.

THE MOTHER'S DYING CHARGE.

Draw near, my son ; they tell me now
That I must shortly die ;
The damps of death are on my brow—
The end is surely nigh.

You soon will have no mother, John ;
I'm shortly going where
Your dear, departed father's gone,
And hope you'll meet us there.

It is a thorny path, my boy,
Your mother's feet have trod,
But soon 'twill end in realms of joy—
The Paradise of God.

You know, my son, I've tried to lead
Your steps in virtue's way.
God knows, my boy, I've often prayed
That you might never stray.

Still be a good, obedient boy,
As you have ever been,
And as you grow to man's estate,
Shun all the paths of sin.

Shun theft, deceit and falsehood, John ;
Shun every evil thing ;
Oh, shun them, John, as you would shun
The poisoned adder's sting !

You have your father's Bible, John,
The word of truth divine ;
Keep it, my boy, and prize it as
The last best gift of mine.

Read it, my son ; its truths believe,
Its precepts daily try ;
'Twill teach you how, my son, to live,
'Twill teach you how to die !

WHAT I SAW OF ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN.

General Thomas Ewing's famous order Number Eleven is one amongst the memorable events of the War of the Rebellion in 1861 ; especially is it memorable on the western borders of Missouri. That order, which commanded and required all the citizens of three border counties, and a part of the fourth, to vacate their homes and remove into garri-soned towns, or from the military district, will ever be remembered by those citizens who were affected by its provisions. It is often spoken of and referred to, and has been much condemned by some and strenuously defended by others ; and while I shall not attempt to do one or the other,

I will, as plainly, concisely and impartially as I can, describe what I saw, witnessed and felt of its incidents, consequences and results, without pretending to say or to know whether the consequences would have been better or worse, if that order had never been made and enforced.

For several weeks during the summer of 1863, rumors were prevalent and common in the country, that such an order was in contemplation. Scouting parties of Union soldiers declared, that, unless the bush-whackers ceased from their system of guerrilla warfare, and the citizens ceased from harboring, aiding and protecting them, an order would be made to depopulate the country infested by them. The threats, however, of the soldiers on either side, were not regarded by the citizens as evidence that the things threatened would be performed.

Experience has proved, that, though threats of violence were often carried out, they were more often mere idle words of bravado.

That which gave more color to the rumor, and more alarmed the citizens than the threats of the common soldier, was the fact that the Union men, who had taken refuge in Kansas City and Independence, notified their friends in the country to hold themselves in readiness to obey the order when it came; that unless a change for the better was made, in regard to guerrilla warfare, such an order would most surely be issued.

The Sni Hills, in Jackson County, had the name of being the principal rendezvous of those guerrillas, and threats of vengeance were more frequently made against that part of the country than any other.

In Van Buren township, embracing a part of those Sni Hills, a meeting was called and held on the 15th of August, 1863, to take into consideration those rumors, and consult as to what was the best to be done.

A committee was appointed, resolutions were drawn up, adopted and signed by nearly all present, reciting those rumors of depopulation, and representing the great hardship and ruin it would bring upon all classes, the loyal and disloyal alike, and that in all probability the end sought would not be accomplished by it; closing with the assurance that those whose names were signed to the paper had not will-

ingly aided, encouraged or harbored bushwhackers in the past, and that they would not in the future; but that each one, so far as he could in safety, would discountenance such a system of warfare, and aid in suppressing it.

It was voted by the meeting that those resolutions should be sent by a special messenger to General Ewing, at Kansas City, and I was requested to bear them. James Powers, a gentleman of the township, a Canadian by birth, who had managed to steer clear between the contending parties, by claiming neutrality as a British subject, agreed to carry me to Kansas City in his ox-wagon, oxen being the only kind of team that was not liable to be appropriated to the soldier's use.

We camped near Westport on the night of the 18th of August, and drove into Kansas City the next morning, and I was shown into General Ewing's office; but he was not present, having gone to Leavenworth. Our resolutions were shown to his secretary, or chief of staff (Major Plumb, I think), and were read and criticised by him and others present; amongst whom were two or three refugees from the county, who claimed to know who of the subscribers were loyal and who were not, contending that a majority were of disloyal tendencies and could, not be depended upon. I remained in the office an hour or more, urging what I could in support of our resolutions and against the policy of the proposed order, the major promising to lay the paper before the general on his return. I then left the office, feeling that the mission had been a failure. From all I could see and learn in Kansas City, from friends and others, I made up my mind to prepare as well as I could for the worst and to leave home, if leave I must. I accordingly bought material to make a wagon-bed, as the only wagon I had was without one. We left for home on the afternoon of the 19th, where we arrived next evening. I was told that about 300 bushwhackers had eaten supper the evening before on the farm of Benjamin Potter, an old gentleman living three-quarters of a mile from my house. My family said some of them came there, and ordered half a bushel of bread, and that other neighbors were served with the same order. It afterwards turned out that these were Quantrell and his men, on their way to Lawrence. Next day I carried material to the shop

to have a wagon-box made, and commenced to make other arrangements to be better prepared to leave home, if I had it to do. In a few days the news of the tragedy at Lawrence arrived in the neighborhood, and was flashed over all the country; and on Sunday morning about forty of the retreating guerrillas passed my house, and scarcely a day passed that week but guerrillas, or Federal soldiers in pursuit of them, were seen in the neighborhood.

On Tuesday, the 25th of August, General Ewing issued his celebrated order from Kansas City, and rumor, with her thousand tongues, soon spread it over the ill-fated territory.

It was not, however, until Sunday, the 30th, that I saw in the Missouri *Republican* the document known as Order No. 11, reading as follows:—

1st. All persons living in Jackson, Cass and Bates Counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's mill, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville, and except those living north of Brush Creek and west of the Big Blue, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof. Those who, within that time, establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present places of residence, will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in the district, or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties on the eastern border of the State. All others shall move out of this district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named, will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

2d. All grain and hay in the field or under shelter, in the district from which the inhabitants are required to remove, in reach of military stations, after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there, and report of the amount so turned over made to the district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners, and the amount of such produce taken from

them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th of September next, not convenient to such station, will be destroyed.

3d. The provisions of general order No. 10, from these headquarters, will be vigorously executed by officers commanding in parts of the district and at the stations not subject to the operations of paragraph 1st of this Order, and especially in the towns of Independence, Westport and Kansas City.

4th. Paragraph No. 3, general order No. 10, is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the Government in this district, since the 20th of August, 1863.

By order of Brigadier General Ewing.

H. HANNAH, Adjutant.

I thought I had witnessed and felt the hardships and privations of civil war and martial law before, but it was reserved for this, the last week in August and the first ones in September, 1863, to teach me and others how much the human body and mind can bear up under, and still survive. That 30th of August, instead of being a Sabbath of rest, was to all a busy day of care and labor, preparing to obey the stern mandate, and abandon the homes procured by many years of toil and labor, followed too by other days of care, toil and anxiety.

Previous to this, if one were brought into a strait, or got into trouble or difficulty, he could appeal to some friend, or neighbor for help, and the appeal was seldom made in vain. But now all were in the same strait; the same weight of sorrow and distress was pressing upon all; there was no exception, and none in our part of the district were exempt from the general hardship. Though none were well prepared to obey the order, some were much better prepared than others. But whether well or ill prepared, there was no help for it; all must go. On Monday, the last of August, a number of the citizens, myself amongst the number, repaired to Pleasant Hill, in order to prove loyalty and get certificates or permits to remove to the military posts, or other parts of the district outside the doomed or proscribed territory.

Captain John Ballinger, of the 1st Regiment of the Missouri State Militia, was commanding the post, and to him was assigned the duty of taking proof of loyalty and granting cer-

tificates; but he had not yet been furnished with instructions from Gen. Ewing as to the manner or mode of proceeding, and after waiting till late in the afternoon, we returned home; a day of valuable time lost. I that day made up my mind to move to the post at Pleasant Hill, and run the risk of getting permission afterward. My brother and I, having the promise of a house in the suburbs of the town, agreed to occupy it together, with our families; and the next morning I started with a load of household articles to that place. About half way, I was overtaken by a messenger sent by my family to apprise me that my brother had changed his purpose, and was going to Clay County; and further, that it would not be safe for me to attempt moving to Pleasant Hill, as the bushwhackers would not permit me to do so. I accordingly turned back, and the same evening took my load to Wm. F. Snow's, a brother-in-law, in Johnson County; and the next day hauled another load into Lafayette, as also did my neighbors, John Cave, David Hunter, and Thos. Bradley; which articles we stored away in the house, the barn and the yard of a Mr. Galloway, near the present town of Odessa. During the whole of this week, my neighbors and the citizens generally were removing necessary articles out of the county to places where they would be in some degree safe, until they could find a temporary home to which they could be removed. Having moved out two loads, I loaned my wagon and oxen to a brother-in-law, and a son-in-law to get a load each of their goods away from the ill-fated county.

On Saturday, Sept. 5th, I repaired again to Pleasant Hill, and had no difficulty in getting a certificate of loyalty, which would authorize me to go to any part of the country, outside the three counties of Jackson, Cass and Bates. I also assisted some others in getting certificates of like character, and returned home in better spirits than I had enjoyed for several days, and had a better night's sleep than I had had for a week before, not even dreaming of what was in store for me, and the sorrow and suffering I was to witness and to bear the next day.

I had resolved now to cross over the line into Johnson County, and stop in the vicinity of Basin Knob, about five or six miles from home, from which place I could occasionally see to my farm and what was left upon it, and remove things

at my leisure. But it was not so to be. Most of my neighbors were gone, or were going that day, as I also intended to do. I had but one wagon and one yoke of oxen with which to move my own family, my son-in-law, Wm. C. Tate, and his, and such bedding and clothing as we could carry with that one team.

On the morning of the 6th of September as we were making arrangements to leave, a squad of soldiers of the Kansas 9th Regiment came suddenly upon us, making prisoners of me, my son Isaac, and my son-in-law, informing us that we must go with them to where Col. Clark was stopping, on the Roupe farm, a mile or more away. They also had taken David Hunter, my near neighbor, and brought him along. We set out, hoping that under the circumstances we would not be detained long. As we neared the residence of old Mr. Hunter, his grandson, Andrew Ousley, a youth of 17, rode up to see about the arrangement for moving, and he, too, was taken into custody. The old gentleman, about 75 years of age, was not molested. A very short distance further, at the house of John S. Cave, he and his brother-in-law, Wm. Hunter, were added to the number; and a hundred yards further on, Benjamin Potter, 75 years of age, was met and also taken in charge. Eight of us now were marched on three-quarters of a mile to the place of encampment. Here Col. Clark, who had been scouting the country ever since the Lawrence massacre, met us and took down the name of each prisoner, and then retired into the underbrush near by where some of his men were stationed, and we were permitted to sit down by the fence.

When first taken, I had shown the captain the certificate that Captain Ballinger had given me the day before; none of the others had any.

In a short time the colonel returned, and asked me which of the other persons was my son; and seeing that one of his young men had appropriated my son's hat to his own use, in a menacing manner he bade him restore it. He retired again; and Barney Dempsy, an acquaintance of all, who was acting as pilot to the company, came and spoke a few friendly words, and left. During all this time, neither the officers or any of the men spoke a harsh or menacing word to any of us. Captain Coleman, who had first taken us prisoners, then came

to me and said: "*You will take your son and travel.*" These words, but more particular the manner in which they were spoken, gave me the first alarm as to any real danger to any of the party. We immediately left as commanded, leaving our friends and neighbors behind, never to see them in life again; for in a very short time after reaching home, the report of several guns, in quick succession, alarmed us still more. I however persuaded myself, and tried to persuade the alarmed and distressed families that it might be the soldiers shooting fowls on the Roupe farm, for their breakfast. They would not, however, be so persuaded, and Miss Jane Cave heroically repaired to the spot and found the company gone, and the six prisoners all dead, some of them pierced with many balls.

About the time that this sad word was brought to us, another regiment, I believe the 11th Missouri, passed on its way to Kansas City, bringing to me more of disappointment and distress. I had made arrangement with my sister in Johnson County, and her husband, Wm. F. Snow, if I left the country, for them to receive my aged mother into their family, and they were expected to send after her that day. But the regiment had him along as a prisoner.

Though a strong Union man, some of their scouts, by representing themselves as bush-whackers, had so alarmed him, that, like many others, to escape them, he had said something that condemned him in the eyes of Union soldiers, and they came very near taking his life, and carried him to Kansas City, where he remained for several months. Of neighbors left in the county, there were none that I knew of, except the families of the men who had just been killed. Nobody left to bury them but me and my son, and my old neighbor Mr. Hunter.

As soon as the last body of soldiers were gone, we repaired to the scene of death, to perform, as well as we could, the last sad rites of sepulture. We found them on or near the spot where I had left them. Two of them appeared to have been shot, as I left them, sitting by the fence, and the others but a few feet away. It was a sad and hurried burial, such as I hope never to see again.

It was the desire to get away before another night should close on us. A grave was dug, and the

fallen friends were laid side by side, in their bloody clothes ; blankets spread over them and covered with earth.

I had witnessed many burials, but this, I thought, was the saddest of them all. My aged friend and neighbor, at the age of three score and fifteen, helping me with his own hands to lay his two sons, his only sons, his grandson and son-in-law, with two other relatives (one of whom was my son-in-law), in the rude and shallow grave that our own hands had dug for them.

It may, perhaps, be asked why or for what cause this bloody tragedy was enacted ; why it was that these men were killed, and that I was spared. They were all quiet, peaceable citizens ; none of them had borne arms against the Government, except David Hunter a few days at the very first, at Camp Holloway, and he had afterward done duty in the enrolled militia. True, they were all Southern men, and Southern sympathizers ; and some of them had sons in the Southern army. I thought then, and still think, the principal cause was that Quantrell and his raiders, on their way to Lawrence, stopped and eat supper on the Potter farm, and that some of these men visited them while they were getting that supper.

The burial over, with heavy hearts we left the spot—a spot that I can never visit without the saddest reflections ; and on which the friends have erected a plain marble shaft, that tells a part of the tale that I have been telling. We left the hastily buried friends, to make a hasty preparation for leaving them in their lonely sleep. Even while we were burying the dead, the women and children were loading up, and making ready to leave. The events of the morning had disarranged all our plans, rendering it impossible to drive off any of our live stock with us. Cattle, sheep and hogs were left behind, besides many other things abandoned to go to waste and destruction. The growing crop of corn, corn in the crib, wheat in the granary and in the stack—all left behind. The soldiers, in passing, had thrown down the fence, and rode through the orchard, helping themselves to apples and peaches, and we had no time or inclination to put the fencing up, knowing that it would not remain up.

Late in the afternoon such preparations as could be made in the time were made, and we all set off together. Our

company consisted of John Hunter and his aged companion, and single daughter; his son David's wife and child; his son William's wife, and several children; his daughter, Nancy Cave, and her lately orphaned children; his daughter, Mrs. Ousley, (whose husband fell in the Confederate army, and whose oldest son had fallen that morning;) and her five remaining children; Benjamin Potter's daughter, and three of his grandchildren; also a married daughter of Mrs. Cave, (whose husband, Jacob Bennett, was in Ohio;) and her two children; myself and six children, besides my widowed daughter and her three children, and my aged mother. As we were preparing to leave, a neighboring lady from Johnson County, Mrs. Fulkerson (who is a sister to our present Senator Cockerell), came along with a wagon (for ladies drove wagons then), and she took my mother home with her that night, and sent her to my sister Snow's the next day; for which act of kindness, at such a time, my gratitude will live as long as I shall live. We crossed the county line, and left the county of our choice a little before sunset, and passed the night on the open prairie, southwest of Chapel Hill. My own reason, as well as the suggestions of friends, convinced me that my life was now in more danger than it had yet been. The country was full of bush-whackers, some of them the personal friends of the men who had been killed in the morning; I had been taken with them; my life had been spared because I was a Union man; theirs had been taken because they were not, and retaliation was common on each side. It was plain that I must go as my friends and neighbors did, or not go at all. I felt assured that if I abandoned them and sought a place of shelter and security, by taking some other road, my life would pay the forfeit; nor did I wish to abandon them, so long as I could be of service to those who were now so much in need of help. I had two sons, one eighteen and one fourteen years old, able to drive and handle teams, while some of the others had none. Next day we resumed our journey; passed Chapel Hill and Mount Hope, and camped at night near William Hall's, near Little Sni, and where we overtook or fell in with several of our neighbor acquaintances, who were also encamped there. Here, Mr. Hunter and some of the others concluded to remain in camp a few days, and look round for shelter. I left them; and with my family and my daughters.

went on, and crossed the river at Lexington, intending to seek a home in Ray or Clay County.

During those two or three days, I saw much of the incidents and the fruits of Order No. 11. Before and behind was seen the long, moving train of sorrowing exiles; wagons and vehicles of every shape and size and of all kinds, drawn by teams of every sort, except good ones; a cloud of dust rising from the road almost the whole day, while ever and anon, we would meet a neighbor going back to get away a few more of the necessities of life, before that 9th of September should come; and the further we proceeded, the greater became the moving column of wretched fugitives. On every road that led eastward from the County of Jackson, came the moving mass of humanity, seeking an asylum they knew not where; some driving their flocks and herds along with them; others again, as I was, with nothing but a makeshift of a wagon and team—some not even that. Women were seen walking the crowded and dusty road, carrying in a little bundle their all, or at least all that they could carry. Others again, driving or leading a cow or a skeleton horse, with a bundle or pack fastened upon it, or a pack horse, on which the feebler members of the family rode by turns.

The ferry-boat at Lexington, a substantial steamer, was kept busy from morning till night, conveying the banished ones to the north of that turbid stream; and perhaps that ferryman saw more of the exodus than any other one man; and the owners of that ferry-boat, perhaps, realized a greater profit from that Order No. 11 than anybody else, except those persons who appropriated to their own use what the citizens, for want of transportation, left behind them. The number which crossed at Lexington—great as that number was—was but a small part of those, who, under the operations of that Order No. 11, were made homeless, and scattered, as it were, to the four winds. Some crossed above and some below; some went west into Kansas and Nebraska; some stopped in Johnson, Lafayette, Henry and other counties further east; some went to Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and other States.

Another trouble and difficulty with those fugitives was to get permission to stop and locate in places of their own choosing. The Federal authorities and the Union citizens

of other counties argued, that, if the loyal element of Jackson, Cass and Bates repaired, as they were permitted to do, to Kansas and to the military posts; and the disloyal ones, who it was said, had harbored and aided bush-whackers, and on whose account the order had been made, repaired in such numbers to other counties, the same state of things would soon take place there; and the provost-marshal and the Federal authorities were importuned, day after day, for permission to stop in Lafayette, Johnson and other counties. Those who had certificates of loyalty, as prescribed by the order, had no difficulty in getting permits, and many others, who could establish a reputation for honesty, quietness and good citizenship, were also granted permits to stop; while others took their chances and stopped without permission, and were suffered to remain during good behavior.

Of the several families in whose company I left home, old Mr. Hunter and family, Mrs. Cave and hers, Mrs. Ousley and hers, and Wm. Hunter's family, stopped in the eastern part of Lafayette. David Hunter's wife and her fathers' (Mr. Potter's) family went on to Indiana, and Mrs. Bennett and her children went to her husband in Ohio, and from there to Wisconsin.

After crossing the river at Lexington, we were met by another discouragement. Notices or proclamations were posted up by the roadside, forbidding all persons banished from the counties south of the river, to stop in the county of Ray, without a permission from the military authorities of that county; and I was told that it was the same in other counties further north.

The hundreds or thousands who crossed the river at Lexington worked their weary way in different directions, on different roads. Some turned westward into Clay County, some east into Carroll, Chariton, Howard, Boone and others; while some took the northern road to Caldwell and Clinton, or still further north.

It has been said that misery loves company. If so, the miserable ones had enough of it then; scarcely any one was so poorly provided with the means of transportation but some other would be met or passed, who was as poorly provided, or even worse off than himself.

We crossed the Missouri on Tuesday, the 8th of Septem-

ber; and the next day, having joined company with Wm. C. Estes, Moses Bailey, and my brother, E. N. Rice, all of Cass County, we arrived in Richmond, and repaired to the office of post commander, Major King, a son, I think, of Austin A. King, our then member in Congress. Estes and I had certificates given by Ballinger, and upon these certificates and our statements as to the character of the other members of our company, we were all given permission to stop anywhere in Ray or Clay Counties; but the next thing was to find a place of shelter to stop in. The country was full of refugees seeking shelter and homes, and empty houses were hard to find. Estes and Bailey had friends and relatives in Clay, and they proceeded on there. I and my brother parted company with them on the 10th, near Elkhorn, and proceeded toward Knoxville.

While thus moving slowly along in quest of a stopping-place, I was both vexed and amused at the way in which I saw we were looked upon by some good people of Ray. It was sometimes hard to buy feed for our poor teams, so fearful were they of giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the Government. One good man said he had no corn or cabbage to sell, and if he had, he would not sell to us. Another said he had corn plenty, and for me to help myself to it; but refused to set a price, as he said he was not allowed to sell to rebels.

On Friday afternoon we stopped at a Baptist church, south of Knoxville, and I set out to seek a place of shelter. I found near by an old school-mate, that I had not seen since about 1827, in the person of Alfred Kinkaid, who gave me some friendly directions; and next evening we were fortunate enough to get into a small house, with two small rooms; three families of us together, but we were thankful for the accommodation; and my gratitude to Mr. Reuben Holman, the owner, has not died out yet. Here we remained together until my brother found another cabin for himself and family, and there I remained during the winter.

It may be asked whether the order prohibited us from going back to our homes and bringing away the goods left behind us. I do not know that the order, in express terms, either permitted or prohibited it; but to some extent it was done by those who dared to venture back into what very

properly might have been called "the dark and bloody ground;" and I must say that the authorities were more lenient in carrying out the order than the general was in making it. That clause which declared that all grain and hay at a distance from Garrisons should be destroyed, I think, was never carried out.

About a week after locating on Crooked River, in Ray County, I, and my brother, and daughter (Mrs. Tate) returned to the vicinity of Mount Hope (Odessa) and carried to our temporary home what goods we had stored there; and about a week later, I and my daughter returned to Chapel Hill and obtained her's.

About the first of November, I returned with my son and daughter to my farm, and collected together as many of our cattle and hogs as were not too wild and unruly to drive, and drove them out of the doomed and wasting territory; sold the hogs near Lexington, and drove the cattle to Ray. On all of these trips I saw men in arms, on each side; the guerillas by twos and threes, and the Union soldiers in larger bodies; but fortunately, I was not molested by either party. Many other refugees, also, ventured back as I did, to seek and to save some of the necessities of life. Most of those who did so were women and small boys, they being less liable to suffer violence than men.

When I arrived in sight of my home, after leaving it under such disagreeable circumstances, I was agreeably surprised to meet with some of the women and boys that I had left in company with on that memorable 6th of September. Some of Mr. Hunter's, Cave's and Ousley's families were there for the purpose of driving off the live stock that had been abandoned or left behind. And again I was, perhaps, of some help to them, and I know they were a great help to me, as we drove our stock off together.

Those who have never witnessed a similar scene cannot realize how lonely and how desolate everything appeared. While the presence of domestic animals, the crowing of domestic fowls, would indicate that the country was inhabited everything else spoke of desolation and ruin. Dogs appeared to have transformed themselves into wolves; a calf had been killed in my door-yard, and they were feasting upon its body.

The winter passed, and the scattered exiles banished by

Order No. 11, though exempted from many of the alarms, and annoyances to which they had been subjected at home, by the depredations of men in arms, and the bloody deeds of violence so often occurring, were nevertheless exiles and sojourners in a land of strangers, and away from the scenes of former happiness and cherished homes, which they could not and did not wish to forget.

In March, 1864, General Brown, then in command of the district, issued another general order, which was also numbered 11, proclaiming that loyal men and families, by making proof of loyalty and getting permits from commanding officers at certain posts, might return to their homes. A limited number did so, and returned with much fear and trembling; but by far the greater number felt that it would be unsafe to trust themselves back again where they had experienced so much of bitter partisan strife, and so many scenes of blood; and where some had personal and bitter political enemies. Only a few families returned to any neighborhood and in some localities, none. On the 5th of April, with my family, including my daughter and her children, I arrived at my home, having been absent seven months. Enough corn and wheat remained unconsumed to subsist on until a crop could be made; some few hogs were also left. My farm, too, remained, the buildings and fencing much less damaged than I had expected. Such, however, was not the case with all; for hundreds of farms, or at least the buildings and fencing upon them, in the western part of the county and on the large prairies, were entirely consumed by the prairie fires of the preceding autumn. Some, on their return, found nothing but the naked land—buildings, orchards, fences all gone. Of those neighbors who left in company with me, none returned until the War was nearly over and tranquillity was partially restored. They all, however, ultimately returned; some of them are living now on their former homes. Old Mr. Hunter, now in his 94th year, the oldest man in the township, and with one or two exceptions the oldest in the county, is still alive (1882), on his old farm on which he located in 1836. His daughter, Mrs. Cave, owns a part of it and lives there also, and Mrs. Ousley is on her former home. My then nearest neighbor, Jacob Bennett, who was in Ohio when the Order was promulgated, and whose family left with us, is still

my nearest neighbor, each of us on the same farm occupied before the War. When he read, while in Ohio, the famous Order No. 11 (issued by one of Ohio's favored sons), requiring that all persons in Jackson County should leave it, and knowing, as he did, how hard it would be to get transportation, and unwilling to trust himself back into a country from which he had fled to avoid compulsory service, on one or the other side of the struggle, he employed a brother-in-law to start at once and convey his family to him in Ohio. I met with that gentleman quite recently, and had from his own lips an account of what he saw and witnessed of Order No. 11, while on that errand; which account, or a synopsis of it, I give, in connection with this of my own, as near as I can in his own language.

Speaking of the occurrences of the 6th of September, he said; "I came very near being with you in that tragedy, and if I had been left to myself and had had my own way, no doubt would have been.

"When my brother-in-law employed me to repair to Missouri, and escort his wife and children to him in Ohio, I obtained from the military authorities at Cleveland papers of protection that would pass me safely through the Federal lines to Missouri. Arriving at Hamilton, on the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, I obtained passage to Lexington; and on arriving there, and even before, the effects and the consequences of Order No. 11 were apparent in the moving masses of wretched fugitives. The roads were full of them, and the ferry-boat was crowded with them, passing to the north of the river; and the streets of the town were scarcely ever clear of them. I arrived in Lexington on Friday, the 4th, intending to go to Lone Jack the next day, make my preparation on Sunday, and start back on Monday; but Providence ordered otherwise. On going to the office of the provost of the place, whose name I think was Johnson, and telling him my business and asking for a passport to your part of the country, he told me he could give me what I asked for, but that it would do me no good; and he dissuaded me from what he called the fool-hardy attempt to reach Lone Jack at that time. 'The country,' said he, 'up there is full of guerrillas, and a Federal passport in your pocket would insure your death from them. Beside, there are numerous scouting parties.

of Union soldiers, and you will not know one from the other, and will not be able to tell whose company you are in, as they are so much in the habit of playing off on the citizens and on strangers.

“I told him that mine was an urgent case of necessity; that I had come for my sister-in-law and her family; the time was short; that she could not remain long where she was, and that in a few days I would not know where to find her; and that though my path might be full of danger, I must pursue that path. After a few more dissuasions, he gave me the required pass, and I left the office to seek some mode of conveyance. In a short time I met the provost on the street, and he again cautioned me as to the danger I was running into. I asked him if he thought, in the event of my going on, I stood an *even* chance for life. ‘No,’ said he, ‘not one chance in fifty. The country is full of our enemies; this town is full of spies, who give them information. Your business here is already known. You are a Northern man, and hence obnoxious to the guerrillas. You are attempting to retrieve those, who, by our men, are regarded as rebels, and hence an object of suspicion by them. And again, a man of your appearance and on your business is reasonably supposed to have money with him; and there are men in our army and in our service, as well as on the other side, who, when from under the eye of their officer, would murder you for five dollars or less. Take my advice,’ said he, ‘and remain here. There are citizen refugees passing to and from that neighborhood almost every day. You can send word to your sister that you are here prepared to take her to her husband, and she will find some way to get here; and then you will be in no danger. She can come to you, when you cannot go to her.’

“In a few minutes I met your neighbor, Mr. Ambers Graham, and he told me he was well acquainted with Mr. Bennett and wife, and could send her word immediately, and, that he knew she would hail the news with joy and come at once. I accordingly took the advice given, and remained in Lexington and vicinity some days; and while there I experienced more of the horrors of war than I had done in all the years of the War in Ohio. A constant stream of emigrants or fugitives—men, women and children were constantly passing

through the town and down to the ferry-boat; and I spent hours in assisting women and children who had no man with them, down the steep river bank and onto the ferry-boat, with their crazy vehicles and their few cattle and sheep; and heard them hurriedly recount their sufferings and hardships during the War, and of this the greatest hardship of all. A Mr. Shaw, a short distance south of town, who was acquainted in your vicinity, having heard of me and my mission, sent me an invitation to make his house my home until Mrs. Bennett arrived, which I did; and on the first night, had an experience which I suppose was common at that time in your part of the country. About nine or ten o'clock, the house was surrounded by about twenty men, supposed, but not certainly known, to be guerrillas, and Mr. Shaw was called for. After some remonstrance from me and another gentleman present, he went out; but the men, whoever they were, had encountered a negro man, who informed them that there were several men in the house well armed, and when Mr. Shaw went out they were in the act of leaving.

"In the forenoon of Monday, I, as well as the whole town, was startled with the news of the tragedy at Lone Jack, and learned that my sister-in-law's father, her two uncles, a cousin and two other near neighbors and relatives had been killed; and later in the day that Mrs. Bennett, in company with you and the other survivors, was on the way to Lexington—and the rest you know."

Taking up the thread of my narrative now where I left off: It was about twelve o'clock, on Monday, when near Mount Hope, we met my neighbor, Jacob Yankee, whose farm joined mine on the north, who informed Mrs. Bennett that her brother-in-law was at Lexington waiting for her, and that he was prepared to escort her to her husband. My neighbor had heard, before meeting us, of the bloody scenes of the day before, and was very much distressed. I thought he had left with his family on Saturday, but such was not the case; he had left with a load of goods himself, to convey them to a home that he had secured near Lexington, but his wife, with a niece, was yet at home, the only persons then remaining in that part of the county; and he was returning alone to carry them to a place of more security. Weighed down with anxiety on their account, as well as fear for his own safety,

he then and there appealed to Mrs. Bennett to return with him as a kind of life-guard, (as women were called in those days), men thinking that their lives would be more secure if accompanied by women and children; promising that if she would do so, he would then carry her and hers to where her brother-in-law was in waiting, and assist her in taking care of or shipping her property to Ohio. She accordingly returned with him to his home, where they arrived late in the afternoon, and found Mrs. Yankee and her niece, in their loneliness, entirely ignorant of all that occurred in the vicinity during the last forty-eight hours, not having seen a single person since Saturday. That lady afterwards told me that she and her niece spent that Sunday and part of Monday, in removing farming and other implements, a large lot of pine and other lumber and other articles stored in the barn, as well as some things from the dwelling. to a safe distance away, so that in the event of those buildings being burned, as she expected would be done, that all would not be burned together. And so it was with almost all of us; we left our homes with the expectation that when we should return, (if ever we did) they would be in ashes; and with many, such was the case. I have given this imperfect sketch, not as a history of that celebrated Order and its varied incidents in those three counties, but only as a remembrance of what I saw of that Order and its consequences; and as much as I saw and suffered, others may have seen and suffered much more; and all, perhaps, will concur in saying that this was one of the dark pages in their life's history.



A TALK OF THE OLDEN TIME IN INDEPENDENCE.

BY CRAZY BEN.

'Twas an autumn's eve, and he sat there alone,
 On the court-house steps, of the grey limestone ;
 And slowly and sadly his eyes would turn
 From side to side as if to discern
 Some wished-for site—some well-known ground—
 A spot long sought, but not yet found.

So piteous he looked, as he sat there alone,
 You'd have said every joy of his life had flown ;
 His hair was grey, and his cheeks were thin,
 And the furrows were deep where the rose had been ;
 His trembling limbs, too, plainly spoke
 The sufferings caused by the palsy-stroke.
 And there, as he sat on the steps of stone,
 Unknowing, as it seemed, and all unknown,
 He heeded them not—the jest and the laugh ;
 But resting his hands on a well-worn staff,
 He earnestly gazed on the by-passing face,
 As though he were seeking some feature to trace ;
 And his head he would shake, as the face he would scan,
 As though he had said, " It can't be the man."
 He gazed upon all, and he spake unto none,
 But muttered to himself, or an unseen one.
 He would sometimes weep, he would smile or frown ;
 I listened to his words, and I penned them down :—

Let us sit here now, on this stone, *Old Ben* ;
 We will talk awhile of the long past *then*,
 For to talk of the past is an old man's bliss ;
 But tell me first, what town is this ?
 INDEPENDENCE, you say ? You are surely wrong ;
 Have I been away from my home so long
 As not to remember a single street,
 A single house, or a face that I meet ?
 Then tell me where did the court-house stand ?

Right here, do you say ? and this edifice grand
Has taken its place—how queer, how queer.
Aladdin, with his lamp, must have been here,
And changed the village I one time knew
To a town so large, with a railroad through !
'Tis a landscape new, and 'tis strangely drawn,
And the men and the things that I knew are gone.

Ah, don't you remember it now, Old Ben,
How we and some others came here, and when—
At the time we moved to wild frontier,
And worked the road from the Blue Mills here ?
Oh, yes, I know you remember it yet ;
I think of it oft, and I can't forget ;
'Twas a frontier town, and the stump then stood
Where the trees had grown in the grand old wood ;
And if this is the same old public square,
I remember it well ; just across over there,
At the northeast corner, in its grandeur stood,
The tavern, then kept by old uncle Wood ; *
And a small yellow house, north side of the square,
And Lucas and Kavanaugh sold goods there ;
While Sam C. Owens (you remember him Ben)
Was selling at the southwest corner then ;
Mose Wilson on the west, on the south Flournoy—
These were the merchants here then, old boy.

In front of us there, on the south of the street,
A dram-shop stood, with the sign, " RETREAT ; "
And if every place where vice lies hid
Would give us a warning, as that one did,
And we should retreat from the danger there,
Perhaps we'd escape from many a snare.
But different meanings we oftentimes find
To the self-same word ; and many were inclined
To repair to that house, on the south of the street,
From sorrow and toil as a pleasant retreat.
Ah, yes, we must own to the truth, Old BEN ;
We entered that grocery dram-shop then ;

*Smallwood Noland.

'Twas the first house here, in the town, you know,
That received our feet in the long ago.

But where, O where is that dram-shop Ben,
And where are the faces we saw here then?
You remember Jim Reynolds (the bar-keeper's name),
And the trick that was played with the landlord's game;
But where is he now? Dead! dead! did you say?
And the men that we saw there have all passed away.
What year was that, did you ask? Let me see—
'Twas the fall of the year, in the year thirty-three,
At the time that the Mormons were driven away,
And crossed o'er the river and settled in Clay.
Oh, yes, I know you remember it well—
A short time before those meteors fell,
When it seemed to the wondering—scared ones all—
That every *star* from the heavens would fall.

It's been a long time, but it sometimes seems
As if but a night of troublesome dreams,
From which I awake, as from off a hard bed,
To find that my youth and my manhood have fled;
To find that of all that I knew here then,
Not one can I see but you, Old *Ben*.

Sam Owens was killed, did you say; what for?
Killed! oh, yes, in the Mexican War.
Sam Lucas is gone, and good Kavanaugh too,
Flournoy and Wilson—how sad and how true;
Hicks, Chiles and Brazael, the lawyers, 'tis said
Have all passed away—all, all of them dead!
And the Governor, Boggs, lies lowly in death,
With Baker, the hatter, and Modie, the smith.
All, all of them gone, the rich and the poor,
And places that knew them will know them no more.
All these, and hundreds of others beside,
The old pioneers, have gone with the tide;
Borne away by the stream, resistless in force,
The River of Death, in its swift onward course.

Oh, what are the changes that Time has not made
Since first I came here to work at my trade !
In fancy, I see my shop, east of the square—
I sought it to-day, but no shop is now there ;
I sought for the house where Matilda and I
So happily lived in the seasons gone by ;
I sought it vain ; oh, Ben, 'twas in vain !
That house and Matilda I'll ne'er see again.
Oh, Ben ! *Old Ben* ! can you not call to mind,
When leaving my home and Matilda behind,
With her three little children—ah, woe to that day !
Far, far to the west, I wandered away ;
Like the prodigal son, all reckless I went,
And like him I lived until all had been spent.
And now I am here to find everything changed ;
The past seems a dream, my mind is deranged ;
In pity, in mercy, oh, tell me, Old Ben !
Shall I ever more meet with *Matilda* again ?
Dead ! dead ! did you say ? of a broken heart died
Full thirty years since. In the grave let me hide—
My griefs and my sorrows be buried with me.
But my son, little George—oh, say, where is he ?
Grew up, you say, a most promising youth—
You falter, Old Ben—just tell me the truth ;
Ah ! fell in the great Civil War, do you say ?
Then where, oh, where is my dear daughter, May ?
By the side of her mother, twenty years has she lain,
By consumption, relentless destroyer, slain !
Oh, Ben, I'm bereft, alone, all alone !
My hopes are all blasted, my treasures have flown ;
My life is a burthen, beneath which I bow ;
There's nothing on earth to detain me here now.

What, what do you say ? little Mary alive !
And can she, and does she those others survive ?
That wee little darling that hung on the breast
Of a mother when I wandered off to the West ;
That dear little baby you say is alive—
Don't smile at me, Ben—she's full thirty-five ;
But tell me, do tell me, where now does she live ?
And can she, and will she a father forgive ?

In the name of her mother, my pardon declare,
 And bid me to hope for a meeting *up there*?
 Then let me go forward, no danger can daunt—
 She lives in the country, you say, with an aunt,
 My good brother's widow—oh, what have you said!
 I had but one brother—and he, too, is dead?
 Oh, Death! cruel Death! how busy you've been
 Since I went away in my folly and sin!
 The friends of my youth are all passing away,
 And alone in my darkness I'm standing to-day.

But who is that, Ben, that is passing us now;
 With a good, honest face and a high, manly brow?
 I surely have found an acquaintance at last—
 Tell me, Old Ben, was it John R. that passed?
 Not him, do you say! who can it be then?
 Who else can it be, if its not Swearingen?
 His son! ah, indeed! do tell me the truth;
 If it's Bird, then I knew him when he was a youth.
 Not Bird! Is he dead and his father also?
 And this man, you say, is a younger son, Joe;
 And he, like his father, in penmanship skilled,
 Is filling the office his father once filled.
 But tell me, Old Ben, has he the same skill
 That his father, John, had with the grey goose-quill?
 But the goose-quill pen, since you said it, I know
 Has gone out of fashion a long time ago;
 But is Josey as ready and quick with a pen;
 Can he talk while he writes, as his father did then?
 And is he a Whig, as his father before?
 But now I remember that party's no more.

How everything changes! But who is that there?
 It seems as if I had seen him somewhere:
 'Tis Lucas, you say! oh, Ben, it can't be!
 That can't be the general Samuel D,
 Whose features are yet in my memory plain,
 For I served under him in the Mormon Campaign.

'Tis Charley, you say; and the general's gone;
 Generations pass off, and others come on.

But is Charles as polite and as affable, Ben,
As, you must remember, his father was then ?

You say 'bout the same, and he has his rewards ;
He holds the same office and keeps the records ;
Those old ancient records I would like to see, Ben,
Which the general wrote with his goose-quill pen.
There's an old book of marriages there, I'll be bound !
Where the names of Matilda and Ben may be found.

And now, while I think of it, tell, if you can,
Where is that preacher, that pious, good man,
Not gifted with learning nor gifted in gab,
Who married us then, plain, honest JOAB ?

Ah, yes ! I remember, we'll see him no more ;
Long since he moved off to the Oregon shore,
There finished the work by the Master assigned,
Departed and left us his record behind.

But who is that standing up there by the door ?
I think I have seen those features before —
BOB RICKMAN, you say ; is it possible, Ben,
I've met one at last that I knew here then !
But, oh, how he's changed ! his head is now hoar ;
I first saw him, Ben, in the year thirty-four.
He ran for the State Legislature, you know,
'Gainst Noland, and Jeffries, and Richard Fristoe ;
But they are all gone, and he is here still,
Descending, like me, Life's western side-hill.

Sad relics, Old Ben, are we of the past,
Last leaves on the tree, awaiting the blast
That shall bear us to earth, and hurry us on
To mingle with those who before us have gone.
He is passing us by—speak to him, you say ?
No, no ! not at present, but some other day ;
Let me sit here alone, unknown, on this spot ;
So long I've been gone, he remembers me not ;
And perhaps there are none who knew me here then,
Would claim an acquaintance with Old Crazy BEN.

But who is that, walking along in such pain—
 That crippled man hobbling along with a cane?
 He looks at me now as if he would know
 Whether he ever had seen me or no;
 His face is familiar to me, and it seems
 As one long departed, who comes back in dreams;
 REUBEN HARRIS—oh, yes! I thought it might be;
 But he, too, is changed; and yet it is he.
 Dame Fortune has been unkind unto him,—
 Enfeebled in body and crippled in limb,
 He totters along, as you see that he does,
 And seems but the shadow of what he once was.
 I remember the first time I saw him, Old Ben,
 And he was assessing the revenue then;
 An officer true of the county was he,
 For he ran against Watkins and beat him by three.
 How great are life's changes,—how many since then;
 He's a poor cripple now, and I'm CRAZY BEN.

I think of those things in the days long ago,
 I'm thinking of friends in the grave lying low;
 My memory runs and it scarce ever lags—
 I think of the Staytons, the Irvins, and Greggs,
 Of Davis, and Lewis, and Anderson too,
 Of Majors, and Staples, and Parson, Fitzhugh,—
 The Powells, the Bakers, the Webbs, and the Kings—
 A long list of names and hundreds of things;
 My mind so beclouded still backward is drawn,
 I think of those things, but alas! they are gone.

Where do I live, is that what you ask?
 To answer that question is no easy task:
 I'm houseless, I'm homeless, no board and no bed,
 And like the great Master, no place for my head.
 From place unto place I wandering go,
 And where I shall sleep to-night, I don't know;
 I think they're discussing that question in there—
 The county court judges—I hear that they are;
 And when 'tis decided, you'll know it, *Old Ben*,
 And where I'm to go, and the *how* and the *when*.
 The county, they say, has a farm somewhere,

And I hear they are talking of sending me there ;
 In plainer words yet—to the poor-house, Ben.
 Oh ! who would have thought of such a thing, when,
 In the morning of life, with the garland of truth,
 I came to this town in the bloom of my youth ;
 When here with Matilda I lived at my ease,
 And contracted my habits of ill by degrees !

And now let me say but a word to the boys—
 A word to the youth who are seeking for joys,
 And seeking life's dangers and sorrows to shun :
 Do not in the paths of the sinful ones run,
 Take heed, young man, take heed to your feet,
 Beware of that house with the sign, "RETREAT ;"
 Retreat, retreat from the gay saloon,
 Or the night may come before it is noon !

And now, Old Ben, let me say farewell
 To the place where Matilda and I did dwell ;
 Farewell to the town, farewell to the place !
 I soon will have run life's changing race,—
 The doors of the poor-house soon will close
 And shut me up with my griefs and woes ;
 And when from its gates I am borne again,
 'Twill be the last of OLD CRAZY BEN !

RUTH AND NAOMI.

"My daughters, Ruth and Orpah, list to Naomi now :
 We stand on Moab's border, on Nebo's eastern brow ;
Your country lies behind us, *my* country lies before ;
 I'm going there, dear daughters, and I'll return no more.
 The Lord, I hear, has visited the nation that he led
 Up from the land of Egypt, and given his people bread.
 Ten years have passed, and bitterly the Lord hath dealt with
 me—
 No longer now Naomi, but Marah let me be ;

I came out full of good things, in Moab to sojourn,
But I have been afflicted and empty I return.
My daughters, Ruth and Orpah, a sorrowful adieu !
Like me, you've borne affliction, and you are widowed too.
Return unto your country, to where your mothers dwell,
And in your mother's dwelling, may God reward you well ;
Requite you for your kindness to me and to the dead,
And give you other husbands in your Hebrew husbands' stead.

“Say not, my weeping daughters, that you will go with me
Unto my land and people ; it ought not so to be ;
Turn, turn again, my daughters, no other sons have I,
That you can take for husbands, either now or by and by ;
And even should I have children, say, would you tarry then,
And wait for them as husbands, till they were grown to men ?
Nay, nay, my loving daughters, for your sakes I'm grieving
sore,
That the hand of God's against me, and may be evermore.”

Then Orpah kissed Naomi, and sorrowing did go ;
But what became of Orpah the world will never know.

To Ruth then spake Naomi : “Your sister-in-law has gone
Back to her Gods and people, and the grave of Chilion.
Return thou after Orpah unto your native land ;
I would not be a burden upon my daughter's hand.”

But Ruth, the Moabitess, by faith divinely led,
Still clave unto Naomi, and thus to her she said :
“Entreat me not to leave thee, for that may never be ;
I'll quit, although it grieve me, my native land with thee ;
By the love that I have borne thee, the love I bore the dead,
By the vows that I have sworn thee, I'll do as I have said !
For the love I bore to Mahlon, and the love he bore to me,
Shouldst thou go to far Aijalon, there will I go with thee !
I may not, cannot tarry my kindred folks among,
Where e'er you go, you'll carry your daughter Ruth along ;
Whatever be your country, that country shall be mine ;
Whatever Gods are worshiped, I'll worship only thine ;
Wherever you may tarry I'll lodge or tarry too ;

Wherever you're sojourning, you'll find me there with you;
Wherever you are living, my home will be there too.
Naught, naught but death shall part us or sever me from you;
Wherever death may find you, there too will I be found,
And there will I be buried, in the same burial ground.

"Speak not to me of husbands that you cannot supply;
I'll live 'mongst Mahlon's kindred; I have no stronger tie.
There's something seems to whisper, as from the spirit land,
That my name will yet be famous in Israel's famous land;
That the house of Mahlon's kindred shall yet be builded fair;
Like Rachel and like Leah, I shall help to build it there.
It tells me from my lineage, shall come a royal king,
And from the Moabiteess, a race of princes spring;
That in the far off future, from the Moabitish stem,
Shall rise a star of glory—the star of Bethlehem;
A prince shall reign in righteousness, his banner be unfurled;
He shall be known and worshiped as the Savior of the world;
That countries undiscovered and nations yet unborn
Shall sing Messiah's praises in eternity's bright morn.
Entreat me not to leave thee, for that may never be;
Naught, naught but death shall part us, or sever you and me."

So Naomi ceased to reason, so steadfast then was Ruth,
And she deemed those spirit whispers were an inspiration's
truth;

And lovingly together those two, from day to day,
Across the Dead Sea desert, pursued their lonely way.
Although so lone and sorrowful, His eye was over them,
And at the barley harvest, they came to Bethlehem;
And all the city wondered the spectacle to see,
And said, "Is this Naomi, so pleasant once and free?"
But Naomi answered saying: "No longer pleasant now,
For bitterness and anguish are written on my brow;
With husband and with children, I went out to sojourn,
But the Lord who gave has taken, and empty I return,
With none to share my sorrows but a Moabitish friend;
And though the Lord deals bitterly, I'll trust him to the end."

But the rest of this strange story of Naomi and of Ruth
You'll find in Hebrew scriptures, the eternal Word of truth;

How Ruth became the wife of a noble, great and grand,
And from them sprang the monarchs that reigned o'er
 Judah's land.
And from that race of princes a mightier prince arose,
The Christ, the great Messiah, whose reign will never close.

THE CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS.

NEW YEAR, 1881.

Kind patrons and friends, in this season of joys
You are looking, perhaps, for the carrier boys
 To appear with a New Year's Address;
You are saving your quarters, your nickels and dimes,
To pay the young chap for his doggerel rhymes,
 And the papers he brings from the press.

Look out for me, then, I am coming with mine;
And I hope and I trust that its every line
 A moral or truth will contain;
That my youthful effusion by all will be read,
That by every friend in the land 'twill be said,
 "His effort has not been in vain."

A *Walker* I've been ever since I was born;
I walk through your town upon Saturday morn,
 To distribute the news of the week;
You've welcomed me often within the past year,
When bringing your paper, so full of good cheer,
 And I know you'll permit me to speak.

The year eighteen hundred and eighty has gone;
To a close has the year and its doings been drawn,
 And 'tis numbered with those of the past;
Another is taking its place, my dear friends;
But what it foreshadows, or what it portends,
 Not one of us now can forecast.

We are certain of one thing : that sunshine and rain,
And joy and sorrow, and pleasure and pain,
 Alternate will come and prevail ;
The winter, the summer, the heat and the cold,
Will come and will leave us ; but yet we are told
 That seed-time and harvest ne'er fail.

'Tis not my intention to speak of the dead—
The year that's departed, the months that have fled—
 Their lives or their deeds to condemn ;
What ever is wrong or amiss—let it go ;
It might have been worse ; and one thing we know :
 For much we are thankful to them.

Ah, yes, we are thankful for much that's been done,
And hopeful, quite hopeful, for some things begun,
 That some future day may complete ;
Though all is not roses, there's sometimes a flower ;
Though days may be cloudy, there's sometimes an hour
 Of sunshine and happiness sweet.

We've had disappointments and failures to mourn,
Bereavement of friends, and afflictions we've born,
 But that is the lot of mankind ;
The past is behind us, the future before ;
Let us hope and press forward, and hope evermore
 Success in the end we may find.

Our county's improving, the town's building up,
And thanks to kind Heaven, a bountiful crop
 Is blessing the country at large ;
And though I must tell you the truth with regret,
Though hundreds and thousands are burthened with debt,
 There's a prospect those debts to discharge.

Though partial defeat at the polls we have met,
The whole is not lost ; there is hope for us yet—
 No note of despondence we lisp ;
The world is still moving, the people will rule,
Though part of them lately have acted the fool—
 You think now of *Allen* and *Crisp*.

But this is all over ; some lessons we learn.
And now from political matters we turn,
And things of more moment discuss—
The topic of morals, and knowledge and such
Educational themes as are dwelt upon much,
And are ever of moment to us.

But 'tis not becoming for one of my age
In lectures on topics like these to engage,
Of knowledge or morals to preach ;
By men who are older and know so much more,
Who have travelled the road, and have gone on before,
I would rather be taught than to teach.

Presumption indeed it would be in a boy,
Who scarcely is weaned from his rattles and toy,
To tender advice to the old ;
Much better 'twould be for a boy, I think,
To list to the counsels of age, from the brink
Of that river that's flowing so cold.

In place, then, of talking to teach you, I pray
Let me talk to you now in my plain, simple way,
Some lessons of wisdom to learn ;
You once were a boy like me, I suppose ;
Experience has taught you some lessons, and those
You can teach to a boy in turn.

Ah, yes, you old settlers can tell me of much,
And warn me 'gainst things that I never should touch,
Or tell me of Nature's great laws ;
While standing together on hurricane deck,
You can point me to many, ah, many a wreck,
And tell me of what was the cause.

Perhaps you could tell me of many a boy,
The pride of his father, a mother's chief joy,
Who promised much fairer than I ;
And point to the spot where his pathway was crossed,
And he took the wrong road, and went on and was lost ;
And tell me the *how*, and the *why*.

There's nothing that pleases me more than to hear
The tales that are told by the old pioneer,
The last of the pioneer band—
The things that he saw, and the things that he did,
His toilings, and sufferings, and struggles amid
The wilds of a wilderness land.

I love to hear now the old veteran tell
Of the time that he came to the county to dwell,
When the track of the Indian was here ;
When his cabin was small, and the furniture rude,
And he roamed as a hunter the wild solitude,
And brought home the turkey and deer.

Ah, yes, it is pleasing, instructive as well,
To list to the tales of old time that they tell,
When the town in a forest was hid ;
How settlements grew on the western frontier,
The town was laid out, and the Mormons came here,
And the reason they left as they did.

It is pleasing, old settlers, to listen to you,
Of the men who came here when the country was new,
Not of toil or of danger afraid ;
You tell of the merchants of long time ago :
Sam Owens, McCoy, and others you know,
Who built up the *Santa Fe* trade.

You oftentimes speak of that Santa Fe trade,
And the fortunes some Mexican merchants then made ;
But that trade is a thing of the past.
Those Santa Fe wagons, those Santa Fe teams,
That army of mule and ox drivers, it seems
By the Iron Horse now is displaced.

But some of those drivers of oxen still live,
And many a story to us they could give
Of their travels across the great plain ;
And none more astonished would be than would they,
Could they visit those once desert regions to-day,
And see them, with fields growing grain.

The old folks will talk, and I listen the while,
Half amused at the homely and primitive style
When they settled their preemption claim;
The ladies were wearin^g their homespun you know,
And the ploughboy's pants were of cotton and tow,
And his shirt—well, his shirt was the same.

The pants of the hunter were linsey or jeans,
With the deer-skin foxed—you know what it means;
Independent he looked and he felt;
And there was his coat—we need not to sneer—
'Twas a hunting-shirt made from the skin of the deer,
With a butcher-knife stuck in the belt.

Another will tell of the primitive style
Of cooking and eating, and cause us to smile,
Who never have witnessed such things;
But the johnny-cake board and the venison ham
No longer are seen, hanging up in the jamb,
Nor the pot-rack in chimney-place swings.

There are ladies in town—I know there is one
Can tell us exactly how such things were done;
She has not forgotten; although
Independence has grown to be quite a place,
And she has grown with it in knowledge and grace,
She remembers the long time ago.

The old veteran lives in the county to-day,
Who cut the first logs for a cabin, they say,
On the Temple Lot, west of the square;
How many the changes he's witnessed since then!
How many the changes in things and in men,
Since cutting those cabin-logs there.

Though hid away now in the Sni-a-bar Hills,
He remembers it all, and his bosom yet thrills,
As he tells us the stories of yore;
Fifty odd years since then, has he passed,
And down the decline he is hurrying fast,
And soon he will tell them no more.

Another thing, too, I am pleased to hear told :
How social they were in the good days of old,
When all was not selfishness quite ;
Log-rollings, house-raising, and corn-huskings too,
When youngsters would labor the winter's day through,
And play " Sister Phebe " at night.

In fancy I sometimes am carried back there,
And I almost could wish, and I sometimes would dare,
To live as a pioneer too ;
In fancy I oftentimes picture the men
I have heard of so often, who made their mark then,
Those worthies, so brave and so true.

Those old-fashioned preachers—ah, what was the name ?
Yes, Savage, and Powell—I've oft heard of them—
Quite different from some preachers now ;
McKinny, and Ferrill, and Nelson, you know—
Stayton, and Warder, and Gabriel Fitzhugh—
Plain preachers who followed the plow.

Those little school-houses they built in the wood—
You tell me of them, and where some of them stood ;
You remember those rough benches yet,
And you point me to some of our prominent men,
Who sat upon them—they were small shavers then—
And learned lessons they'll never forget.

You tell me that teachers—Professors they're classed—
Now sneer at the old-fogy schools of the past,
Where you and your children were taught ;
And bless their good stars, that they live in those days
When the bright sun of knowledge is shedding his rays,
And those rays are more easily caught.

Although you say little, I know by your wink
Some things you would say, or at least what you think,
'Bout the old and the new fashioned schools ;
You are thinking, perhaps, of what Æsop once said,
Which you in your spelling books long ago read,
That young folks think old ones are fools.

You say there are men, and you whisper the name
 Of some, who professors in college could shame,
 In science and good solid lore,
 Who at ended no schools but the old-fogy ones,
 In the little school-houses away from the towns,
 By teachers that we would style poor.

You point to the many improvements now made,
 Of which we are boasting, and ask us who laid
 The foundation, and builded thereon ;
 You ask us, when fifty more years have been told,
 And the boy who sneers at old fogies is old,
 If improvements like this will go on.

Will the next fifty years in the calendar tell
 A tale of improvement, to those who may dwell
 In the country at that future day,
 As strange and instructive as that which is told
 By the last fifty years, in which pioneers old
 Have acted their part in life's play ?

But I've wearied you now with my gossip, I fear ;
 I'll return to my subject, the Happy New Year,
 That is dawning upon us to-day ;
 Hope many returns of the day you'll enjoy—
 Full many you've witnessed of them, since a boy,
 You hailed it in lands far away.

And now to the patrons, still younger in years,
 Whose life and whose prospect so rosy appears,
 A word from the *Sentinel* boy :
 A *Sentinel* place at the door of your heart,
 That will speak of the danger and warnings impart
 Of the lessons that tend to destroy.

Let the *Sentinel* also, by Walker and Payne,
 Have a place on your table—pray take it again ;
 'Twill speak out, and will never be mum ;
 Change not an old friend for another untried,
 Let *well enough* be—never cast it aside
 For better, that never may come.

Now thanking you kindly for favors to-day--
The morning is passing, and I must away;
Long life may you each one enjoy—
May the voyage on which you are sailing be fair,
With a prosperous end, is the sincere prayer
Of Willie,

THE CARRIER BOY.

*THE JEWISH PILGRIM; OR, AMERICAN JEW IN
PALESTINE.*

Alone, on the hills of Judea I roam,
And my thoughts wander back to the past,
When these valleys and hills were the patriarchs' home,
And their lots among gentiles were cast.

From a far distant land, as a pilgrim I've come—
Many yearnings of heart I have felt,
To visit the land that was Israel's home,
The land where my forefathers dwelt;

Where Abram, and Isaac, and Jacob of old,
Among Canaanite strangers sojourned,
And to which the tribes, under Joshua bold,
From their bondage in Egypt returned.

O land of Judea! thy vales are as fair,
And thy mountains with cedars as green
As in days when the home of our people was there,
Thou loved and thou lost Palestine!

In my home in the West, in a land far away,
Though oceans and seas intervene,
My dreamings by night, and my musings by day
Were of glories Judea has seen.

Thy brooks and thy rivers are murmuring on,
As in days when the prophets were here;
But thy children are scattered, thy children are gone,
And gone are the prophets and seer.

I pass by the spots where the angels of old
Conversed with the patriarchs good,
And oft in the midst of a desert behold
The ruins where cities once stood.

The mountain of Lebanon still rears its head,
And the cedars are green on its side ;
But the glory of Israel has long ago fled,
As the sages of old prophesied.

O land of Judea ! thine, thine are the race
That wander, and wandering go,
Unblessed and unhonored, in every place—
No nation of theirs do they know.

The blood of thy children, in age after age,
Has watered the hot burning sands ;
Has blotted with crimson the historic page,
And crimsoned the snow-covered lands.

But still as they roam, in the East or the West,
They'll turn from earth's every shrine
To the land of our fathers, by strangers possessed,
And yearn for the lost Palestine.

The ages have passed, and the centuries flown
Since the plough of the gentile first marred
The City of Zion, and forests have grown
Where priest and the Levite kept guard.

The nations have fallen, and kingdoms have gone ;
And the footsteps of Time have destroyed
The cities of old, and in lands then unknown
The wandering Jews are employed.

The eagles of Rome have long ceased to soar,
Or be seen upon Moriah's hill ;
Assyrian monarchs are heard of no more ;
But Judah is wandering still.

The races and nations have blended, and name
And identity's lost, as it were ;
But the children of Judah are ever the same,
And Jews are Jews everywhere.

And have they thus wandered as pilgrims in vain ?
Their thoughts ever turned to the past ;
Long time have they wandered, in hope to regain
And come to their home at the last.

O land of Judea, our ancestors home !
Long time have we wandering been ;
But when all is fulfilled, we will no longer roam,
But return unto Zion again.

Even now, a prophetic warning I hear ;
I hear it wherever I roam ;
It cautions the nations : build none of you here,
For Judah shall surely come home.

The time is fulfilling, though long it may be,
By prophets foreseen and foretold,
When Judah shall cease all her wandering from thee,
And come home as sheep to the fold.

AN OLD SETTLER'S TALK.

Poem read by the author at the Old Settlers' meeting at Harrisonville,
Cass County, Mo., Sept. 30, 1880.

In the autumn of life, in the evening's decline,
As the shadows are lengthening fast,
We meet here together, old friends of lang syne,
To recall, and to speak of the past.

'Tis forty odd years—near fifty, I trow—
(No doubt you remember it well)
Since some of the men that I see here now,
First came to the county to dwell.

Pioneers of the West, in an untrodden wild,
A home and a resting-place sought;
In a wilderness land, they labored and toiled,
And we see what their labors have wrought.

When we think of the wide-spreading prairies, that lay
In silence and grandeur so lone—
The unbroken forest—we wonder where they,
The prairie and forest, have gone.

We see them not now, as we saw them of yore;
The trees in the groves are cut down;
The green sward of grass and the flowerets no more
The vales and the sunny hills crown.

Where are those cabins, those rude dwellings gone?
We look for them now all in vain;
The roof made of clapboards, with poles weighted down—
We never shall see them again.

We pass by the spot, but the cabin is not,
And solitude silently reigns;
A mound where the chimney stood, points out the spot,
And that is all now that remains.

Perhaps it was there that our children had birth,
Or sported around us in glee;
Those children have wandered away from the hearth—
No cabin, no children we see.

The cabins so rude, that were builded here then,
Gave place unto dwellings more grand;
And some of those children are gray-headed men,
Away in a far-distant land.

Ah, what are life's changes! How many since then
The old pioneer has passed through?
The country has undergone changes; and men,
And manners, and customs change too.

But still we remember those things as they were,
And can vividly call up each scene ;
A settlement here, and another one there,
With a stretch of prairie between.

In passing those prairies, the traveller found
His way by a trail through the grass ;
But farm after farm now covers the ground,
And lane after lane he must pass.

Not only a change in the landscape appears ;
The settlers are fast giving way ;
But few, very few, of the old pioneers,
Can be found in the county to-day.

Where are those men, the brave sons of toil,
Who trod down the nettles and grass ?
Where are the men who first turned the soil
Of the beautiful County of Cass ?

A few of those gray-headed ones have to-day
Met together, once more to exchange
The greetings of friendship ; and well may we say,
“ Our surroundings are wondrously strange ! ”

And now that we are together once more,
Let us talk of the days that are past ;
Let us speak of those friends and call their names o'er,
Whose fortune with ours was cast.

Let memory go back through the period of years
That has borne us on life's stormy wave,
And call to our mind those old pioneers,
That long since have gone to the grave.

A host of those worthies, even now, while I speak,
Are passing the mind's eye before :
There's Butterfield, Dunnaway, Riddle, and Creek,
And Warden, and Butler, and Moore ;

There's Wilson, and Williams, and Burriss, and Myers—
They pass as a will-o'-the-wisp;
There's Miller and Savage in homespun attires,
With Gibson, McCarty, and Crisp;

McClellan, and Blakely, the Dickeys, and Cooks,
The Bledsoes, with Adkins, and Briens,
Adams, and Harris, and Porter, and Brooks,
McKinny, and Tuggle, and Lyons;

Arnett, and Parsons, and Bewly, and Finch,
Holloway, Sharp, and Malone,
Campbell, and Story, and Burford, and Lynch,
And Jackson, and Farmer, and Sloane.

They're coming, still coming, and passing me by;
Is it fancy, or really all true?
Do I see them again, with the natural eye,
Those friends that I long ago knew?

Is it Davis, and Massey, and Griffin, and Wade?
Is it Baily, and Smith, and McCord?
Those friends who have passed through the portals of
shade,
And gone to receive their reward.

Ah, no, it is fancy, all fancy, no doubt—
By fancy alone are they clad;
Let us talk of their virtues, and say naught about
Their failings, if failings they had.

We are old and gray-headed old fogies, they say;
Young America's left us behind;
The world has grown wiser in this latter day,
And swifter the march of the mind.

'Tis true, very true, that the old pioneers
Didn't move like a railroad train,
But only as fast as a yoke of good steers
Could carry them over the plain.

Though slow was their progress, those bold, hardy men
Accomplished their purpose somehow ;
They didn't burst boilers, and smash up things then,
As the fast ones are doing it now.

The great iron horse they hadn't yet known ;
Knew little of steam or its power ;
Nor dreamed that the work of a day could be done,
By machinery, in less than an hour.

To quick correspondence though some might aspire,
The methods to them were unknown ;
We couldn't then write with the telegraph wire,
Nor talk on the wire telephone.

The reaper, the thresher, corn-planter, and drill,
And such labor-saving machines
Were unknown ; but their work, by the hand, with a will
Was performed, and by much safer means.

Ah, yes, my old friends, we will talk of those days,
And their plain, simple customs as well ;
And the young men may smile at our old-fogy ways,
Or laugh at the stories we tell.

Perhaps they may pity the old pioneer,
When he tells of the hardships he bore,
The thousand discomforts experienced here,
The thousand vexations, or more.

Conveniences many were wanting, and when
We got them, we brought them from far ;
Not even a friction match had we then,
With which we could light a cigar.

Cigar ! did I say ; myself I'll correct ;
We did not such articles use ;
And the few that would smoke, if I well recollect,
The cob-pipe, or the clay one would use.

To the flint and the steel, or the sun-glass, you know,
We resorted when fires were out ;
But those old-fogy ways, so tedious and slow,
Our boys know nothing about.

Another discomfort, remember we still;
From week unto week, did we dread
That task unavoidable—going to mill ;
We could not do well without bread.

Those primitive mills—the boys, I'll be bound,
Would smile at the simple concern—
When the horses or oxen would pull the wheel round,
And we drove till we ground out the turn.

Our news and newspapers were then scarce enough,
Denied unto us, so to speak ;
The nearest post-office was thirty miles off,
And the mail came but once in a week.

The Washington *Globe*—Democrat by the way—
The doings of congressmen told ;
But the speeches of Benton, and Webster, and Clay
Were twenty or thirty days old.

But that mattered not ; it was news unto us,
Though a month on the road it had been ;
And we formed an opinion of things, and could guess
Whether Clay or VanBuren would win.

And later on yet, I remember—don't you ?
In the coon-skin and cider campaign,
When the songs of log cabin and Tippecanoe
Were sung from Missouri to Maine.

Back-woodsmen we were, plain farmers, and such
As moved without clatter or noise ;
Of books and book knowledge, didn't have half as much
As some of our fast modern boys.

As ignorant though as those pioneers were,
Of all that is taught in the schools,
Their minds were as strong, and their heads were as clear
As those who now reason by rules.

Yes, some of those clod-hopping farmers, I trow,
Could calculate problems by head,
That students in algebra cannot do now,
On paper with pencils of lead.

There were other things also, I think, that they knew,
The youth of to-day doesn't know ;
Necessity taught them to persevere through,
Where he would stop short in his row

With the bar-share, or carey, we broke up the land,
A wooden mould-board to the plough,
And cut our wheat down with a sickle, by hand ;
But nobody uses them now.

Our lumber we sawed with a whip-saw, you know,
Out of timber much harder than pine ;
When one man above, and another below
Kept the eye and the saw on the line.

The old-fashioned tools, that we handled so well,
Have gone out of use long ago ;
And the modern young man, their use couldn't tell,
And even their name, would not know.

Young America now may smile at our ways,
Our slow-going methods condemn ;
If they envy not us, in our pioneer days,
We will certainly not envy them.

Although so much wiser the world has now grown,
So much faster 'tis rushing along,
We'd rather live over the race that we've run
Than join in the mad, rushing throng.

They may boast of their many improvements, and all
The inventions of these latter years;
Our thoughts will go back, and our minds will recall
The days of the old pioneers.

We had friendship and sociability then,
And neighbors were neighbors indeed;
And all of those qualities noble in men,
Had not given place unto greed.

With homespun attire and plain simple fare,
The men of that day were content;
And in hunting the deer and the turkeys that were,
Many hours of leisure were spent.

And now to the ladies—God bless 'em, they're here;
And they have not forgotten, I know,
The lives that they lived on the western frontier,
In the years of the long time ago.

I am sure those matrons some truth could reveal,
To the fine, dashing belles of to-day,
Of the old cotton-cards, and the old spinning-wheel,
And the loom, with its harness and sley.

They learned how to weave and to sew in their teens,
And they spun their own cord, be it said;
They hadn't yet heard about sewing machines,
And the Coats, or the Clark patent thread.

In those days, you know, 'twas a housekeeper's pride
When her own counterpane she had wove;
And her skillet and pot by the fire-place wide,
She used without ever a stove.

If to meetings on Sundays they went, you'd confess
Their apparel was simple and plain;
They didn't have twenty yards then in a dress,
And half as much more in the train.

Yes, yes, we had meetings and preaching here then,
But no churches, with steeples above ;
We met in the dwellings of pious, good men,
And the preaching was that of pure love.

No doubt you remember those preachers so plain—
Their dressing of deer-skin and jeans—
Who asked not for money, and preached not for gain,
Nor knew what "collegiate" means.

There was good Johny Jackson—you all knew him well—
As plain as the plainest could be ;
First preacher was he in the county to dwell,
And few ever better than he.

And then there was Savage, and Ferrill, well known ;
And Powell, and Ousley, you know ;
With Farmer, and Williams, and Talbot, and Sloane,
And others as good and as true.

You remember the old-fashioned hymns that they sung,
From Wesley, and Watts, and Dupuy ;
And the music that came from the heart by the tongue,
For no organ or choir had we.

Forgive me, old friends, if I cannot forbear,
In speaking of days past and gone,
The past with the present fast age to compare,
If comparisons truly are drawn.

My mind to the present, I cannot confine ;
Ever backward fond memory will turn ;
To the scene of our youth, the heart will incline,
So long as on earth we sojourn.

Though Mollie or Mamie the organ may thrum,
And its music may fill the whole room,
In fancy I hear the old wheel and its hum,
And the tune Polly played on the loom.

And oftentimes now to the church, when I go,
My thoughts, so rebellious, are turned
Away from the service to times long ago,
And those pioneer preachers unlearned.

Though the sermon may be by the greatest DD.,
And with eloquence truly sublime,
I cannot forbear the man to compare
With some in the good olden time.

And as oft as I visit your fast-growing town,
This city with prospect so bright,
The thought will arise, and I can't keep it down,
Of the first time I stood on its site. *

Tw'as then, in embryo, the town lay concealed;
Its dimensions did not yet appear;
A squatter's † log cabin, a little corn-field,
And that was all then that was here.

Ah, yes, my old friends, gray-haired pioneers,
How many such changes we've seen?
How many the changes in forty odd years,
And how wondrous those changes have been!

Some changes were pleasing, and some have been sad;
We've passed through peace and war, too;
Ah, many's the "ups" and the "downs" we have had,
In passing life's wilderness through.

And now let the few, in reunion to-day,
Give thanks to the Ruler on-high,
That though he has taken our comrades away,
In his goodness he's spared you and I.

* Alluding to the time when the author, as surveyor, laid out the first lots, May, 1837.

† James Lackey's.

And when we reflect on the many that's gone,
The few pioneers that remain,
Let us pray that His goodness may still lead us on,
Till we meet our old comrades again.

Not long will it be until that time will come,
Our reason admonishes us ;
Death's messenger soon will summon us home—
In nature 'tis evermore thus.

Another reunion we'll have, and we'll greet
The loved and the lost ones again ;
Ah, yes, in a grander reunion we'll meet,
And no parting or sorrows have then.

We've had many meetings and partings, old friends,
But soon will those partings be o'er ;
Perhaps when this social reunion shall end
And we part, we will meet here no more.

When another twelve months, brother BROWN,* shall elapse,
And you meet in reunion again,
The friend who addresses you now will perhaps
Be numbered no more with you then.

*Robert Brown, president of the Old Settlers' Society.



DE GOOD OLD TIMES IN NORF CARLINER.

See heah, Miss Sinda, ef you got thru wid your music lesson, an your dawin' lesson, and your lesson on what-you-call-it—calisthenix an fizzyology. Jes set down here a little while, an lissen to ole Aunt Rachel tell about de good ole times in Norf Carliner, fifty years ago, when me an your granmammy was gals together; when your great-granddaddy lived on ole massa's plantation, and de childern went to school to de ole log school house, wid de dirt floor, an I dident; for you no dey dident 'low black folks to go to skule in dem times, for fear we might larn to read an rite, an den rite our own passes, you know, an run away.

Well its bin a long time, and things is mity different now from what dey was den. I was a thinkin' about it a while ago, when I heerd you a thumpin' away at dat peanner in dar, an I thought what a different sort o' music your granmammy was larnt to play, an how well she played it too, on de loom an de ole spinnin wheel. De gals way back dar maby dident know as much 'bout grammah an rithmetick, an 'jebra an de ollagys as you do, an mity few of 'em ever seed a peanner, or heard it screamin' away as I did a while ago; an maby dey nevah heerd tell of it in dem piny woods; I know I dident. An den dar is so many odder things dat you no so much about, dat your granmammy an de odder gals never heerd of; but you needent get ashamed, an go to blushen' on 'count of your granmudder's ignorance, for she an de udder gals way back dar knowed how to do a hunderd things dat you is as ignorant about as I is of fizzyology, or any odder ology.

De gals in ole Norf Carliner, whar dis nigger was born, an in Tennysee, whar ole massa moved to, all larnt to card an spin de cotton as soon as dey was big enuff to reach to de spindle of de wheel, an some of em sooner. I 'member your granmudder larnt to spin when she was so little dat dey had to cut off de legs of de wheel bench, so she could reach up to turn de wheel. I'm speakin' now of de gals whose daddys dident have too menny niggers to do de work; for when dat

was de case, de gals sumtimes got stuck up, jes like Mandy Twigs, de kurnel's daurter, is now, an like sum udder gals whose daddys has lots o' munny. Yes, I was talkin' about de common folks, like your daddy an mammy, an your uncle Ben, an Joshua and de rest of de nabors. De gals den dident larn only to spin de cotton an de wool, on de big wheel; but dey larnt to spin de flax and de tow, on de little one. An dey dident only larn how to spin it, but dey soon larnt to weave it into cloff and sow it up, an make dar own close and de bed close. I seed dis mornin' de ole blue spotted kiverlid dat your granmammy wove ('fore you was bornd), on de ole fashioned loom dat your great-granddaddy made, and I was thinkin' whedder enny of de gals, who may live fifty years from now, will ever sleep under de kiverlids dat dar granmammys wove. Mity few, I reckon. How long, Miss Sindy, does you think it would take you to card an spin a dozen o' cotton, on de big wheel? I 'bfeve you has larnt to spin wool a little, jes enuff to make stockins for you an de boys; but did you ever see a pair o' cotton kards, an larn to use 'em. I reckon not; an I'd bet a fo' penshapenny* you couldnt kard a dozen rolls in an hour. An den de flax an de flax wheel—did you ever see 'em? It's bin a long while sence I seed one at work. I think I seed a part of one in de smoke house tudder day, which maby your mudder spun on when she was a gal. An den de flax—oh, yes, you've seed dat a growin' in de field. Dey raise it now for de seed, to make oil of; an dey thro' away all de good part dat dey yuse to make close of, or else feed it to the cows. In de ole times dey planted or sowed only a small patch, jes enuff to make spinnin' truck; an dey got seed enuff off of dat to sow a patch de next year, an maby a little to sell. An dey dident cut de flax den wid a masheen, as dey do now. Oh, no, hunny, dey pulled it out of de groun' by de roots, wid dar hands. Did you ever hear your granmammy tell about a flax pullin'? I've bin to menny a pullin' in my young days; when de boys an de gals wood meet togedder, an run races a pullin' an spredden de flax, an have a jolly good time.

De gals an de wimmen folks genrally dun de most of de

*Six and a quarter cents.

pullin', cause de men folks was mity offen' bizzy in de harvest field, a cuttin' de wheat 'bout dat time.

Oh, yes, you ax me how dey managed to git spinnin' truck outen de flax straws, ruff an coarse as it is. Well, you see, we wood pull up the flax straws, an spred 'em out to cure; an' when it was cured enuff, would tie it up in bundels, like dey do de wheat or oats, an put it in de dry till cold wedder, an' den spread it out agin to rot; an when it was rotted enuff, take it up an put it away in de dry agin. An in de leisure times, de men wood brake it on de flax brake, an beat de straw all into little peeces; an de bark or de lint as dey call it, wood hang togedder, you see. An den de gals wood swingle it on a swinglin' board, wid a swinglin' knife, an skutch all de shoaves out; an den dey wood hackel it, an git de tow out, and twiss up de clean flax in twists, reddy to spin. But I reckon you never seed a swinglin board, or a swinglin nife, or a flax hackel; an dis nigger wood like to see you try to use one, so I could laff at your awkward licks. Dar is mity few gals of your age in dis country dat could spin a spool o' flax a day; an I guess dar is nun of de young mudders now dat can.

“Rock de cradle wid de foot,
An spin a pound o' tow,”
As de ole songs yuse to say,
A long time ago.

An as your great-granmammy could do.

But dat, you say, was not in dis country, or in dis age of progress, an masheens, an railroads. Oh, yes, I know it was away back in Carliner, an Tennysee, an Kentucky, in de old-fogy times; but forty years ago, sum of dese ole fashions was kep up here in Mizzury an Elinoy. I has seed your mammy an your granmammy a-spinnin' de flax, an de tow, an de cotton, an a-makin' an a-weavin' dar homespun, an home made dresses, here in dis country. And as fine as you dress yourself now, I reckon you needent be 'shamed of what dey did.

Maby you think you is much more 'complished dan dey was, an maby you is. I know dar is hunderds of gals now who can make de organ an de peanner hum it all de day,

who nebber heerd de hum of de little wheel, an who couldnt spin a poun' of soin' thread, or a poun' of shoe thread, ef dar lives 'pended on it. And de shoemakers have to bye all dar shoe thred out'n the stores, an dat thred, I reckon, was spun on masheens in de ole country whar dey raise flax fur sumthin' 'sides the seed. I haint seed a flax brake, or a swinglin' board, or a hank o' homespun soin' thred, or a towel-sheet, in a coon's age—not since the Wah, I bleve; an what de world is a-goin' to cum to I don't no. When I was a gal, tow cloff or tow linnen, ef you please, was de black folks' principal dressin', an it was won of de articles of trade. De wimmin wood make it, an sell it to de peddlers, or de store-keepers, an bye dar needles, an pins, an ribbins, an hankers, an sumtimes a calico dress wid it.

De wimmin den, speshally de married wons, was not 'shamed to go to meetin' wid dar homespun dresses, striped wid de red, an de white, an de blue. An dey knode how to dye de blue, and de red, de green, and de yaller. De men wore de blue jeans for Sunday, an de wimmin tried to see who could make her husban' de nicest coat an jacket.

In place of goin' to meetin' in de buggy, wid de canterin' hosses, de gals den rid on hossback, or went on foot; mos' ginerally dey walked. Ise knowed your granmammy an de udder gals to walk as much as fore miles of a Sunday to meetin', 'cross de river, and de river hills, too. Yes, an I've known 'em to walk barefooted, an tote dar shoes an stockins' in dar hands, till near de meetin' house, and den dey wood set down on a log an put 'em on. Sometimes in winter, dey wood ware dar ole coarse shoes till dey got near enuff, an den set 'em down behind a log or a stump, an put on dar Sundy ones, an ware 'em till dey got back dar.

Oh, yes, Sindy, things is mity changed in de last fifty years. Mity few of de young ladies now wood walk dat fur to hear de best preacher in de whole country; an maby it was not to hear the sarmon dat day yuse to walk so fur, across de rivers an de hills den. It's not ole Rachel's place to say what dey went for; I only no dey went.

And den de meetin' houses an everything else seems so different now. Den dey had de log meetin' house, wid no stove in it, an no seats but de ruff benches, made by puttin' legs in de auger-holes of a slab or punchin, or a log split open

an hewed. An de preachers dident dress up so fine as sum of 'em duz now. An dey dident have de big awgan an de note books to help 'em sing. De brudders an de sisters, an de boys an de gals dident have to wait for de awgan an de quire to go a head, an lead 'em, an sing for 'em; but each one as wanted to pitcht in an sung for hissself, as loud an as fast as he pleezed; an de words of de song wasn't drowned to deth by de loud swellin' tones of de awgan. An den de preacher preached as long as he pleezed, or as long as it pleezed de Lord to give him sumthin' to say; an he dident hav to stop at the eend of forty five minnits, jest 'cause it's de fashion to do so.

I could tell you, Miss Sindee, a great deal more 'bout de ole fashions in de ole time, an what de young men an de boys done, as well as what de gals did; but I reckon you has heerd your old granddaddy talk about it, an he node a great deel mor'n most folks, an a heap more dan I duz, and if he had pended, as a grate menny youngsters dus now, on de skules an de colleges, an his daddy's pocket book, he never would a node as much as he did. I node your granddaddy, as well as your granmammy, fore da was married. Yes, when he was a little boy; an he wasn't thought to be a very smart boy nuther; not as smart as my brudder Bob, for he couldent play de fiddle, nor de banjer nudder; and he was de poorest singer you ever heerd try to sing; but for all dat, he made his mark fore he dide; an you know he was talked of pretty strong for Congress. Dat was your granddaddy, Sidnee, who followed de shuvel plow when a boy, dressed in his tow linnen shirt, an his tow linnen britches; and who went to skule when a little shaver, with nuthin at all on but a long tow linnen shirt dat his mammy spun and wove for him. An I hope you aint ashamed dat you is his grandaurter, cause he dident go dressed as fine as boys duz now.

But I reckon I'se talked long enuff now about de ole times an de ole fashions, 'specially as I see de young feller wid de slick hat an de fine coat an de sandy mustash a-comin, an I reckon I'll soon heer dat peanner a screamin' agin. I duz wish you'd burn it up an learn to play de fiddle like my brudder Bob yuse to play it; dar would be sum sense in lissenin' to sich music as dat.

THE OLD MINISTER'S REMINISCENCES.

I'm thinking of times, in the long, long ago,
When the Savior of sinners appeared,
Relieved my distresses, and bade me to go
And tell the good news I had heard.

I think of the time, in the long time ago,
When with Christians, in brotherly love,
I joined, in the Church of the Lord here below—
The earnest of that one above.

I think of those fathers in Israel true,
Who admonished and counseled me then;
I think of those mothers in Israel, too,
Who prayed for me time and again.

I think of those brothers and sisters that's gone,
Who worshiped with me in the past;
I think of them oft as I'm following on,
And I trust I shall meet them at last.

I think of the preachers of long, long ago,
Those preachers, old-fashioned and plain,
Who labored with sinners, the Savior to show,
And not for applause or for gain.

I think of them still as they preached long ago,
Devoid of all fashion or pride,
Resolved nothing else but the Savior to know,
Christ Jesus, the Lord, crucified.

I think of a time in the long, long ago,
When my mind was so strongly impressed
With the theme of salvation; my brethren said, "Go
And preach the great Name you've confessed."

I'm thinking of times in the long, long ago,
In my native land, now far away,
When I called upon sinners, the high and the low,
To prepare for the great coming day.

I think of those hearers of long, long ago,
Who heard, and so gladly obeyed ;
Confessed the good Master where still waters flow,
And made good the confession then made.

Ah, yes, I oft think of those hearers of mine,
Who turned to the Lord then and there ;
And sometimes I wonder if they will e'er shine,
As stars in the crown I shall wear.

I'm thinking of some, in the long, long ago,
Who professed, and ran well for awhile ; [show
But they stopped and turned back, and their works go to
That the heart was not cleansed from its guile.

My thoughts will oft turn from the long, long ago
To the scenes of my still later years ;
And the river of life is more swift in its flow,
As the ocean it silently nears.

I think of the hundreds of places I've been,
The gospel of peace to proclaim ;
I think of the hundreds of changes I've seen
In some who Christianity claim.

I think how the worship of long, long ago,
So simple, so plain and sincere,
Is fast giving place to one of more show,
More formal—less earnest I fear.

I think how I preached in the good days of yore,
In the little school-house, or the grove ;
The simple attire that the worshipers wore,
Which the women had spun and had wove.

I think of the hymns that we sang long ago,
With no organ or choir to lead :
"A stranger I am in the world here below,"
Or, "Alas! did my kind Savior bleed."

I think of the tunes, with their musical flow,
And those tunes I can never forget ;
I think of the singers who sang them so slow,
And their faces I seem to see yet.

I think of a church in the long time ago,
That meeting-house down in the dell,
Overhung by the branches that swayed to and fro,
In place of a costly church bell.

I think of the tears of repentance that flowed
From the eyes of the weeping ones there ;
And the ecstatic joy the countenance showed
When Jehovah had answered their prayer.

I think of the times in the long, long ago,
When infidel scoffers were rare ;
And to question the truth of the Bible, you know,
No man in his senses would dare.

And when I think now of the long, long ago,
And hear skeptics deriding God's laws,
I ask myself this : is not fashion and show,
And the walk of professors the cause ?

The fashions, like seasons, may come and may go,
And each a new grandeur may claim ;
But now, as it was in the long time ago,
The Word of the Lord is the same.

The word of the Lord and his statutes, I know,
Will stand, though the nations may fall ;
And the kingdom of Christ that we preached long ago,
Will come and prevail over all.

*THE OLD CAPTAIN OF 1838 AND THE ROLL-CALL
AT PLEASANT HILL, MO., IN 1881.*

A DREAM.

Methought in that old town I stood,
The town of Pleasant Hill,
And thinking of the old times good,
Forgot the present ill.

I thought the small log house was there,
Where Wright his goods was selling,
And customers and idlers were
Their jokes and stories telling ;

When suddenly to me appeared,
Upon the door-sill standing,
A man with gray and grisly beard,
But with a mien commanding.

His dress was of the olden style,
Like men of old were wearing,
And in his belt, a sword the while
I saw the man was bearing.

He wore a hat with narrow shade,
One that we called a " Roram,"
And on that hat was a cockade,
As officers once wore 'em.

He nothing said to us, although
He quickly drew attention,
And that we asked his name to know
I scarcely need to mention ;

When, making a polite salaam,
And flourishing his saber,
He said : "I'll tell you what I am,
And what I was,—your neighbor.

“ A captain of the olden time,
When men were wont to muster ;
And they would stake their bottom dime
On Captain Bill Gallbuster.

“ Some of the men of long ago
Can Captain Bill remember ;
That was the May of life, you know,
But now 'tis chill December.

“ I'm now a wreck, a wreck you see,
A vessel well nigh stranded ;
I'm here to-day, but where—ah, me !
The men that I commanded ?

“ I look in vain for carbineer,
I look in vain for lancer ;
I'll call the roll—I've got it here—
And see just who will answer.”

And taking from his bosom then
A paper worn and faded,
He said: “ This is the roll of men
Who once with me paraded ;

“ I fain would know how many's here,
Or where the fates have thrown 'em.”
He called the names, distinct and clear,
And thus commented on 'em,—

“ Anthony Bledsoe, Nathan Creek,
Speak, if attention giving;
William Warden—do I seek
The dead amongst the living ?

“ William A. Butler, Jesse too,
John S., and Joab Brothers—
Dead ! or gone to Texas ; true
Of them and many others.

“Hiram Savage, Milton Creek,
And Hezekiah Warden;
They answer not, they do not speak—
And silent Andrew Gordon.

“Allen Yocham, Watson Lynch
Silent as the grave are;
Andrew Wilson, Charley Myers—
Gone! ah, gone the brave are!

“John Phillips T, and Mordecai,
John Gibson, Bill, and Thomas,
And William Burgin—gone! they say,
By death all taken from us.

“Peter Welch, and James Bledsoe,
Thomas, James, and Joel Riddle;
William Moore, and J. Hinshaw—
All gone, with John A. Weddle.

“Alfred G., and Jerry Sloane—”
‘*Here, here,*’ they feebly answer;
‘Old and frail, and feeble grown,
We fain would march, but can’t sir.’

“James Gibson—no response I hear;
James Lawrence—dead and buried!
James Reynolds—been for many a year
Beyond the river ferried.

“Sam McAninch—*here*, did he say?
How few, how faint the answers!
James, and Isaac Dunnaway;
Gone, gone, couragous lancers.

“Samuel Burgin—where is he?
And where his brother Thomas?
Joined that larger company,
That death has taken from us.

“Moses Bailey answers, *here*;
Wiley Bailey also, *present*;
But no responsive voice I hear
From their good brother, Pleasant.

“Jacob Miller, John, and James—
Silence deep and solemn;
No more they’ll answer to their names,
From out the muster-column.

“John Golding faintly answers, *here*;
His merry laugh has left him;
Though Death has spared his life, I hear,
He’s oftentimes bereft him.

“Noah Williams—where is he?
And where is T. J. Carey?
They’ll drill no more; they’re muster free,
And resting with the weary.

“Jerry Farmer* answers, *here*;
Glad to see you, very;
Beneath another Captain’s care,
You’re marching homeward, Jerry.

“Green E. Story—answer none;
Hosea Williams, Henry Farmer—
Silent all; their marching’s done,
They’ve laid aside their armor.

“John Burriss next, then Bailey Cook;
James Williams, John McCarty—
I hear them not; in vain I look;
They’ll no more join our party.

“John Robinson, and James H. May,
Josiah Keeran also,
Luke Williams—all, all far away;
Then why, why need I call so?

*Since dead.

“ Henry, and McClain, Corlew,
Morgan, Wash., and William Briants,
Martin Langston, Samson, too—
Tall as modern giants.

“ Zorobabel Langston, tall
Solomon, and Larkin,
Jesse Langston, though I call,
Not one of them will hearken.

“ Mastin Burriss answers, *here* ;
Indeed, and is it Mastin ?
Almost the first old pioneer,
And may be, too, the last one.

“ William H. Myers answers, *here* ;
So answers Caswell Estes ;*
‘ We’re tottering on life’s journey drear,
And years with weight have pressed us.’

“ Wesley Lynch, and James Malone—
No answer, none whatever ;
Far, far away, in Oregon,
They crossed Death’s icy river.

“ Martin Rice, and Allen James—
‘ *Here, here,*’ they faintly falter ;
Once more they answer to their names,
But, oh, how features alter !

“ Isaac Smith, and Austin Smith—
No answer comes from either ;
Gone to the grave, their kindred with,
And soon we, too, will be there.

“ James Smith—I hear, or seem to hear,
A faint and faltering answer :
‘ Excuse me, Cap, I can’t be there—
Confined at home with cancer.’

*Since dead.

“Silas Williams, Charley Whig ;*
Their rosy cheeks have faded ;
They’ll come no more, with martial rig,
To where we once paraded.

“Wyatt Adkins—where is he ?
Ben C., and James, and Carroll,
Thomas Carter—gone, ah me !
And gone is William Ferrill.

“Andrew Farmer, Moses, too,
Frederic, bold, and Thomas—
They’ve passed the river Jordan through,
Into the land of promise.

“William H. Duncan—answer none ;
Walter Taylor—deep the silence ;
James B. Porter—he is gone,
Fell by the hand of violence.

“Edley Hooper—silent too ;
J., K., and Wesley Underwood—
They answer not ; or if they do,
The answer is not understood.

“William Wright, the merchant—ho !
David Rice, his salesman—
Gone, they’re gone long time ago,
With Death, the cruel pale-man.

“Abram Bledsoe, Sampson, too,
John, and Fields, and Willis—
They answer not amongst the few ;
All dead ! or gone, they tell us.

“Isaac Bledsoe—where is he ?
John, and William Stephens ?
Where is Burney (William P.),
And where is Dennis Evans ?

*Charles Williams.

“Where is good John Colburn, brave?
Where is David Ousley?
Filling now a soldier’s grave;
’Tis there the laureled brows lie.

“James Wilson answers, ‘*I am here* ;’
But where is Will, and Henderson?
They answer not, those brothers dear—
And silent Gideon Henderson.

“A. C. Tidwell—where is he?
Where is Presley Bryant?
Where is Bowling Savage, he
Of disposition pliant?

“Francis Prine, the colonel, ho!
The fluent tongue now still is—
James L. Duncan lying low,
Beneath the drooping lilies.

“Hezekiah Smith—not here;
Still the bounding pulse is,
Gone to the grave within the year;
And there, too, Johnson Stults is.

“William Jones, the wheelwright—gone!
And almost gone his calling;
Elliott Wilbourne, Moreton (John)—
Both numbered mongst the fallen.

“Charles English, Patrick Talbot—ho!
No answer from them coming;
The Doctor’s gone long time ago,
And silent Charley’s drumming.

“Henry Ousley, Anthony too—
They answer not my calling;
Of all my men, how few, how few!
And they are yearly falling.

"Gone are the men of thirty-eight,
And eighteen thirty-seven;
To call my roll is now too late;
That roll's been called in heaven.

"On earth no more I'll call the roll
Of men that answer never;
I'll fold it up, the ancient scroll,
And call no more forever.

"'Tis sad to say, 'tis sad to tell:
The company's disbanded;
And Captain Bill now bids farewell
To those he once commanded."

Then clarion-like, I thought he blew
An ancient bugle, seeming;
But 'twas, perhaps, the cock that crew,
And waked me from my dreaming.

SMALL CAUSES AND LARGE RESULTS.

DIALOGUE.—UNCLE BEN, JOHN AND CHARLEY.

Uncle Ben—Well, Charley, you heard Dr. Langley's lecture last night; did you pay attention, and can you remember any of the points of his discourse?

Charley—Yes, I heard it; and I tried to pay attention, and I can remember some things that he said. One thing I remember he tried to impress upon our minds was that very small and trivial incidents or circumstances, in our youth, are sometimes productive of great results; and that a very trivial, and apparently unimportant incident, in boyhood, sometimes influences the whole future course of the man; and he said there were but few old men, who could not look back to their boyhood, and recall some small circumstance, or some apparently unimportant step then, that has influenced their whole after course, for good or bad.

Uncle Ben—Yes, boys, that is all very true, and I hope you will remember to be careful in small matters, as well as those of more apparent magnitude. A very short step in a certain direction now, may send you a long way in that direction, before you arrive at my age.

I remember many years ago a temperance lecturer dwelling upon the same subject, in an address to the young men of a certain town in Missouri; and he illustrated the thought in this way: "You notice," said he, "this school building stands on the summit of the ridge that divides the waters of the Missouri River from those of the Osage. A school-boy may throw a snow-ball upon the top of that building, and he may think it matters not whether it falls upon the north or the south side of the roof; but sooner or later the warm sun or the south wind will cause it to melt, and in the form of a liquid, it will fall to the ground, either on the north or the south side of the building, and will be carried by the force of gravity, with other waters, down the declining slope, north or south, till it mingles, either with the clear waters of the Osage or the turbid ones of the mad Missouri. So it is, young man, with you. You may think it matters but little, if anything at all, how you spend your leisure hours, or whether you are seen upon the north side or the south side, the inside or the outside, of certain buildings. But beware of the consequences attendant upon small and trifling circumstances. In the far off future, it makes all the difference in the world, whether in your youth, you were seen on the inside or the outside of the church on the Sabbath, or on the inside or the outside of the grog shop on week days. Place yourselves, then, young men, upon the safe and the proper incline, if you would have the natural flow of circumstances to carry you forward on the road of honor and respectability."

Charley—I think I shall remember the Doctor's lecture, and I hope I may profit by it. But can you, Uncle Ben, now in your old age, look back to your boyhood, and call to mind any of those very trivial incidents or circumstances that have had an influence, either for good or for bad, in your after life; any of those short steps that placed you on the incline that has brought you to where you are now?

Uncle Ben—Yes, I very frequently look back, and in my memory can call up several little things, that, had they been

different, my whole after course might have been different from what it has been ; possibly better and may be worse.

John—I would be pleased, Uncle Ben, if you would, this winter's evening, tell me and Charley a story of one or more of those little things, and its consequences ; and perhaps that little story may be one of the little incidents, in our lives, from which great results may flow in coming years.

Uncle Ben—If by telling such a story, I could implant in your minds a resolution, firm and steadfast, to walk in the right path, and to take heed to your every step, with a fixed determination to obtain an honorable position in society by deserving that position, I would willingly do so ; though you know I am not much in the habit of talking about myself, or my own doings ; and to the end that each one of you may be induced to place your mark high, and with diligence press toward it, I will select one of the incidents that in my youth led me to indulge in the hope that at some day I might make a mark in the world, and arrive at some degree of eminence ; and though I have not succeeded in all I hoped for, it may have had, and I think did have, an influence in enabling me to succeed as well as I have done. You know already that I never went to school as much as you boys have, and at your age didn't know as much as you do now ; but I had learned to read and write, and knew something of arithmetic.

When I was between sixteen and seventeen years old, I attended a general election of the county, at a time when it was customary for the boys and the girls to attend, and enjoy themselves in the picnic style, eating apples and ginger-cakes, drinking cider, etc. * You may perhaps say this was not a proper place for girls, or boys either, to go to, as neither had a vote to give. That may be so, but I didn't think so then ; I expected to be a man some day, and wished to be learning something about politics, as that was in Clay and Jackson's time. As I have told you before, I was an awkward boy, and not at all sprightly in conversation, but bashful and reserved, and not calculated to attract the favorable notice of strangers.

Upon this occasion the young folks assembled, and organized early in the day a ball or dance, in a vacant house near by. Either because I was too young or too awkward to dance, or because I had gone to the election to see how

that was managed, or from some other cause, I staid near the barn where the polls were to be opened on the threshing floor.

When the judges of election, preparatory to opening the polls, came to select the clerks, it was found that there were but few men competent to the task on the ground.

My old school-master was one of the judges, and had fixed upon a sprightly young man of twenty-one years, who had also been one of his scholars, and the best scribe amongst them; but he had learned to play the fiddle, and was off at the dance. Others were suggested, but they too were there. At length the school-master judge said that may be Ben, with a little watching and instruction, might answer the purpose, and said that he would give the needed oversight; so I was sworn in, the first oath that I ever took. My fellow clerk was deputy-sheriff of the county, and a brother to the high sheriff, with self-importance enough for a congressman.

My friend, the school-master, made me a good goose-quill pen (we had no steel ones then), and I was set to work. It was soon discovered, and remarked, that Ben was the best clerk of the two. I wrote a plainer and better hand, and with more speed; and it was noticed by the voters that I was not at the same loss to spell their names that the other clerk was; and at the close of the election, which held two days, I was pleased to see that my book was selected by the judges as the one to send to the County Clerk's office.

The little circumstance, then, that I was at the barn while other young men, better qualified, were at the dance, brought the awkward, bashful boy, that I was, to the notice of the voters of the whole precinct, and gave me more confidence in myself, and kindled an ambition and a resolve to push forward in self-culture. Nor did the consequences of this little incident stop there. A few months later, there was an administrator's sale, continuing from day to day, in that part of the county, and one of the judges of election was the administrator. He having seen how I behaved at the election, employed me to clerk his sales for him; and the bashful boy was again brought into notice. Nor did it stop there; Colonel D., from the adjoining county, whose wife was one of the heirs of the estate, was present, and took notice of the young clerk; and a short time after, sent for me

to come and teach their district school, which I did; and gave satisfaction, though I was not yet eighteen years old.

Another little incident in this chain of circumstances, I will mention here: When the Colonel sent word for me to come and teach their school, the messenger, a relative of his, stopped, as he was passing, to deliver the message; and he afterwards told me that when he entered the little shop where my father was making horseshoes, and I was blowing the bellows and assisting in the work, that he was much surprised to learn that I was the person to whom the message was sent; and his mental exclamation was: "If that tow-headed boy is to be the teacher, may God help the scholars!"

That man left for the far West before the school was out; and when I arrived here the next year, I found that my name and fame, as the boy school-master, had preceded me; and owing to his representations and his influence, I was soon teaching in this State.

So you see, boys, that a trifling incident will often pave the way, and lead to something more important; and that again to something else, and so on, a never-ending chain.

And now if this little story shall be an incident, or a link in the chain of incidents, that will raise you from your present state of youthful insignificance to something grand and noble, and make you honored and useful citizens after I am dead and gone, it will not have been told in vain.

Charley—I am much pleased with the story, and I think I will not soon forget it. But another remark of the Doctor's last night, induces me to ask another question, relative to your experience. Do you remember any little disappointment, some little circumstance, that went contrary to your wishes, that turned out for your good, and changed the whole after course of your life into a different channel from what it would have been, if you had had your wish?

Uncle Ben—I remember many disappointments like you speak of, that carried me in a different direction from that in which my own wishes would have carried me; but whether for better or worse, I can only conjecture. We know what the consequences of taking the right-hand road has been, and where that road has led us; but if we had taken the left, we do not know where we would have been; it is all conjecture.

One little disappointment in my youth, I will mention : I was very anxious to learn the printing business, and came very near being put to that trade, a very trifle preventing it. Had I went into that printing office, on the *Holston*, I might have been there yet ; but no human eye can see, and none can know now whether it would have been better or worse for me ; I am, however, not sorry now that I was disappointed then.

But tell me, Johnny, as you were at the lecture last night, what part of the Doctor's remarks made the greatest impression on your mind ?

John—Well, I believe that part of the Doctor's talk about the literature that boys read, and what they ought to read, was about the best part of the lecture. He told us to beware of the yellow-backed, ten-cent novels and sensational stories with which the country is flooded from one end to the other, creating a vicious taste, and unfitting the mind for anything of a solid character. I remember he said, amongst other things, that he had no doubt but that there were men now in the penitentiary, or awaiting death on the gallows, who can now look back, and trace the chain of circumstances that brought them there to the early reading of such literature, especially such as makes heroes of highway robbers. And again he said there might be, and he had no doubt there were, men eminent in their country's history, who received their first noble impulses from literature of a more substantial, and moral character ; and I would like for you to tell us your experience in that respect—what book or reading-matter exerted or had the greatest influence, for good or bad, in forming the character which you now have ?

Uncle Ben—The Doctor was no doubt right in warning you against such light and trashy literature ; and as to my own experience, I must own to having read more of this light literature than was good for me, though in my boyhood it was not so common and wide-spread as it is now ; and I never had much taste for those novels of the Dick Turpin and Claude Duval type, and do not know that they influenced me much any way ; but I consider the time lost or thrown away, that was spent in reading them—time that might have been profitably spent in reading and studying better books.

As to the literature that I read when a boy, I had but little to read, except the Bible and what I borrowed from the neighbors; and next to the Bible, I think the book that influenced me most for good was the life of Franklin, written by himself. That is a book that every boy and every young man should read and study, and try to imitate the Doctor's industry and perseverance, and shun those errors that he acknowledges to having committed; and if you boys have never read it, I hope you will do so by all means. There are a great many books from which you can obtain more of useful knowledge than you can from that, but I supposed you were referring again to those small things from which great results are obtained; and amongst those small publications, the life of Franklin is one. Another very small publication that I read when I was a boy, had something to do, I think, in shaping my after course; the title of the pamphlet I have forgotten, but the contents of it I have not forgotten, though it has been more than fifty years since I saw it, and then only for a few days. It was a poem upon the evils of whisky-drinking; my younger brothers brought it home with them from school, and in less than a week returned it to the owner, and I have not seen it since. During the few days it remained, I read it over several times, and was surprised, a few days after it was gone, to find I could repeat it stanza after stanza, from first to last, though I had never read it with the view of committing it to memory. It was a good long poem of several pages, and often since, while following the plow, I have repeated it from beginning to end; and I think I could do so yet. That little pamphlet may have been one cause, if not the principal one, of my being what I am to-day, and what I have been for more than forty years—a total abstainer.

Charley—It must have been a very interesting poem; and if I could get hold of it, I think I would try to memorize it also, and see if I could retain it in memory as you have done; and possibly profit by it, too, in this age of whisky-drinking.

John—See here, Charley, Uncle Ben says he thinks he could repeat the poem yet; let us persuade him to do so for our benefit; I almost know he will; will you not, Uncle?

Uncle Ben—Yes, if you desire it; and if you think you can memorize it, and will earnestly endeavor to do so, I will write it out for you, and then you can read it yourselves; and also lend it to some other boy, as it was lent to me; some of your associates, who are in the habit of dram-drinking, as I once was; and it may save them, as it probably saved me, from being a drunkard; and if so, the unknown author of the poem may have all the credit of it. As I said, I have forgotten the title of the poem, but I think it might with propriety be called,

“ LIQUID STUFF AND ITS DOINGS.”

There is a kind of *liquid stuff*,
Of which when you have drunk enough,
I caution you to quit;
For if you drink, and drink again,
'Twill soon intoxicate the brain,
And endless evils bring in train,
By thus abusing it.

'Twill cause the passions high to rage,
And force you headlong on the stage,
Devoid of reason's rule;
And as you run the random route,
'Twill whirl you round and round about,
And turn the sober senses out,
And make you—what a fool!

Still if the sottish path you tread,
'Twill down on your distracted head
The floods of sorrow pour;
Each home-felt pleasure 'twill annoy,
Embitter every social joy,
And health, and wealth, and life destroy
And ruin evermore.

Oh! if I did not courage lack
The hardy drunkard to attack,
Or had I wit and fire,

I'd straight with indignation rise,
As if commissioned from the skies
To shame and turn the foolish wise,
Reformed by keen satire.

Oh! could I pierce him to the quick,
And make the pointed arrow stick
Fast in his conscience sore,
I'd at a venture draw the bow,
And let the shaft in mercy go,
That he might see and mourn his woe,
And give his follies o'er.

Nor would I spare the smiting hand,
Till all his cousins in the land
Had each received his due ;
For, lo! he has a host of kin,
Swift votaries to his deadly sin,
Who, if not checked, may soon begin
To swell the sottish crew.

Though mean I am, and all obscure,
And weak, and ignorant, and poor,
Yet if the Muse would yield
The service of her bow and string,
Her quiver, and her soaring wing,
I'd straight into the action spring,
Upon the battle field.

When Sol assumes his morning race,
And sheds the glories of his face
O'er all the smiling world,
And each industrious man anew
Begins his labors to pursue,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of business wide unfurled,

With hasty steps the drunkard will
Repair to tavern store, or still,
And spends his half a crown,

Until his head so giddy feels,
So much unbalanced with his heels,
That to and fro he reels and reels,
And reeling tumbles down.

Mark now, ye wise, the shameful wretch,
Hear him groan, and see him stretch
And struggle for his breath;
He vomits like the brute, alas!
And belches forth offensive gas,
And seems as if about to pass
The solemn scene of death.

Is this the man which yesterday
I met upon the public way,
In garments neat and clean?
Ah, yes, 'tis he, and who'd have thought
To see him thus so lowly brought,
So quickly and so loosely caught
In actions all so mean.

In vain the partner of his life,
His prudent and industrious wife,
Would make his linen shine;
In spite of all her time and pains,
While brandy still his pocket drains,
And garments marked with dirty stains,
He mocks the filthy swine.

At home, perhaps, his family
Are waiting his return to see;
But, ah, they wait in vain!
Stretched out he lies where first he lay;
And still the hours pass away,
And evening closes up the day,
Ere he returns again.

At length, when all should be asleep,
Homeward the wretch begins to creep,
Half conscious of his deeds;

When rakes and robbers skulk about,
'Tis then he takes his blundering route,
As staggering in and staggering out
The path that homeward leads.

And when, at last, his journey ends,
The peaceful slumbers of his friends
Are broken by his noise,
And those who ought to love him best
Bewail him as a woeful guest ;
In sad and dire distraction dressed,
Their comfort he destroys.

Now could you hear his curses loud—
As though he were of Satan's crowd—
In all directions flung,
Your very flesh would seem to creep,
Your eyes perhaps in tears would weep,
Till, rudely staggering off to sleep,
He deigns to hold his tongue.

When morning shines around his pate,
He rises from his bed, though late,
And sits down, sad and sour ;
If frugal wife her finger crooks,
Full soon he gathers, from her looks,
His conduct she but little brooks ;
But, ah, she's in his power !

He who, but for this hateful sin,
The best of husbands might have been,
Of fathers, brothers, friends,
Become the tyrant of his wife,
A source of misery and strife ;
Nor with the period of his life,
This baleful mischief ends.

But now his conscience keenly smarts,
And, lo ! again for grog he starts,
As if to find relief ;
Mistaken soul ! can drinking drown

The troubles that assail the crown ?
'Twill only pull ten thousand down,
To swell thy stores of grief.

And now he moves with lithesome hope,
Again he greets the brandy-shop,
And gives himself abuse ;
His master passion, bearing sway,
Impels him on the beaten way,
Till he at length begins to play
The tiger, or the goose.

For drink he calls, and drinks again,
Although to every one 'tis plain
'Twill be his ruin soon ;
And graciously he condescends
To treat his boon-companion friends,
And drinks with them until he spends
His last, last picayune*.

And as, amid his flowing cups,
The strange bewildering tea he sups,
He sings and chatters long ;
He all the living world defies,
Than Solomon himself more wise,
And Samson, ere he lost his eyes,
Was never half so strong.

But as he seems to sail so fair—
Three sheets are fluttering in the air ;
And now the rising blast
Increases loudly, on his rear,
While he, in fact, can hardly steer,
Yet rocks and shoals he does not fear,
Till topsy-turvy cast.

Still craving what he most adores !
See how the *liquid stuff* he pours
Adown his gapping throat !

*Six and a fourth cents.

And still the raging fumes aspire
To set his tuneful top on fire ;
Again he tumbles in the mire,
Again he soils his coat.

Poor fellow, now he stranded lies ;
In doleful plight he lifts his eyes,
As round his luckless bark
A raging ocean seems to roar—
Without a bottom or a shore !
While all the world is turning o'er,
Amid the billows dark.

Ye laugh ; but make him not a joke—
His canvass lowered, his cable broke ;
With all your deep disgust,
Some pity on his worthless name
The graceless one appears to claim ;
O spare his misery and shame,
Ye children of the dust !

Time was when he was sober, true ;
Time was when he walked firm as you
Before the dram-shop doors ;
We cannot read our future state ;
It may be at some future date
This drunkard's lot may be the fate—
The fate of you or yours.

But leaving now the fallen sot
To puke and snore upon the spot
Where all so drunk he lies,
I fain would turn some other way,
For many things have I to say,
And short and evil is the day
That mortal man supplies.

Hark ! all the ranks of human race,
In every state, in every place,
Throughout this earthly Ball :
Long as the vital air you snuff,

Be cautious of this *liquid stuff*,
And quit when you have drunk enough,
Or taste it not at all!

Let all the drunkard's cousins dread
The thing that so distracts his head,
And covers him with woe;
Oh, let them fly, before too late,
Intoxication's every bait,
And press to yonder smiling gate,
Where gospel blessings flow.

But yonder is a sight, indeed,
That makes my very heart to bleed;
O, tell it not in Gath!
But through the streets of Askelon
Already has the rumor gone,
And proud Philistines, every son,
Laughs loud, or mutters wrath.

'Tis Israel's wretchedness I view;
Oh, that it never had been true
The spacious earth around!
For while the heathen takes a sup,
The Israelite must have his cup,
And, lo! the *liquid* turns him up,
All prostrate on the ground.

Is this the man which late I saw
Nigh to the sacred altar draw,
And pour his pious breath?
Alas, 'tis he! returned again
To wallow like the sow, 'tis plain,
We thought was washed from every stain;
O madness, scandal, death!

The love of God forsakes him now;
Shorn of his locks, is he, I trow,
As weak as other men;
And out of those who thus away

From virtue's paths depart and stray,
How many are reclaimed, I say?
Look round—not one in ten !

Then, Israelite, be on your guard ;
Dare not suppose the task too hard,
But open keep your eyes ;
Lest. like the silly candle fly,
That plays around the danger nigh,
You fall by acting heedlessly,
And fall, no more to rise.

Strange that the sons of Adam's race
Can swallow thus their own disgrace,
And publish loud their shame !
Strange that a man of common sense,
When once beset with this offense,
Can be incited to commence
Another of the same !

Strange that a man, when bitten once,
Will act the idiotic dunce,
And seek the *snake* again !
Strange that experience will not teach
The maxim common sense would preach :
When bitten once, keep out of reach
Of that which gave you pain.

But if you be advanced in years,
And long have tried to drown your cares
In the full flowing bowl,
To you, perhaps, I speak in vain ;
I fear you will get drunk again,
And end your mortal days in pain,
And lose, perhaps, your soul.

But if you be a lovely youth,
Whose mind would fain embrace the truth,
Mark well, my son, this page ;
To you I dedicate my song ;

Your habits yet cannot be strong,
Because you have not erred so long
As those of riper age:

Feed not this appetite at first,
For fear the sly, deceitful thirst
Should strengthen with your strength;
Should force you from your peaceful home
With idle company to roam;
And what is worse by far—become
Unquenchable at length.

A shameful sot, then, if you please,
Made and accomplished by degrees,
Alas, my son, you'd be!
And from that sin you once abhorred,
Forbid by heaven's Almighty Lord,
No threat, no counsel, no reward,
Perhaps, could set you free.

The tears of your relations then,
The sympathies of other men,
Would be of no avail;
In love with sottish pleasures, you
Would hug your chains, and still pursue
Old Bacchus and his motley crew,
'Till life itself would fail.

Escape for life, my son, escape!
The evil one has taken shape,
And stands behind the bar;
Heed not the tempter's winning smiles,
Beware, beware the serpent's wiles,
And flee before you're in his coils—
Put him behind you far.

But still, my son, attention lend,
For still the Muse her bow would bend,
And often twang the string,
Or let the pointed arrow go

To lay the looks of sinners low,
As o'er this vast expanse of woe
She sails on venturous wing.

There's some the *liquid stuff* abuse,
And strangely, still themselves excuse,
Because they drink at home ;
Although the public's gazing eye
Sees not their tipping, all so sly,
The God of all, who rules on-high,
Knows, and will seal their doom.

What ill examples do they place
Before the young and rising race,
In many a drunken song ;
What real misery attends
The fortunes of their nearest friends,
While God so kindly condescends
To bear their crimes so long !

Great GOD ! have pity on the sire
Who tutors for eternal fire
His own dear children still ;
Oh ! save them from the cruel snare,
According to the mother's prayer,
And bring them all in mercy where
Examples cannot kill !

Some others yet themselves acquit,
Because they don't the crime commit
In its most filthy show ;
These are the drunkard's cousins, kin,
Who love to drink the whisky in,
And oft approach his deadly sin,
As near as they dare go.

But while they still can keep the road,
And still support the fummy load—
Though one more dram would do
To stop them on the public way—

It would be slanderous to say
That they were drunk on such a day—
The charge would be untrue.

How far these gentry are to blame,
How great their wickedness and shame,
God only can declare ;
And since His boundless grace is such,
Still hoping they may never touch
That other little sip, *too much*,
I leave them in His care.

O, whisky ! whisky ! dreadful bane !
What millions hast thou rudely slain,
And clothed with rags indeed !
And pinched with hunger, thirst, and cold ;
But now the world is growing old,
Say, wilt thou be, as ever, bold
To make the nations bleed ?

In every age, in every state,
Thy mischiefs who can calculate,
Since Noah's flood was high !
But, ah ! the paths are not thy own ;
If men would but thee let alone,
Thou wouldst not make such numbers groan,
And suffer, bleed, and die.

Their noses red thou wouldst not turn,
Nor bloat their cheeks, nor livers burn,
Nor swell their watery eyes ;
Nor wouldst thou make the widow's wail
To move distressful on the gale,
And round the world in sorrow sail,
Mixed with orphans' cries.

Nor wouldst thou make the suicide
Pour from his heart the purple tide,
Life's miseries to drown ;
Nor wouldst thou aim the Duel's lead,
To strike an angry brother dead,
And send him where he well may dread
To meet his Maker's frown.

Let those who sell the *poison*, too,
Be careful what they say and do,
 Though money much they crave ;
Lest, with the whisky bands, at last
They be condemned, when life is past,
And bound in chains of darkness fast,
 Beyond the solemn grave.

Let those of guileless worth beware
To shun the *bottle's* cruel snare,
 Whatever they may love ;
And sweetly cleave, with all their might,
To paths of permanent delight,
Until they make their mystic flight
 To better worlds above.

But, ah ! the drunkards' dreadful throats !
One swallows horses, cows, and goats,
 Another tables, knives, and saws ;
Another beds, and rocking chairs ;
Another carts, and yokes of steers,
While yet another never fears,
 As down a farm he draws.

Some gulp down madly cards and reels,
Some boots, and shoes, and spinning-wheels,
 Some anvils, tongs, and pots ;
While others yet, of greater power,
Fine houses, lands, and slaves devour ;
And, lo ! from that disgraceful hour,
 They sneak detested sots.

That men are blamed for all 'tis true ;
But, oh, when *women* tipple, too,
 What language can declare,
What poet would not blush to trace
The infamy and dark disgrace
That straight becloud the female face,
 And blast their beauties fair !

Oh ! could the tippling ladies know
What shocking sights they are below,

Unfit to live or die !
Surely, their credit to restore
They never would be tipsy more,
But to the men this vice give o'er
Without a single sigh.

Now all around, with spacious view,
Behold the stronger sex anew ;
What capers they do take ;
Soon as a drop is in the eye,
How glib the tongue begins to fly ;
What foolish jokes and banTERS high
In constant volleys break.

But whether they have taken in
Rum, brandy, whisky, wine, or gin,
It still is *liquid stuff* ;
And still amid the raging flame,
Their manners are the very same—
O'erspread with vice, and fraught with shame,
Disgusting, wild, and rough.

What various causes made them learn
Their little fingers up to turn—
All evil in some way ;
What numerous evils thus begin
From this prolific mother sin,
That thousand souls may never win
The bliss of endless day.

Now if you wish the snare to shun,
Do not with gangs of sinners run,
Where tippling is in vogue ;
Your backs upon the practice turn—
O can you not the snare discern ?
Why should you, to your damage, learn
To love the smell of *grog* !

If needful business calls away,
To such a place, on such a day,
You hither may repair,

With prudent and with cautious face ;
 But, oh ! if this be not the case,
 You should not run the needless race,
 For you've no business there.

Full many a man you've seen, I trow,
 Who stood as firm as you stand now,
 Who since has fallen low ;
 And if you ask me for the cause :
 'Twas violating Nature's laws
 With *liquid stuff* ! But here I pause—
 His end I cannot show.

Why does that skillful doctor seem
 To lose his practice, like a dream ?
 Why fails yon preacher so ?
 What makes the world, yon lawyer quit,
 Who once in Congress hall did sit ?
 A drone—for business now unfit ;
 Oh, *whisky*, thou dost know !

With thee, behold ! the silly crowd
 Can raise the roar of laughter loud ;
 And strange it is to think
 The beverage boiling in their throats
 Can make them shout with noisy notes,
 And basely give their very votes
 To him who pays the drink.

Oh, what a danger's lurking there !
 " God save us from it ! " is the prayer
 Of every patriot heart ;
 O never, never be it told,
 That our elections are controlled
 By drunken voters, bought and sold
 Like cattle in the mart !

Oh, fair Columbia, while the sword
 Of Britain's high, imperious lord
 In vain would slay thy pride,
 Shall LIQUID STUFF, more powerful

Than all the horns of Johnny Bull,
The fruits of all our freedom pull,
And scatter far and wide !

Forbid it, thou Almighty Lord !
Who swayest the nation with thy word ;
This evil far disperse,
And let the tree of Freedom rise,
To all mankind a glorious prize,
Until its branches reach the skies,
And shade the universe !

*DAVID'S FLIGHT FROM JERUSALEM AND THE
DEATH OF ABSALOM.*

A monarch of the olden time,
One famed in ancient story,
Reigned in a far-off eastern clime,
Till he was aged and hoary.

Long time, in regal state, he reigned,
And builded many a tower ;
And mighty men the king sustained
In all his regal power.

At length there came an evil day ;
The king was troubled sorely ;
A son, ambitious, stole away
His people's heart, most surely.

Great numbers of the mighty men,
Ambitious as their leader,
Flocked to the rebel standard then,
And joined the vain seceder.

Still daily, hourly, gathering strength,
Sedition's ranks were swelling,
Until the king resolved at length
To flee his royal dwelling.

The mountain city, where he reigned,
He left with heavy burden,
And with the faithful that remained,
He fled toward the Jordan.

With Cherethite, and Pelethite,
The true and tried six hundred,
He saved himself and them by flight;
But many a tie was sundered.

The city of the Jebusite,
Which he in war had taken,
Jerusalem! on mountain height,
Was in his grief forsaken.

Across the mount of Olivet,
Beyond the flowing Kedron,
They fled, while Absalom was yet
Mustering his force at Hebron.

His royal robes aside were cast,
Barefooted, onward keeping,
While rocks and mountains, as he passed,
Echoed the voice of weeping.

Not only by ungrateful son,
And loss of kingdom haunted,
Some of his subjects, following on,
The fleeing monarch taunted.

"Go up, thou bloody man," they said,
"Thou man of false Belial;
Thy deeds of blood upon thy head
Return in times of trial."

Thus Shimei cursed him as he went—
Cursed David, in his trouble ;
Even Shimei, the sycophant,
With face and actions double.

The weeping king replied to them
Who would have slain the railer :
“ Nay, nay, no notice take of him ! ”
(And here his face grew paler.)

“ Heed not the man ; one of my own
Proud sons my life is seeking ;
Then let this Benjamite alone,
Nor heed his cruel speaking.

“ Perhaps the Lord hath bidden him
Curse me, in this my anguish ;
And though he slay me, I will hymn
God’s praises while I languish.

“ The *Lord*, perhaps, will me requite,
If well I bear my sorrow ;
Though dark and cheerless be the night,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

“ While moving on the desert tract,
O’er rocks and mountains barren,
He sent the *Ark* of covenant back,
By trusty sons of Aaron.

“ Go, take it to the city then,
And in its place restore it ;
Perhaps I may return again,
And worship God before it.

“ There I again may sacrifice—
I hope again to see it—
But if the *Lord* will otherwise,
His will be done ; so be it.

“You, too, go back, my Archite friend,
Go back into the city;
You better there may serve my end,
If you on me have pity.

“Go back, and stand before my son,
From whom I'm now retreating;
Find out the thing that's said and done,
His counselor defeating.

“You have the son of Zadok there,
The son of Abiathar;
You'll send by them the words you hear,
And, mind you, that you stay there.

“Beyond the mountains, on the plain
Of Jordan, will I tarry;
Ahimaaz and Jonathan
To me will tidings carry.”

The stricken king, oppressed with care,
Came to the plain of Jordan;
'Twas there he made the famous prayer,
The Psalm of David—third one.

Night came, and darkness reigned around;
While some a watch were keeping,
The wearied king relief had found
From grief, in quiet sleeping.

The midnight came, and still he slept;
But soon there came a waking—
Two messengers, that lightly stepped,
Toward him their course were taking.

“Ho! who be ye?” the sentry cries,
“And what is now your mission?
Come you as friends, or come as spies
To note our sad condition?”

“We come as friends, and not as spies;
No enemy or stranger;
We come from Hushai to apprise
Our monarch of his danger.”

The messengers unto the king
In haste were then conducted,
And there reported everything,
As they had been instructed.

“We left at setting of the sun,
Nor have thy servants tarried;
'Tis far and fast that we have run,
And safely tidings carried.

“The word that Hushai sent us, then :
King Absalom's in the city,
And with him are twelve thousand men,
All, all, devoid of pity.

“He seeks your crown—your life, I mean ;
No truth than this is truer ;
Make haste, and put the Jordan 'tween
Yourself and your pursuer.

“Arise, across the Jordan flee
Before the next sun-rising ;
Cross o'er the waters, lest you see
The mischief he's devising.

“Ahithophel, the Gilonite,
Has cruel counsel given—
To hurry the pursuit to-night,
And slay the shepherd even.

“Cross o'er the Jordan, though the air
And though the night be stormy ;
Adherents sure will join you there—
And Joab, with the army.”

Uprising to his worn, bare feet,
The king with grief distressing,
Sounded the bugle note, *retreat*—
Still toward the Jordan pressing.

Now slowly moves the cavalcade ;
With fear and cold they shiver,
And deeply, deeply on they wade
Across the rapid river.

And when the early dawning came,
Even at the early morning,
All, all had passed the Jordan stream,
Thanks to the timely warning.

And when upon the other side,
His subjects, true and loyal,
Came from the regions far and wide,
To meet their monarch royal.

And valiant warriors, day by day,
Came in and joined his standard,
As farther north they made their way,
And 'mongst the hills meandered.

To Old Mahanaim they post ;
There Jacob met his brother ;
'Twas there that Joab, with his host,
Was joined unto the other.

And it was told to David then :
"Your son has massed his forces,
Perhaps a hundred thousand men,
With chariots and with horses.

"And he has left Jerusalem, too,
And onward here is posting ;
Go forth, and let your servants true
Check his ambitious boasting."

He called to him Abishai,
The captain, Joab hoary ;
He called the younger Ittai,
In the morning of his glory.

Dividing then his force in three,
A third to each assigning,
He said : " I, too, will go with thee,
Our counsels all combining."

But thus replied those worthy braves :
"Thou shalt not run in danger ;
Thy death is all that Absalom craves ;
He cares not for the stranger.

"Thy life is all that stands between
Him and the throne he's seeking ;
He cares not for such soldiers mean
As those to whom thou'rt speaking.

"Here, at Mahanaim abide,
Thy cause to God commended ;
The God of battle's on our side,
The strife will soon be ended."

Then spake the old gray-headed king :
"Be it as ye are saying ;
Whilst you are there all battling,
To *God* will I be praying.

"Lead on, lead on, my captains bold,
My chieftains, bold and lusty !
Ye have been tried in days of old,
And proved yourselves all trusty.

"But there's a charge I fain would give
To each before departing ;
Not else in peace can I e'er live—
You see my tears are starting,—

“Deal gently with my erring son,
Deal gently with the erring ;
I know a grievous wrong he's done,
And bloody deeds I'm fearing.

“But still he is my son ; my son
To whom I have been partial ;
Deal gently, for my sake, with one
So noble, fair, and martial.

“He may reform in days to come,
And smooth my years declining ;
Deal gently, then, with Absalom,
Who round my heart is twining.”

And thus he spake to all that day,
As filing by and cheering :
“Deal gently, for my sake, I pray,
With *Absalom*, the erring.”

And now the troops had marched away ;
The distance intervening
Shut them from sight, and all the day,
Upon Jehovah leaning,

He prayed that psalm, the forty-third ;
He prayed for restoration
Unto the temple of the Lord,
The God of all salvation.

And as he sat between the gates,
The day away was wearing ;
He thought upon life's varied fates,
The good and ill comparing.

His youthful days—he thought of them,
When but a gentle shepherd,
He ranged the fields of Bethlehem,
As active as the leopard ;

When Samuel, the prophet, came,
To sacrifice appointed,
And from the sons selected him,
And him as king annointed.

He thought, when on another day
Of fame the first beginning,
He took Goliath's head away,
A famous victory winning.

And then again he thought of all
His weary, weary wandering,
While fleeing from the face of Saul—
And later scenes still pondering.

But still away to Ephraim's wood
The monarch's mind would wander ;
Ah, well he knew a scene of blood
Was then enacting yonder.

His friends, his soldiers, 'gainst his son
In battle fierce contending,
Ah, who has lost and who has won !
There's much on that depending.

Oh, GOD, give victory to my arms !
My kingdom still maintaining ;
But, oh ! preserve my son from harm,
His wayward will restraining.

Go, watchman, go above the gate ;
Stand on the loftiest tower,
And see who comes ; I'll know my fate,
Perhaps, within the hour.

The hours pass ; 'tis growing late ;
A psalm the king is humming ;
"Ho !" cries the watchman 'bove the gate,
"A runner lone is coming."

“ Comes he alone, alone from thence ?
Then tidings he is bringing ;
Oh, can I bear the wild suspense
That now my heart is wringing !

“ Look, watchman, from that lofty place,
That place you well can see from ;
Say, is there naught of rout or chase
Toward the wood of Ephraim ? ”

“ Nay, naught toward the setting sun ;
Naught but the runner only—
Yes! now I see another one ;
He, too, is running lonely.”

“ Then, if alone, he tidings brings ;
A messenger he's coming ;
Oh, how suspense my bosom wrings,
My weary sense benumbing ! ”

“ The foremost comes ! ” the watchman cries,
“ The moats and ditches shunning ;
'Tis Zadok's son, Ahimaaz,
I take it, from his running.”

“ Then, if 'tis he,” replies the king,
“ A good and true man, surely,
And tidings good no doubt will bring—
I'm feeling more securely.”

Ahimaaz drew near, and fell
Upon his face, and shouted :
“ Peace be to thee ! for all is well ;
Thine enemies are routed.

“ Blessed be the Lord, of all the land !
He's done as he appointed,
To them who lifted up the hand
Against the Lord's annointed.”

“Thank Heaven!” exclaimed the hoary chief;
“Thank GOD for victory giving!
But is the young man Absalom safe?
Is Absalom safe, and living!”

The messenger then, answering, said
With something like evasion:
“I cannot say that Absalom’s dead,
Or safe, on this occasion.

“When Joab sent your servants here,
The chiefs were then convening;
I saw a mighty tumult there,
But could not tell its meaning.

“Cushi, the swift, will soon be here,
And he may have the summing.”
“Then turn aside,” the king replied,
“We’ll wait for Cushi’s coming.”

Then Cushi comes, and bowing, says:
“Tidings! for God has surely
Avenged you of your enemies,
And punished them full sorely.”

But David checked his message brief—
“There’s one thing I would say thee
Is Absalom, the young man, safe?
Is Absalom safe, I pray thee!”

Then Cushi, like Ahimaaz,
Faltered, with some misgiving,
But intimating plain he is
No longer ’mongst the living.

“May all thy foes, thine enemies,
Who fain would mischief do the,
Be where the young man Absalom is,
No longer to pursue thee.”

Then weeping sorely, David went
And to his chamber hasted,
And gave the tears of sorrow vent,
Like one whom grief has wasted.

“Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!
The son of my desiring;
Thou wast my son, my cherished one,
Though 'gainst thy sire conspiring.

“Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!
Would God thy father's dying
Had saved thy life! my son! my son!
Before this hour so trying.

“They say there's none disputes my power,
My kingdom's still remaining;
But *Absalom*, my son's no more,
To bless me in my reigning!

“My royalty's preserved to me,
With none my power defying;
But, oh, my son! I'll think of thee,
Deep in thy cold grave lying!

“And though the harp, like music's dream,
With men and women singing,
May strive to cheer, they'll only seem
Like funeral dirges ringing.”



WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

When, at a distant future day,
You cast your eye upon this page,
The writer may be far away,
Or may have left life's busy stage.

Though ocean's waves should roll between
These lines of mine my friends and me,
Yet think of me and what I've been,
When these few lines you chance to see.

And should I lie low in the ground,
And dark oblivion's waves roll o'er,
This simple page will then be found
A monument on memory's shore.

'Twill point your thoughts from present things
To things that long have passed away,
And long forgotten scenes 'twill bring
To your awakened memory.

Then view this page as you would view
A friend's cold monumental stone;
And, oh! may we again renew
Our friendship near the jasper throne.

And when we meet beyond the stars,
Within that radiant world of bliss,
Our friendship will be purer far
Than that which we have known in this.

A WORLD OF CHANGE IS THIS.

This is a changing world of ours,
A world of change is this ;
All fading are its fairest flowers,
And transient every bliss.

Yes, change is written on the face
Of all beneath the sun ;
And short and devious is the race
That we poor mortals run.

The friends who prize us most to day,
May be the first to leave ;
And those we prize the dearest may
Our fondest hopes deceive.

Or Death, perhaps, uncalled may come,
And snatch those friends from us ;
Ah ! do we not remember some
Who have been taken thus ?

Where, where are those we held so dear,
The friends of early youth ?
The Grave replies, " I have them here ;"
And 'tis a mournful truth.

Then let the years revolving roll
With Time's incessant flow ;
We soon shall reach a brighter goal,
No further change to know.

DEATH OF A FRIEND IN 1856.

I stood beside a dying friend,
And watched his parting breath,
And when I saw his struggles end,
I asked, "Can this be death?"

Full well I know 'tis temporal death—
The rending of the screen
That hides from mortals here beneath
The world we have not seen.

But there's another death than this,
A death that never dies ;
And there's a life of joy and bliss,
A life beyond the skies.

For "'Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die ;"
The fleeting joys this earth can give
Are naught to those on-high.

Then let us try, while here on earth,
In this lone vale of sighs,
To shun that ever-dying death,
Which never, never dies ;

And seek that life, that living life,
That's only known above—
Where joys, perpetual joys are rife,
And God is served in love.

There may I meet that friend again,
Whose sufferings here are o'er,
And range with him the heavenly plain,
Where sufferings are no more.

Then let me bid thee welcome, Death,
When thou shalt rend the screen
That hides from mortals here beneath
The world we have not seen.

TO A FRIEND.

Written in an Album.

The time may shortly come when we
By distance may be parted;
Our joys may fade and hopes may flee,
And plans of life be thwarted.
Long years may pass, ere we again
Shall see each other's faces;
And anxious care, with grief and pain,
May leave on us their traces.

But let me hope, what e'er may come,
What e'er may be life's changes,
Where e'er I be, where e'er I roam,
As Providence arranges,
That you will not forget the friend
Who pens these lines so simple;
But may your prayers for him ascend,
And reach the inner temple.

Perhaps in coming years you'll see
(In looking o'er these pages)
These lines of mine; then think of me,
And think of by-gone stages;
For life is like a travelling scene,
Where passengers are meeting;
They meet, they part—how oft, how soon;
Farewell succeeds to greeting!

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

To a Friend.

A flake of snow, both large and light,
Was formed in upper air,
And passing o'er a mountain's height,
Slowly descended there.

But ere it fell upon the crest,
'Twas parted into two,
And, driven on the wintry blast,
In different currents flew.

One fell upon the western slope,
And one upon the east ;
And there they both lay frozen up
For twenty weeks at least.

But when the sun again shone warm.
And shed his genial rays,
They melted to a liquid form,
And glided different ways.

Uniting now with other drops,
They form two tiny streams,
And trickle down the mountain slopes,
Where many a glacier gleams.

Adown the mountain's different sides,
Toward different points, they run,
And further from each other glides
Those flakes which once were one.

Now wider, and still wider grows
The space which lies between ;
And faster, and still faster flows
The streams which they are in.

Still onward borne away, away,
 To east and western main;
 Alas! alas! will ever they
 Be joined in one again?

Two kindred minds to them compare,
 By friendship joined as one;
 Parted by trifles light as air,
 Two different paths to run.

The separation, small at first,
 Grows wider by degrees;
 Till thoughts and actions all reversed,
 They're merged in different seas.

Oh, may it never be our lot
 To be divided thus!
 But ever may the self-same spot
 Be occupied by us.*

"VANITY OF VANITIES! ALL IS VANITY!"

Hurrying on, and onward still,
 Trifles light we all pursue;
 Grasping after shadows till
 Death's dark shade appears in view.
 Vain are all things here on earth,
 Well we know;
 Bliss in vain on earth is sought,
 For, with disappointments fraught,
 All our schemes have come to naught,
 Here below.

What is wealth, and what is fame,
 After which we're toiling so?
 Soon we go from whence we came;

*Two thousand miles now separate the writer from the friend to whom these lines were addressed.

Dust we are, to dust we go ;
 What are earthly pleasures then,
 When compared?
 Worse than vanity and dust !
 And in them if we shall trust,
 Death will call, and go we must,
 Unprepared.

Early friendships—what are they ?
 Sunny spots within life's vale ;
 But, alas! they pass away
 When the storms of grief prevail,
 Leaving us in darkness then,
 All alone.
 But the friendship that will last
 When our lives are overcast,
 Leads us home, and binds us fast
 To the throne.

PASSING AWAY.

Lines to a friend ; written in an Album.

When *days* have passed, and first you see
 These hasty lines of mine,
 Then, as a friend, pray think of me,
 And count me one of thine.

When *weeks* have passed away, and you
 Shall look this page upon,
 In counting o'er your friends so true,
 May I be numbered one.

When *months* have passed—and soon they must—
 And you shall read again
 Upon your list of friends, I trust
 My name will still remain.

When *years* have passed, and you again
Shall read these pages o'er,
In your esteem may I remain,
A friend if nothing more.

When *I* have passed from earth away—
And soon that time may be—
When you shall see these lines, you may
Perhaps remember me.

When *you* and *I* shall *both* have passed,
And bade the world adieu,
Then may our friendship ever last
Eternal ages through.

When *Earth* and *earthly things* have passed,
And Time shall be no more,
O that our lots may then be cast
Upon a friendly shore!

WHY SHOULD VAIN MORTALS BE PROUD?

Oh, why should vain mortals, while toiling on earth,
Be proud of their wealth or their fame!
Or why should man boast of his rank or his birth,
Or strive to emblazon his name?
How fleeting the moments to mortals allowed;
How quickly they come, and pass on;
Like shadows that fall from a fast-flying cloud,
They come, and they pass, and are gone!

Man claims to be lord of creation below,
And boasts of his power of mind;
Can measure the wide-rolling planets, and know
The orbits in which they're confined;

In fancy can range o'er unlimited space,
Or travel from star unto star;
Can follow the flight of a comet, and trace
Its course as it wanders afar.

But let him not be of his knowledge so vain,
For others have had it before,
And long in the dust those others have lain,
And their names are remembered no more;
Forgotten the names of those men of renown
Who the pyramids builded of yore;
The sun of their glory has long since gone down,
And never will shine any more.

Ah ! let him not boast of his power, although
He may sit as a king on a throne,
For others have sat there, and died long ago,
And kings and their subjects are one;
The conqueror's wreath may encircle his brow,
He may stand on the summit of fame,
To the sway of his sceptre a nation may bow,
And nations may quake at his name;

But what avails all ? The river of Time
Is silently bearing him on;
And monarchs and conquerors, now in their prime,
In a few fleeting months will be gone;
Together they mingle, the high and the low—
The lord with the vassal is laid;
To the grave the conquered and conquerors go,
And there no distinctions are made.

The prince and the peasant together meet there,
And together are turning to dust;
They were toiling for fame, as we mortals are,
And left it as we shortly must;
Then let not the spirit of mortals be proud !
'Tis confined in a body of clay;
And soon will that body in Death's sable shroud,
Like everything mortal, decay.

Oh, let us be humble while here we sojourn
 In this land of probation and strife,
 That our spirits, made perfect, to God may return,
 And dwell there forever in life!
 Those spirits were born in a heavenly clime,
 They were given to us from above;
 And when they have triumphed o'er sin, Death, and Time,
 They'll return unto God, who is Love.

TWENTY YEARS PAST.

A Reminiscence written in 1854.

On Sabbath last past I to church did repair,
 To the house of the Lord at Lone Jack;
 But throughout the service of preaching and prayer,
 My memory hurried me back,
 Back twenty years, back to the time I first heard
 The gospel proclaimed in the West;
 'Tis the same gospel yet, 'tis the same written word,
 Whilst other things widely contrast.

The face of the country has undergone change,
 And manners and customs change, too;
 And numbers of faces I see that are strange,
 And gone are the friends I then knew;
 I remember the time, I remember the place,
 I remember the friends who were there—
 Those years have sped round, and it seems a brief space,
 But not one of those friends are now here.

I remember the preacher*, whose time-furrowed face
 Was so often bedewed with a tear;
 His doctrines were plain, and plain was his dress,
 For 'twas made from the skin of the deer;
 But he, too, has gone, and no more will I hear

* James Savage,

A message of truth from his lips :
On earth he has finished his mortal career,
And far in the South he now sleeps.

We assembled that day in a rude cabin small—
'Twas the home of a brave pioneer ;*
The attendance was larger than usual, yet all
Who wished it obtained a seat there.
That cabin still stands, though years have rolled round,
And its builder has moved far away ;
A spacious brick house on the farm now is found,
And the cabin goes fast to decay.

Then, radiant with hope, in life's morning so bright,
My brother and I did repair,
With hearts and with steps both elastic and light,
To the house of devotion and prayer ;
But now all in vain I may look for the face
Of that brother, so sunny, so mild ;
I will see him no more upon earth, for, alas !
He sleeps in the far western wild.

My father and mother were there on that day,
And their names in the church were enrolled ;
But, ah ! that dear father, by Death called away,
Now sleeps in the grave-yard so cold ;
Oh, grief upon grief ! for he sleeps not alone ;
My kindred have followed apace—
Three brothers, a sister, a daughter, a son,
Lie low in the same resting-place.

And perhaps ere the earth shall again revolve round
The great source of light and of heat,
I, too, may rest with them beneath the cold ground,
And this laboring heart cease to beat ;
When years have rolled round, and survivors meet here
To worship the God of all grace,
Perhaps I may meet, in a happier sphere,
Those friends who have ended their race.

* Thos. Hamlin.

I'M SITTING BY YOUR SIDE, MARY.

Written in 1856, in imitation of "The Irish Emigrant."

I'm sitting by your side, Mary,
Upon your dying bed ;
And busy thoughts are coursing through
My pained and aching head.

I'm thinking of the time, Mary,
When you and I first met ;
And though our parting is at hand,
That meeting's present yet.

Long years have passed since then, Mary,
And changes have occurred,
But, oh! a sadder change than all
Cannot be long deferred.

Your bloodless lips, your pallid cheek,
Too plainly tell the tale
That you are passing now, Mary,
Through Death's dark gloomy vale.

I'm sitting by your side, Mary,
Although you see me not,
And when you're taken from my sight,
You will not be forgot.

I'll think of you, my Mary dear,
In days and years to come,
Who shared my joys and sorrows here,
In this, our humble home.

And, oh ! I'm thinking now, Mary,
My true my constant wife,
How lonely and how drearily
Will pass my future life.

Each scene will but remind me still
Of days and years gone by ;
And cherished objects often will
Call forth the tearful sigh.

I'm gazing on this quilt, Mary,
This quilt of patchwork made ;
'Twas wrought by your own hands before
Your beauty had decayed.

And though 'tis worn and faded now,
I prize it none the less ;
For 'mongst its squares I recognize
Part of your wedding dress.

I'm thinking of our sons, Mary,
Our sons and daughters, too ;
When you have gone and left us here,
What will those children do ?

They'll have no mother's kind advice,
No mother's watchful care,
To keep them from the paths of vice,
And from the tempter's snare.

You're bidding me a last farewell,
My Mary, kind and true ;
But soon I hope to reach the clime
That you are going to.

In that fair clime there's room for all ;
And there's no parting there ;
No death, no sorrow can be found
In all that region fair !

LIFE AND DEATH.

Like leaflets in the autumn sere,
Our friends are round us falling,
And we, who still are lingering here,
But wait the Master's calling;
The chilling winds of death ere long,
Will one yb one pass o'er us,
And bear us to that buried throng
Of friends who've gone before us.

Like stars declining in the West,
One after one they're sinking
Within the silent tomb to rest,
From which we're vainly shrinking;
And we, like them, will sink ere long;
(We too are fast declining)
And soon will cease to shine among
The stars that may be shining.

Like roses which in beauty bloom,
One after one they wither,
Their beauty buried in the tomb,
For Death still bears them thither;
And we, who on the parent stem
A little while yet linger,
Will soon be snatched away, like them,
By Death's cold, icy finger.

Like streamlets from the mountain side,
Which haste to join the river,
One after one they onward glide,
With none returning ever;
And we are moving downward, too,
Down to Death's river gliding;
Our days on earth at most are few—
There's nothing here abiding

IMMORTALITY; OR, ANSWER TO LIFE AND DEATH.

The leaflets in autumn may wither and fade,
The forest be naked and bare,
The friends of our youth in the grave may be laid,
And we may be laid with them there;
But the winter will pass, and the spring will return,
And the forest again will be green,
And the faithful who sleep in Death's moldering urn
Will arise and in glory be seen.

The stars in the sky to the West may decline,
May be shrouded in darkness and gloom,
Our friends and our loved ones may languish and pine,
Or may die and be laid in the tomb;
But again the stars in the East will arise,
And bright and effulgent will shine,
And the faithful in Christ will again realize
A life that is truly divine.

The roses in beauty, which bloom for awhile,
May wither, may fade, and may die—
Our friends and companions in labor and toil
In graves all forgotten may lie;
But the season of roses again will return,
And brighter than ever they'll bloom,
And we, in the land of the blessed, shall discern
Our friends when they come from the tomb.

The stream from the mountain still downward may flow,
And our friends, like its waters, be borne
To the valley of death, and we in our woe
The lost and the loved ones may mourn;
But God in his power that stream can renew
From fountains by nature supplied—
Can raise from their graves the faithful and true,
To dwell with that Savior who died.

The rose and the leaflet may wither and fade,
The star and the streamlet may sink,
Our friends and companions may sleep in Death's shade,
And we of Grief's chalice may drink;
But let us not yield to despondence and dread—
The day star will cheer us again,
And the lost and the loved ones who sleep with the dead
Will arise and eternally reign.

I AM STANDING BY YOUR GRAVE, MARY.

Written in the Church-yard.

I'm standing by your grave, Mary,
And 'tis a lonely place;
I look upon your lowly bed,
But ne'er shall see your face—
That dear familiar face.

Three years and more have passed, Mary,
Since here they laid you down;
And life is now a wintry day,
And dark is Fortune's frown;
How dark to me that frown!

Adown the stream of Time, Mary,
Alone I'm drifting now,
And Grief still writes its marks upon
Your husband's saddened brow—
My grief and care worn brow.

I think upon my comforts dead—
Those by-gone days of yore;
But with my Mary they have fled;
And they'll return no more;
No more, no more, no more!

Our son and daughter sleep, Mary,
Hard by this marble stone;
Our tears together flowed for them,
But now I weep alone;
Alone, alone, alone!

Alone, alone I seem to be,
In this dark vale of woe;
But though you may not come to me,
Soon, soon to you I'll go;
I'll go, I'll go, I'll go!

In faith and hope I'll rest, Mary,
Whatever may betide,
'Till death shall lay my body low,
And place it by your side—
To sleep here by your side.

With faith and hope in God, I'll trust
That when Death's reign is o'er,
Then numbered with the good and just,
We'll meet to part no more;
No more, no more, no more!

HOPE DEFERRED.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh,
it is a tree of life.—*Prov. XII. 12.*

The clause before the colon read
I feel and know is true;
My heart is sick, my joys are dead,
And hope is dying too.

I hoped against e'en hope itself,
But hope has been in vain;
Against despair I nerved myself,
And scorned even to complain.

Bowed down beneath the sick'ning weight
 Of hope so long deferred,
 I strove against my hapless fate
 Without a murmuring word.

"Hope on, hope ever, still hope on,"
 My motto once I made;
 But now my last fond hope is gone,
 On which my heart was stayed.

That latter clause—oh, say! shall I
 Its truth e'er realize?
 And if I may not, then say why
 Live longer here in sighs?

What now is life when hope has fled?
 A dreary, cheerless waste,
 With clouds of sorrow overspread,
 And by their storms defaced.

Oh, that those storms might but subside,
 Those clouds of grief disperse!
 And may I feel the truth implied
 In closing of that verse.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

To a Friend.

Once I thought that Hope was dead—
 'Twas when you saw me last—
 Then Faith gave way to doubt and dread;
 But Charity stood fast.

And still the hues of Hope will fade,
 And Faith is faltering oft;
 But Charity comes to my aid,
 And bids me look aloft.

Hope faintly cheers us through life's vale,
 Faith points us to the end ;
 But Charity will never fail
 To comfort and befriend.

Both Faith and Hope must perish when
 We to the end have come ;
 But Charity will flourish then
 In an ever-blissful home.

The charity which here we have
 May somewhat selfish be ;
 But charity beyond the grave
 From selfishness is free.

Blessed Charity upbraideth not—
 Is kind, and suffereth long—
 Ne'er envieth another's lot,
 Nor doeth another wrong.

Then give me charity, I pray,
 Whatever else withheld ;
 So shall my tears be wiped away,
 And all my fears be quelled.

TO AN ABSENT SON.

Written in 1858 for an aged mother to a youthful son who had wandered away to the Land of Gold. That mother yet lives (1877), but the son, who returned in compliance with her prayer, fell amongst the thousands who fell in the great War of 1861.*

My son, my son, my youngest one,
 The source of many a joy !
 Though far away from me you've gone,
 I'll not forget my boy.

*See "The Soldier from the Kansas Line."

Though you may roam away from home,
Beneath another sky,
Or ride upon the ocean's foam,
Still, still for you I'll sigh.

Though valleys green may intervene,
And sandy deserts, too—
Though lofty mountains rise between,
My thoughts revert to you.

I have not yet, nor can forget
When, with your presence blessed,
I passed the time, ere you had set
Your face to the far West.

Nor yet can I forbear to sigh,
When I your shadow see,
To think that it is here so nigh,
And you so far from me.

That dismal day you went away
Still haunts my memory, too;
And in your letter last you say
My warning words were true.

Return, return, my son, return!
If not too great the task,
Do not my poor petition spurn—
The last I e'er may ask.

My daily prayer and wishes are,
Before I sink in death,
That God my youngest son may spare
To watch my parting breath.

But years may pass, and I, alas!
May sink into the grave,
Ere you can hurry home across
The briny ocean wave.

Once more I say, once more I pray,
That you will home return;
But if you must or will say, nay,
Still o'er my son I'll yearn.

And if it be that I shall see
Your face on earth no more,
I trust that in eternity
We'll meet and part no more.

WILLIE'S GRAVE.

Within that consecrated ground,
The village church-yard, may be found
A little tear-besprinkled mound,
Where Willie sleeps in quietness.

In Death's cold vesture now arrayed,
Beneath that mound so lately made,
A father's pride is lowly laid,
And he is left in loneliness.

A mother's earthly joys have fled—
Her only son, her Willie's dead,
And lies within that lonely bed,
A floweret pale and withering.

They see no more his cheering smile,
His presence will no more beguile
Their labors through a world of toil,
Of sorrow and of suffering.

But, oh! there is a vacant place
Within that household, and a trace
Of tears is on the mother's face,
Who weeps almost despairingly.

Grief sits a guest, with visage pale ;
But tears and sighs will ne'er avail
To bring the lost one from the vale
Where he is resting silently.

Oh, Death ! how poignant is thy sting !
Oh, Grave ! relentless, thou canst bring
The stoutest hearts to sorrowing,
And teach them all is vanity !

From out thy dark and silent urn
Dear Willie will no more return ;
And we, who here awhile sojourn,
But haste to join him rapidly.

Father and mother, mourn him not,
Though lonely now may be your lot,
And dark and gloomy is the spot
Where he is sleeping dreamlessly.

Your Willie lives beyond the grave,
For He who died the lost to save
Has borne him o'er the troubled wave,
To dwell in bright eternity !

THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL.

I came from the ocean, the deep briny ocean ;
From out of its caverns of mystery grand ;
And when it was lashed into wildest commotion
I rode on its billows and fell on the sand.

And there, 'mongst my fellows, who fell there before me,
Not long did I lie in the sunlight to rest ;
A lady passed by, and she carefully bore me
To grace a fair home in the far distant West.

And now in that home, far, far from the ocean,
 From harp and piano flow music divine ;
 But the voice within me betrays my emotion—
 The roar of the sea is the music that's mine.*

I pine for my home in the East, whence she brought me ;
 I sigh for the depths of the ocean again ;
 And the song that I sing is the one which it taught me—
 The roar of the deep and the wide-spreading main.

Mysterious links to the ocean have bound me ;
 Those links to the rolling salt waters will cling ;
 Whilst I, in the hearing of those who surround me,
 The song of the billows incessantly sing.

The foam and the sea-weed no longer enfold me ;
 To the deep coral groves I am longing to flee,
 As I sing, in the hands of the fair ones who hold me,
 The song that I learned in the depths of the sea.

And when the wild winds and the dark waves are stormy,
 More sad is my song in the evening's gloom ;
 O when will the winds and the waves come for me,
 And carry me back to my old ocean home !

WHISKY, WHISKY—'TIS A CURSE!

O whisky, whisky—'tis a curse !
 Both to the health and to the purse ;
 For nothing is or can be worse
 Than whisky.

What makes yon man run giddy round ?
 What throws him prostrate on the ground ?
 'Tis tippling, tippling—I'll be bound—
 With whisky.

*Alluding to the roaring sound of the air in the conch shell.

And if he follows up the plan,
He soon will be a ruined man;
O quit it, quit it while you can;
Quit whisky!

What makes that man which once I knew—
Then sober, honest, just and true—
What scourges him life's journey through?
'Tis whisky!

He now has left his sober ways,
And drinks, and drinks, for nights and days,
And at the gaming table plays,
For whisky.

What makes him leave his family
To visit shop and grocery,
And fool his precious time away
For whisky?

Oh, what makes poverty prevail,
The orphan weep, the widow wail?
What fills the poor-house and the jail?
'Tis whisky!

Look at yon lawyer, if you choose;
What makes him still his practice lose?
Because he does himself abuse
With whisky!

Yon preacher, too, please now behold,
Who preaches righteousness so bold;
Alas! he drinks—as I've been told—
Of whisky.

The love of God forsakes him now;
Shorn of his locks he is, I trow,
As weak as other men who bow
To whisky.

He's like the meddling candle fly,
Which plays around the danger nigh,
He burns his wings and drops to die—
Oh, whisky!

And yonder is a merchant, too,
Who once was richer than a Jew;
But he has gone to drinking, too,
Of whisky.

His riches now are wasting fast,
And will until his days are past;
For he will drink unto the last
Of whisky.

Young man, upon you now I call,
And if you do not wish to fall
Into a sin the worst of all,
Shun whisky!

And now I'm going to end my song—
And if your fortitude is strong,
Do not, I pray, your morals wrong
With whisky!

And when I've wound my subject up,
Do not so much as take a sup
From out the vile, pernicious cup
Of whisky!

A thousand, thousand youths like you,
As sober, and as honest, too,
Have waded to their graves, all through
Bad *whisky*!

INTEMPERANCE.

Throughout the whole country an evil we find,
A blighting and withering curse ;
It weakens the body, it injures the mind,
And empties the heaviest purse.

In the form of a *liquid* this evil is found,
And it flows from the "worm" of the still ;
We see its effects where e'er we look round,
And its victims, turn which way we will.

For years has this streamlet continued to flow,
From a fountain of sorrow and death ;
And the longer we drink of this streamlet of woe
The more sorrows abound in life's path.

In every age, and in every state,
Through christendom's spreading domain,
This stream leads us on, through a wide, open gate,
To regions of sorrow and pain.

'Tis used as a beverage by thousands of men,
In each and in every state,
Who drink of it now, and repent of it when,
Alack, and alas ! 'tis too late !

Then let me advise the young and the old
To touch not, nor handle the *stuff* ;
Yes, touch not at all, for I will not be told
You'll quit when you swallow enough.

The longer you drink of the poisonous stream
The sweeter the draught will appear ;
Till at length you awake, as if from a dream,
To find that your ruin is near.

And if you should then endeavor to break
The fetters with which you are bound,
You'll find, that, like Samson, you only can shake
Yourself as you lie on the ground.

Oh, had I the courage and strength, I'd assail
The drunkard of every age ;
And could I with language of truth but prevail,
I would war against drunkenness wage.

Or if the kind Muses would lend me their aid,
The gauntlet at once should be hurled ;
Nor would I give over until I had made
An end of this scourge of the world.

Just look at the multiplied thousands of men
Who have fallen the monster before !
Ah, look at the tears of the orphan, and then
At the monster still calling for more !

You hear the sad accent of that mournful wail
Which causes the tear-drop to start ;
It comes on the breeze and is borne on the gale
From many a lone widow's heart.

Let me point to the felon ; immersed in the gloom
Of a prison, shut out from the sun,
All rayless and dark, not a hope can illumine
The mind of that now guilty one.

Then go back with him to the days of his youth,
Ere drunkenness shed its sad blight,
When he walked in the pathway of justice and truth,
Nor dreamed of the fast-coming night.

I have marked the course of the drunkard full well ;
Have witnessed his rapid descent ;
And when at the shrine of dread Bacchus he fell,
Have wept at the mournful event.

I have looked on the evils of drink with concern ;
Have viewed its effects with dismay ;
And often have wondered that men do not spurn
This greatest of evils away.

When Sol in his glory has risen, and chased
The darkness and vapors away,
To the temple of Bacchus the drunkard will haste,
His daily devotion to pay.

The tavern, the grocery, the dram-shop, or still—
To one or the other he goes,
And drinks of the beverage of ruin until
The spirit exuberant flows.

As glass after glass of the *liquid* goes down,
His spirits rise higher and higher ;
He boasts of his prowess, and swaggers thro' town,
And his tongue appears never to tire.

But shortly a giddiness over him steals,
And his balance he scarcely can keep,
But backward and forward he staggers and reels,
Or tumbles down, all in a heap.

Ye temperate dram-drinkers, now look at the wretch !
Learn wisdom at once and be wise ;
See him struggle, and hiccup, and vomit, and stretch,
And look at his watery eyes !

But low as he lies, 'twas not always the case ;
He once was as temperate as you ;
But his love of the "creature" is on the increase,
And you see what it's bringing him to.

You have known him, perhaps, in days that are past,
When quite a respectable man ;
But now, with the reckless inebriate classed,
He is sinking as fast as he can.

Yes, low he has sunk into shame and disgrace,
And he feels the sharp pang of remorse,
As he sees in the bottle the shadowy face
Of Death on the pale-colored horse.

Not long since the time when he was possessed
Of a character noted for good ;
And those who then knew him considered him blest,
But they saw not the ground where he stood.

They saw not the gulf that was yawning so wide,
Nor the stream that was bearing him on ;
They saw not the ebb, nor the flow of the tide,
Nor the whirlpool to which he was drawn.

They little imagined the danger that lurked
Within the enlivening bowl ;
Nor saw with what cunning the tempter had worked
To ruin a high-minded soul.

They saw not that habit was doubling her chain,
So slyly as not to be seen ;
Nor knew that his custom had latterly been
With dram-drinking crowds to convene.

But time passed along, and a change was perceived
In his habits and business pursuits ;
His friends were offended, his kindred were grieved,
And he was involved in disputes.

His wife and his children soon felt the sad change,
And begged him with tears to refrain ;
But though he will promise, it seems passing strange
He cannot or will not abstain.

His property, too, but a short time ago,
Was ample enough to secure
A home and its comforts, with some to bestow
Upon the unfortunate poor.

But now it is wasting—indeed it is gone—
 For scarcely a pittance remains ;
 His wife and his children are struggling on,
 And he is still hugging his chains.

That beautiful homestead is not their home now—
 A stranger possesses those lands ;
 'Tis gone, and forever, and if you ask how :
 ' *Twas to pay the dram-seller's demands.*

Misfortunes have crowded upon him apace ;
 Gone now reputation and friends—
 Respect for himself, contentment and peace,
 And all that on virtue attends.

He once passed along, independent and bold,
 In garments both decent and clean ;
 But since by his appetite he is controlled,
 He's often ashamed to be seen.

In vain may his wife use endeavors to keep
 His linen in decent repair ;
 He's oft in the mud and the mire so deep,
 No wonder she yields to despair.

The best and the kindest of husbands he's been ;
 The kindest of fathers and friends ;
 But low he has fallen by one baleful sin,
 And lower and lower he tends.

A still lower deep, as great Milton has said,
 Is waiting to swallow him up ;
 Soon will he be numbered amongst the pale dead,
 A victim, alas ! to the *cup*.

His family often awaits his return,
 And look for his coming with dread ;
 Experience has taught them too well to discern
 The storm ere it bursts overhead.

And when he returns, if you could be there
And see the abusive insults
Which he heaps upon them, you would surely forswear
The bottle, and shun its results.

His ravings and cursings, enough to induce
A person to think him insane,
Are but part of the fruits which drink will produce,
And others still follow in train.

His heart and his conduct appear to be changed,
And changed the whole course of his life ;
His better affections have all been estranged,
And evil affections are rife.

But when he at length to drowsiness gives way,
And falls on a mattress to sleep,
Oh, pity the wife and the children, for they
O'er a husband and father now weep.

They weep o'er the ruin that whisky has wrought,
Look back on the past in despair ;
They look to the future, but there they see naught
To brighten the prospect so drear

When morning shines round him, he rises, tho' late,
Half wakened to reason again ;
Accused by his conscience, he curses his fate,
And his head is now aching with pain.

A thirst on his vitals is preying, no doubt,
A strange and unnatural thirst,
Engendered by drinking, and all brought about
By not taking heed at the first.

His reason condemns him for what he has done ;
Alas ! he feels humbled enough ;
And half way resolves hereafter to shun
The poisonous, detestable *stuff*.

But, ah, he has made the same promise before,
A hundred of thousand times told ;
And once, I believe, although I'm not sure,
His name on the pledge was enrolled.

He pledges his word but to break it again—
A slave to the appetites now—
His purpose so weak he cannot abstain,
Though bound by the Nazarite's vow.

But the cause of his failure lies mostly in this :
He trusts in a strength of his own ;
Like Samson, his locks have been shorn from his face,
And his strength has departed and gone.

Though shorn of his locks and deprived of his sight,
Would he suffer himself to be led,
And lean for support on omnipotent might,
He could conquer through heavenly aid.

'Tis heavenly aid alone that can save
The wretch from the drunkard's hard fate ;
'Tis that which can free the inebriate slave,
And give hope to the now desolate.

Like one that lies down in the midst of the sea,
Or one on the top of a mast,
Destruction yawns round him, no port can he see,
And the storm-cloud is gathering fast.

On the wide stormy sea of intemperance he
Is driven still further from shore ;
And the storm seems to howl in his ear the decree
That he ne'er shall return any more.

The comparison view, by King Solomon made ;
How forcible 'tis and how true ;
And in this, our day, it is worse, I'm afraid,
Than it was in the days of the Jew.

The many strong drinks invented since then
Have deepened and widened the stream ;
And spirits distilled are more poisonous to men
Than fermented drinks, it would seem.

Like one on the top of a mast, sound asleep,
While billows are rolling below,
Unconscious, he nears the abyss, dark and deep,
Where drunkards are destined to go.

Though smitten and stricken, he feels not the pain
That in kindness is given to heal ;
He wakes not, or waking, he seeks yet again
In sleep his sad fate to conceal.

Then leaving him thus in his perilous sleep,
As he drifts on the ocean so wide,
By his fate let us profit, and evermore keep
Far away from the treacherous tide.

Oh, let us not look on the wine when 'tis red,
When its color appears in the cup,
When it moveth itself like a serpent of dread,
For a fang will be found in each sup.

Its beginnings are smooth and deceitful, I know,
And promise us pleasures ahead ;
But, oh, let me tell you, the further you go
The rougher the path you must tread.

There's a way, and that way to man seemeth right,
But Solomon says, and with truth,
That its end is the way of death and dark night ;
Then shun it, oh, shun it in youth!

Wine, wine is a mocker! and what is strong drink ?
'Tis raging and rages indeed ;
And deceived ones are lead to destruction's dark brink—
But he who is wise will take heed.

If sinners entice thee, consent not, my son,
For their feet haste to evil and death ;
Walk not in the pathway in which they may run,
But thy footsteps refrain from their path.

And now, in the end, let me say, once for all,
There's an evil abroad in the land ;
And hundreds and thousands do stumble and fall
Who otherwise proudly might stand.

Forbid it, oh, Heavenly Father ! forbid
That the streamlet shall ever increase ;
But, oh, dry it up, and let us instead
See a river of plenty and peace !



POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND HUMOROUS.

THE PROBLEM.

A youth, when verging on nineteen—
One that by all was counted green,
 An awkward, gawky lad—
A lady's age once chanced to ask,
For which she gave him such a task
 As youngster never had.

“My age,” said she, “I will not tell;
But if you're skilled in numbers well,
 As I suppose you are,
I'll give you data whence you may
Obtain my age unto a day;
 And that, you'll own, is fair.

“First let its cube be added to
Six times my age, and then add you
 Four times its square to that;
Then let the whole be multiplied
By once my age, and then you add
 Four times my age to that.

“Then, since you're nineteen years of age,
Add eight times that, and I'll engage
 The whole amount will be
Half a million, neither more nor less;
Now, if you tell my age, I guess
 You'll be the boy for me.”

That green one studied night and day
In Fowler, Smiley, Smith, and Ray,
 But no such question found ;
He strung out figures by the yard,
But still the problem was so hard
 He couldn't square it round.

But still resolved to persevere,
He worked for nearly half a year,
 And made the answer plain ;
And when he'd solved the problem true
(A problem which I give to you),
 She heard from him again.

Said he: " My dear Miss W.,
You didn't know what I could do ;
 And now you're fairly caught ;
I am the boy for you, although
From these here figures now I know
 You're older than I thought.

" We both have been deceived for once ;
You thought that you had met a dunce,—
 One of the many Greens ;
While I myself was wrong in this :
I took you for a bashful miss,
 Not yet beyond the teens.

" But I'm the boy for you, I guess ;
So hurry up your wedding dress,
 We'll make an even trade ;
You've got the " boot " in age, but I
In height and weight ; so let us tie
 The bargain that you made."

THE FISHERMAN'S LAWSUIT.

'Mongst all the subjects of doubt and dispute,
Did you ever hear tell of the fisher's lawsuit—
Where John was the plaintiff, and Peter defended—
And how it began and how it was ended?

To tell the tale, then, as 'twas told unto me :
One Peter Boncure lived hard by the sea ;
This Peter, 'tis said, was a fisher by trade,
And by plying that calling, his living he made.

The catching of fish was all his employ ;
Nothing else did he ever molest or destroy ;
He was honest and friendly, and kind to the poor—
A very good name had this Peter Boncure.

One day, as he walked along the sea-side,
With hook and with line, and with bait well supplied,
He heard, as he thought, a cry of distress,
And quickening his steps, he ran to the place.

And when he had searched the place all around,
He saw a poor man, who, apparently drowned,
Deep down in the water, lay still as a stone,
Nor stirred hand or foot, nor uttered a groan.

That the man to the surface again might arise,
His hook and his line with a will Peter plies,
And soon to the margin the body he drew ;
When who should it be, but his neighbor John Blue.

And while he was thinking how best to proceed,
With this, his poor friend, in a time of great need,
He saw, to his sorrow, and to his surprise,
That his hook had hooked out one of his eyes.

However, persuaded that still he might live,
He proceeded still further assistance to give;
He bled him, and rubbed him, and rolled him about
Till he saw him recov'ring beyond any doubt.

To his cottage he took him, and put him to bed;
And in less than a week, if the truth must be said—
Except in the loss of his eye and the wound—
Friend John was as well as before he was drowned.

But when he was able to walk out again,
He felt the loss of his eye very plain,
And, forgetting past favors, as many still do,
Talked loud of his loss, and of damages, too.

'Twas Peter's fish-hook that had made him half blind,
And to sue him for damage he made up his mind;
Went straight to a lawyer, and sued a writ out,
Which Peter was summoned to answer about.

Poor Peter felt vexed, as any one would,
But defended the matter as well as he could:
Said the damage was done, but without his intent—
In fact and in truth, 'twas a pure accident.

His conscience felt easy, he said, on that score;
Ill fortune alone was to blame, he felt sure;
And that John should be willing, when death was so
nigh,
To purchase his life with the loss of an eye.

He admitted John's loss was great and severe,
But said he would always assert without fear
That a man who can show but one eye in his head
Is better, much better, than one that is dead.

In answer to this, the defendant's fine speech,
John said no authority within all his reach,
No law nor no custom on earth could be found
To put a man's eye out because he was drowned.

No emperor, king, or a senator sage,
No people or nation, in any dark age,
Had ever permitted, by force or surprise,
One neighbor to put out the next neighbor's eyes.

The damage to him was so very severe
As to equal at least a hundred a year ;
'Twas that he demanded, and Pete should comply,
Or else give him back his identical eye.

The arguments brought the Judge into a strait—
'Twas hard to decide which had the most weight ;
The lawyers all, too, appeared at a stand
Which way to decide on the matter in hand,
Till a half-witted boy, who was present by chance,
Asked leave of the court his thoughts to advance,
And said: "'Tis as plain as the nose on your face,
And I never would want a less difficult case.

"The case may be novel, although it is plain ;
Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again :
The plea of the plaintiff rests on this one fact,
That Peter proceeded with so little tact,
And handled his hook in so awkward a way
As to ruin John's looks, for which he claims pay.

"And now, please your honor, just listen to me :
Let the plaintiff once more be sunk in the sea,
And when he has lain there as long as before,
Then give him permission to come to the shore ;
And if he succeeds, and gets out alone,
Safe, sound, and undamaged why, then be it known
That Peter must pay all the damages claimed,
However so little by others he's blamed ;
But if, after struggling and flouncing about,
John drowns in the water and never gets out,
Why, then it is justice, as all will admit,
That the court should at once the defendant acquit."

The Judge thanked the boy for his logical view,
And was charging the jury in accordance to do,
When the plaintiff in action cut short the dispute
By saying, "Please your honor, *I withdraw the suit!*"

DORR MORRISON'S RIDE; OR, JOHN GILPIN
THE II.

Tom Thompson was a soldier bold,
As bold as bold can be,
And in the famous Kansas wars,
A captain then was he.

He marched across Missouri's line,
To Kansas with his men,
But when he found old Sumner there,
He marched them back again.

Through fair Paola they returned,
With armor shining bright,
And when a little space beyond,
They halted for the night.

And there they fought their battles o'er,
Their merit to enhance,
And boasted what they would have done,
If they had had a chance.

Now Thompson's men were heroes all,
The bravest in the land,
To hear them talk, you would have thought
No foe could them withstand.

But there was one surpassing brave—
The world scarce ever saw
A braver than Dorr Morrison,
The captain's son-in-law.

He louder talked, and boasted more
Than any one beside—
Could he but meet the Yankees, sure,
The Yankee woe betide.

'Twas thus the hours passed away ;
Each felt heroic flame—
And sank to sleep, perhaps to dream
Of military fame.

Next morn the captain called the roll
As soon as it was day,
And said, "I'll tell you what, my boys,
We'd better get away.

"For Reid has burned that Yankee town,
That Osso-what's-its-name,*
A few miles down the country here—
You saw the smoke and flame.

"And now the Yankee tribe will come,
And be avenged on us
Unless we get away from them,
And so escape the muss."

Then spoke Dorr Morrison, the brave :
"Just let the Yankees come!
We'll give 'em hail Columbia, sure,
And send 'em back to hum!

"Just let 'em come, the coward slaves,
From Abolition's den;
We'll whip 'em, though they're ten to one
'Gainst our pro-slavery men!"

But Thompson couldn't see it so ;
Said he, "The better plan
Is not to stay and risk a fight,
But march while march we can."

*Usawatomie.

The baggage train, consisting of
A wagon drawn by mules,
Was hurried off in their advance,
For that was marching rules.

And hastily their horses now
Are caught and saddled all,
And they await the word to mount,
And into column fall.

Their faces all are homeward turned,
And, willingly or not,
They mount their horses at the word,
And set off on a trot.

But there was Harry Whack McCrack,
And Hink I Donowho,
Who lagged behind, and in the fog
Were hidden from the view.

And then these two mischievous boys,
To have a little fun,
Resolved to give their friends a scare,
And see if they could run.

So Harry primed his arms afresh,
And Hinkley followed suit,
Then fired their guns and pistols off,
As fast as they could shoot.

They couldn't see from out the fog
The effect on those before,
But the clattering of their horses' feet
Was like the thunder's roar.

Upon the morning's balmy air
The thundering echoes broke ;
While Hinkley screamed and called aloud,
" Stop ! stop ! 'tis all a *joke*."

They heard him not, they heeded not,
But hurried on apace,
While Hink and Harry hurried too,
Like men who rode a race.

'Twas "helter-skelter," man and horse,
O'er hill and over plain,
As fast and faster moving still
They whipped and spurred amain.

They soon o'ertook the baggage-train—
The driver whipping too,
For he had heard the din behind,
And knew not what to do.

"Save, save yourself!" Dorr Morris cried—
For he was now before—
"A thousand Yankees just behind!
A thousand, if no more."

The driver took him at his word—
He cut the hame-string square,
And mounting on the nearest mule,
He left the other there.

Thus on they rode to Dashman's farm,
Where dwelt a widowed squaw—
For they were on the Indian lands,
The lands of the Wea.*

But some were falling now behind—
Their horses were in fault;
So Thompson raised his voice aloud,
And called his men to halt.

Said he, "We'll stop and fortify;
And if they come—why, then
We'll fight, and do the best we can;
We'll fight, my boys, like men.

*We-aw.

“ See here, this smoke-house, good and strong ;
Of that we'll make a fort,
And if the Yankees should attack,
We'll give a good report.”

Into the meat-house then they crowd—
'Twas full from roof to floor
Of living flesh—not salted down ;
But in a pickle, sure.

For when the doors were closed and barred,
And fastened round about,
They found themselves within the fort,
And all their guns without.*

But where are Hink and Harry now ?
They're bringing up the rear ;
Slow following upon the track,
And soon they will be there.

At first they rode with all their speed,
Their horses on the strain,
To overtake the flying host—
But, ah, 'twas all in vain !

Yet still they kept pursuing on,
And followed the retreat,
But every moment fainter grew
The sound of horses' feet.

“ Where will they stop ? ” said Hink, at last ;
“ D'ye think they ever will ? ”
“ I think, perhaps,” said Whack McCrack,
“ They'll stop at Pleasant Hill.

“ For they are now like Gilpin's horse—
They'll run till they reach town.”
Said Hink, “ Perhaps, like Yankee clocks,
They'll stop when they've run down.”

*That part some of them deny.

Thus riding on, they came at length
To where the baggage-train
Had been abandoned on the road,
And then they drew the rein.

Said Harry, "Here is trouble, now ;
I fear we've played the fool—
We've got Van Higgin's wagon here,
And Duncomb's favorite mule.

"And though they're on the road toward home,
They're on it like to stay—
And though they hold their tongues, they speak,
And plainly seem to say,

"That we must cover the retreat,
And take the baggage through ;
Or else, perhaps, we'll have to pay
For mule and wagon too."

Dismounting then, they harnessed up
Hink's horse behind the mule,
And travelled leisurely along,
To let their horses cool.

And now the fog had cleared away—
And when they came in view,
The men within the smoke-house saw
And recognized the two.

"'Tis Hink and Harry, safe and sound—
The baggage-wagon, too !
Why, boys, we thought you both were killed ;
Come, tell us how you do."

But when the boys began to laugh,
And said 'twas all a *joke*,
Oh, what a mighty storm of wrath
Forth from the captain broke.

He made for Harry with his gun,
And vowed in angry strain,
That he who laughed at such a joke
Should never laugh again.

But soon, this hurly-burly o'er,
They took a calm survey,
And counted up the loss and gain
Of that eventful day.

Of killed and wounded on the field
They found that there were none,
And of the missing it appeared
That there was only one.

The brave Dorr Morris answered not—
The reason why was clear :
When Thompson gave the word to halt,
Dorr Morris failed to hear.

But on, and onward still he rode,
With unbated speed ;
And still he plied the whip and spurs
Upon his panting steed.

He rode as for a mighty stake—
The issue life or death—
Until he crossed Missouri's line,
And then he stopped for breath.

He paused, and looked behind to see
Who followed in his rear ;
Well pleased he was to find that all
The coast around was clear.

Not long he tarried there to breathe ;
He bounded forward still—
For though 'twas thirty miles away,
His goal was Pleasant Hill.

At every farmer's house he passed,
He raised his voice and said :
" The Yankee's come! the Yankee's come!
And half our men are dead!

" And all the rest surrounded are,
Back at the Dashman farm ;
And I *alone* escaped to give
And spread the dread alarm !

" Call every brave pro-slavery man,
And go to their rescue ;
I'm riding now with an express,
Or I'd go back with you.

" Arise, ye brave Missourians !
The War has just begun ;
And when the call for soldiers comes,
Then count me in for one! "

Through Morristown and Harrisville
The flying hero rode—
The trump of war had sounded sure,
And loud that trump he blew.

And every time he told the tale
More wild and strange it grew ;
So wild and strange that some, at least,
Could scarce believe it true.

But Morris had an evidence—
A fight there sure had been—
He showed the hat upon his head,
A bullet-hole therein.

But still they wondered how it came
That leaden ball had sped
Right through the middle of his hat,
And yet had missed his head !

Perhaps his hair had raised the hat
So high from off his pate
That there was left a passage for
That messenger of fate.

Dorr Morris had no time to waste ;
He hurried onward still,
And long before the noon of day,
He got to Pleasant Hill.

Meanwhile the fearful tidings flew,
And spread from side to side,
And men and boys were hurrying
To check the coming tide.

They hurried toward the Indian Land,
In squads of two or more,
And such a reinforcing time
We never saw before.

Tom Thompson and his heroes brave,
Upon their journey home,
Met reinforcements every mile,
And still, and still they come!

But Morrison had rode so far,
And rode so fast to town
His horse at least, if not himself,
Was run completely down.

So, like a Yankee clock, he stopped
And would no longer run ;
And I, like him, will stop, for now
My yarn I've fully spun.

ACROSTICS AND OTHER SHORT POEMS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Written for a Young Friend. In which the name is found by reading the first letters, either from top or bottom to the centre.

Just what I am, or what I'll be,
Appears a mystery to me—
My mind so often changes;
Even while I plan for future weal,
Some turn of fickle Fortune's wheel
My plan of life deranges;
Sometimes I feel myself a blank,
The semblance of some broken plank,
Upon an ocean driven;
Like vessel tossed, and floating on
Till driven finally upon
Sahara's desert even.

Sahara's burning sands the while
To fairy lands will change, and smile
Like fields of fair Elysian,
Until, like Selkirk, I can say,
The monarch of a grand survey,
So fair to Fancy's vision;
Monarch like, I think my name
Shall stand upon the scroll of fame,
Enrolled in letters gleaming—
May stand perhaps almost as high
As Washington's—oh, Jemmy, fie!
Just wake, for you are dreaming.

ACROSTIC.

Written for Mary Burton.

My thoughts are soaring as a dove
Away to worlds on-high;
Rising, they mount and soar above
Yon azure vaulted sky.

But though my thoughts, on Fancy's wings,
Up to the highest star ascends
Reality as often brings
Those thoughts to earth and earthly things;
Or warm affection fondly clings
Near to my earthly home and friends.

ACROSTIC.

To Mary E. J. Burton.

May I govern my passions and keep them subdued,
And never be vicious, intemperate, or rude;
Resolving, whatever on earth may betide,
Youth or age shall not tempt me from justice aside.

Encompassed by snares in the journey of life,
Just grant me, kind Providence, freedom from strife;
By the rivers of peace may I journey along,
United to friends and beguiled by their song;
Renouncing the world, with its fashions and pride,
To the home of the blessed may I cross o'er the tide—
O'er the Jordan of Death may I peacefully go—
No fears to disturb, though the banks overflow.

ACROSTIC.

Written as an Autograph in the Album of Mollie Johnson.

Misfortunes dark may gather round
 Our fragile bark, now homeward bound—
 Let not their winds detain us;
 Life's stormy sea will soon be past—
 In heavenly ports, when anchored fast,
 Earth's conflicts will not pain us.

Jerusalem, thy mansions bright—
 Our home above in realms of light—
 Home of the blessed forever;
 Not all the storms that darken day
 Should cause our footsteps to delay,
 Or turn our feet from out the way;
 No, never, never, never!

ACROSTIC.

Written in the Album of Miss J. Franklin.

Just think, when e'er these lines you see,
 Upon what great uncertainty
 Depends our comfort here;
 In all of life's vicissitudes,
 Through crowded streets and solitudes,
 How great are our disquietudes—
 Forever filled with fear.
 Renounce the world and worldly bliss,
 And seek a higher sphere than this,
 Nor seek beneath the sky;
 Know that beyond this vale of tears,
 Lit up by joy, a home appears,
 In which the good, through endless years,
 No longer fear to die.

ACROSTIC—DOUBLE.

Many a tide may ebb and flow,
 All my friends may me forsake;
 Rolling waves may come and go,
 Tempest-tossed my vessel break;
 If the captain by me stand,
 Naught I'll fear, naught I'll fear;
 Resting on his promise sure,
 I, amid the tempest's roar,
 Calmly view the distant shore—
 Ever clear, ever clear.
 Evening shades around may close,
 Cold and dark the night come on—
 I shall calmly then repose,
 Resting till the day shall dawn;
 Numbered with my buried friends,
 I shall rest, sweetly rest,
 Till the night of death is o'er;
 Rising then aloft I'll soar,
 And find a home on yonder shore,
 'Mongst the blest, 'mongst the blest.

PARODY ON A WELL-KNOWN HYMN.

Could I but see my pathway clear
 From out this land of sighs,
 I fain would quit this sorrowing sphere,
 And seek a heavenly prize.

 Though sinful men their wars may wage,
 With banners wide unfurled,
 I'll smile at their impotent rage,
 And seek a better world.

Should Death in all his terrors come,
It would not me appall ;
'Twould take me to a better home,
Where God is all in all.

There shall my weary, way-worn soul
Bask in eternal rest,
And waves of sorrow no more roll
Across an aching breast.

THE MOON.

Written for a Prize at a School Examination.

To write, when I consented to,
I had no subject in my view,
On which to try my hand ;
And for a subject, when I sought,
I found myself in trouble caught,
For not an idea or a thought
Would come at my command.

Imagination's pleasures wild, '
Then Nature's works, my thoughts beguiled,
And Education, too ;
Knowledge and Truth, with aspect bold,
And Eloquence, their claims unrolled ;
But all of these were worn and old ;
I wanted something new.

While pondering these things at night,
And sitting in the pale moonlight,
I felt my bosom thrill ;
I saw the Moon in splendor ride
Through fleecy clouds in stately pride,
And thought that nothing else beside
Would suit me half so well.

The Moon my subject, then, will be—
The Moon, which over earth and sea,
 Has ever ruled the night ;
The Moon, which regulates the tides,
And into months the year divides ;
Which, ever changing, still abides,
 Fixed in its orbit bright.

Since first creation's work was done,
It has the self-same journey run,
 And shown the self-same face ;
It shines on us as first it shone
On Adam, when he stood alone,
Ere he had sinned, or death was known,
 To mar his happiness.

Its pale, its mild, its pitying face
Has looked on all of Adam's race
 For near six thousand years ;
Far in the East, beyond the wave,
It shone on Abel's new-made grave,
And looked from out the blue concave,
 Just as it now appears.

And when the waters overflowed
The ancient world, and Noah rode
 Upon a deluge wild,
The Moon, still in its monthly race,
Looked down upon that watery waste,
And saw reflected there the face
 Which so serenely smiled.

On Sodom and Gomorrah, too,
It shone, as it is wont to do,
 With mild and placid face ;
But when its monthly round was run,
And on the plain again it shone,
Those crowded cities both were gone,
 And a sea was in their place.

Three thousand years have passed away,
But still, until the present day,
 The Moon yet shines as bright
Upon the dark and sluggish sea
As when the land was proud and free,
And will till earth has ceased to be,
 And Time shall take its flight.

It shines upon the pyramid,
As thousand years ago it did,
 With pale and silv'ry light ;
It looked upon those structures then,
And saw them builded by the men
Whose names, for centuries, have been
 Lost and forgotten quite.

It shone on Thebes and Memphis, too,
Before to wealth those cities grew ;
 It saw them rise and fall ;
And now it shines on arid plains,
Where naught of wealth or pride remains,
But desolation ever reigns,
 Amid those ruins all.

It shone on Babylon, the fair,
Upon the hanging-garden, there,
 Beside the willow-trees ;
It shone on Nineveh, the great,
When Jonah preached the awful fate,
The coming doom, which did await
 On its iniquities.

But Ruin's hand has passed them o'er ;
Long since they sank, to rise no more—
 Their sites we scarce can know ;
But yet the Moon has ne'er forgot
To shine upon each lonely spot,
To desolation rudely brought,
 As prophets did foreshow.

Long did the Grecian temples gleam,
Touched by the pale, unwarming beam
Which did their spires illumine ;
It shone upon the Roman world,
Their conquering banners when unfurled,
And paled when Nero's torch was hurled,
The city to consume.

While rolling ages passed away,
The Moon shone on America,
Unknown to all the East ;
It shone upon those goodly lands
From eastern shore to western strands,
Upon the roving Indian bands,
And on the savage beast.

And when the hardy Genoese
Adventured over unknown seas,
In quest of India's shore,
The Moon then shone, in silver pale,
Upon the vessel's wide-spread sail,
And saw it wafted by the gale
The wide Atlantic o'er.

It shone upon that little flock
Of pilgrims, who, on Plymouth Rock,
Debarked from off the waves ;
Three hundred years and more have fled ;
Those pilgrims now are with the dead,
But still the Moon her light will shed
Upon their unknown graves.

Like to the cloud Elijah saw,
That little flock did larger grow,
And larger still increased,
Till now it spreads from shore to shore,
And numbers millions o'er and o'er ;
And still the Moon shines, as of yore,
On *all*, from West to East.

When Washington did nobly dare
 To cross the raging Delaware,
 The Moon was shining then;
 It shone upon the hero's brow,
 It shone on Trenton then as now,
 And saw the British Lion bow
 To freedom-loving men.

Once, only once, since time began,
 That orb has harkened unto man,
 To stay its daily race;
 When Joshua, the son of Nun,
 Commanded, both the Moon and Sun
 Stood still, until his work was done,
 Nor hastened to their place.

One consolation here I know:
 When I am called by Death to go,
 And leave a world of care,
 Though friends may shun the spot where I
 Am doomed in the cold ground to lie,
 The Moon majestic from on-high,
 Will shine in pity there.

THE ORPHAN'S LOT.

Recited at a School Exhibition, Feb., 1872.

Permit me, friends and teacher kind,
 To-night to speak my woes:
 The sorrows of an orphan's mind
 No favored mortal knows.

I had a father once, who died—
 I well remember how ;*
 An orphan, drifting on life's tide,
 I have no father now.

*See "The Exodus of '63, or Order Number 11."

He fell amongst the thousands, who,
In the great War, were slain ;
And we who loved a father true
Will see him ne'er again.

He sleeps within an humble grave,
Where roses sometimes bloom ;
Those flowerets cheer me as they wave,
But leave my heart in gloom.

He left me to a mother's care,
A mother kind and true ;
We were the objects of her prayers,
Her toils and watchings, too.

She led me on the thorny road,
The thorny road of life ;
She told me of a bright abode
Beyond this vale of strife.

And she has reached that bright abode,
Beyond the shores of time ;
And we, upon life's rugged road,
Press on toward that clime.

Her hand no longer points the way,
No longer smooths my brow ;
Sad orphan 'mongst my school-mates gay,
I have no mother now.

I'm fatherless, I'm motherless,
No parent's guiding hand
To lead me through life's wilderness,
Where dangers thickly stand.

But brother John and I, alas !
With sister Rosalie,
Sad orphans through the world must pass,
For orphans sad are we.

Ye who by fortune have been blessed,
Upbraid and blame me not ;
You little know what woes are pressed
On the poor orphan's lot.

You have not been compelled, as I,
To give your dearest treasures up ;
You ne'er have seen your mother die,
Nor drank the orphan's bitter cup.

But I must not with envy look
On those more favored far than I ;
'Twas God who gave, 'twas He who took,
And to His will I'll bow, or try.

May you, my school-mates, never know
The griefs and sorrows I have known ;
Ne'er be bereft of friends below,
And left as orphans, sad and lone.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Oh, why did you wake me up, mamma ?
I would have slept all day ;
For I had a pleasant dream, mamma,
Of our home so far away.

I thought that we were there again,
My brother John and me ;
And we wandered up and down the lane,
And played by the cherry-tree.

And there was little George, mamma,
With the hat he used to wear ;
And I saw his little brother, too,
And Jake and Lizzie there.

We climbed the orchard fence, mamma,
And ranged the orchard through;
And picked the large, red apples up,
Just like we used to do.

And then we went to grandma's house—
The big, white house, you know;
And my grandma took me in her arms,
And would not let me go.

And then I thought my grandma cried,
And called me orphan child;
But then I kissed my grandma till
She wiped her eyes and smiled.

And then we went back home, mamma,
To that small house of ours;
And went into the garden there,
Amongst the pretty flowers.

And who do you think I saw, mamma?
It was my own dear pa;
And I felt so happy then, although
'Twas but a dream I saw.

For I know that he is dead, mamma—
For him you weep and grieve;
For he was killed, you know, mamma,
The day we had to leave.*

But I thought that he was there, mamma,
And he took me on his knee,
And kissed us as he used to do,
My little sis and me.

And I thought he sang to us, mamma,
The song he used to sing;
And then I went with you and him
Down to the willow spring.

*See poem "Order No. 11."

But you have waked me up, mamma,
And we are far away ;
Oh, shall we not go back again
To that dear home some day ?

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Written in the latter part of 1863, and published in the *Lexington Union*.

Alone I've returned to the home whence expelled
By "Order Eleven," from Kansas ;
And here, in this home, by my feelings impelled,
I sigh as I'm penning these stanzas.

In the home which I builded I sit alone quite,
Or walk through its rooms in sad silence ;
And I think of the time when my skies were all bright,
Ere the land had been covered with violence.

I look on my hearth-stone, so cheerless and cold,
And my eyes as I look become tearful,
As I think of the past, and the happy household
Who once met around it, so cheerful.

In vain I may look for that household to-day,
In vain search the orchard or wildwood ;
My motherless children are now far away
From the scenes of their earliest childhood.

I look on the landscape, so changed and defaced,
And the farms, all to ruin fast hasting ;
The fruits of my labors, abandoned in haste,
I find are now wasted or wasting.

I look through my windows on farms lying waste,
The homes of my once happy neighbors,
Whose houses and orchards are torn and defaced,
And spoiled are the fruits of their labors.

But some of those neighbors I'll see here no more—
I laid them in beds dark and gory*—
But when I have quitted this blood-crimsoned shore,
I hope I shall meet them in glory.

Hard, hard is the fate of an exile from home,
And hard is our lot among strangers ;
Wherever we wander, wherever we roam,
We're looked on as Quantrell's bush-rangers.

What though we have suffered at bush-whackers' hands,
Or bled in the cause of the Union,
Because from the haunt of those bush-whacking bands,
We're counted as if in communion.

But I must away now, and leave here with pain—
This wreck of my earthly Elysian ;
And when I have left it, perhaps ne'er again
Will this home greet my organs of vision.

YOU'VE SUNG OF GREENLAND'S MOUNTAINS.

Written in June, 1861.

You've sung of Greenland's Mountains,
You've sung it many a time ;
Of Afric's sunny fountains,
And India's sultry clime ;
And of the night of error
That reigns o'er heathen lands,
And called on many a hearer
To lend them helping hands.

You've sung the lavish kindness
Of Heaven, bestowed in vain
Where superstitious blindness
Supreme appeared to reign ;

*See poem "Order No. 11."

And thought that men enlightened,
In favored lands like this,
Should send to men benighted
The lamp of gospel peace.

Alas! alas! what better
Is our condition now?
We're bound as with a fetter,
And to an idol bow;
That lamp of Christian kindness,
Which we would send afar,
Has, by our foolish blindness,
Been quenched in Civil War.

Now we, instead of bowing
To wood and stone as they,
To bloody Mars are vowing,
And vows to him we pay;
Oh, that some Christian herald
Would come to us from far,
And save a land imperilled
By this intestine War!

No Juggernaut more bloody,
No worship more absurd,
Than that whose votaries study
To conquer by the sword—
A brother's hand imbruing
Deep in a brother's blood;
Not worse are heathens doing
Beyond the ocean's flood.

Waft not, ye winds, the story,
Nor bear the news abroad
To nations aged and hoary,
That we've forsaken God—
That this, our favored nation,
A land of Christians called,
Can rush on desolation,
And meet it unappalled.

Oh! that the Lord in kindness
Would visit us again,
Would heal a nation's blindness,
And o'er the nations reign ;
That War and tumult ceasing,
The North and South might meet,
With peace and love increasing,
And bow at Jesus' feet !



POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND SCRIPTURAL.

ABRAHAM'S LAMENT.

And Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her.—*Genesis*.

My fair princess is no more !
Tranquilly she sleeps in death,
And her loss I now deplore,
While amongst the sons of Heth,
Far from all my kindred friends,
I sojourn.
In and through a stranger's land
We have wandered hand in hand,
But by her lifeless form I stand
Now to mourn,

Wanderer from the land of Ur,
Far beyond Euphrates' flood,
I am but a pilgrim here,
With no permanent abode—
The graves of all my kindred race
Far away.
Where shall Sarah's dust repose ?
Where shall mine, when at the close
I seek relief from all life's woes
In the clay ?

God forbid that I should lay
Sarah in a stranger's tomb !
At my death that stranger may
Refuse to give my body room ;
But to buy a resting-place
I propose.

Oh for a cave or sepulcher!
Where I can lay my princess dear,
And know that I shall rest with her
At life's close.

It was at Jehovah's call,
That we left our native land;
He who sees and governs all—
He it was who gave command,
Promising to give to us,
And our seed,
The land which he would bring us to;
And, as God is ever true,
I have faith that he will do
As he said.

Though the days may tarry long,
Though my sons may be oppressed,
Though the chain of bondage strong
On their aching limbs be pressed,
Yet the time will surely come;
(For I learn
Three generations must decay,
Four hundred years must pass away,)
When God will visit them, and they
Will return;

Return unto this goodly land,
The land o'er which I roam,
And all the region I have scanned
Shall be their future home;
Numerous as the stars of heaven
They shall be;
Throughout the land, from east to west,
The sons of Abraham shall rest,
And all the nations shall be blessed
Then in me.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

PART I.

'Twas long ago, in Egypt's land—
Of travellers there came a band,
 Ten brothers all they were;
Before the ruler of the land
Those travellers approach and stand,
 And make obeisance there.

The ruler knew those brothers then,
For *he* was brother to the ten,
 Although they knew him not;
For they had sold him long ago,
When he was but a youth, and, lo!
 He was to Egypt brought.

They thought that he was yet a slave,
Or else that he was in the grave,
 Or drowned within the sea;
He made himself to them so strange,
Besides so great had been the change,
 They little thought 'twas he.

“ From what far country have ye sped,
And wherefore have you come ? ” he said,
 “ I fain would understand;
Ye look as if ye might be spies—
Perhaps you come to realize
 How naked is the land ? ”

“ We came from Canaan's land,” they said,
“ And we have come to purchase bread,
 Our families to feed;
True men, we all thy servants are—
The sons of one man living there;
 We are no spies, indeed.”

“Nay, nay,” the ruler then replied,
“Your answers prove that you have lied,
For you are surely spies ;
I know ye are a Syrian band,
And you have come to spy the land,
And come in this disguise.”

“Indeed, my lord, we spake the truth ;
We’ve dwelt in Canaan from our youth,
And hard has been our lot ;
Twelve sons our aged father had—
The youngest now a little lad—
And one of them is not.”

“If that be so, you’ll make it clear
By bringing that young brother here,
Your company to grace ;
For, by the life of Pharaoh, king,
You shall not buy of me a thing
Until I see his face.

“In prison you shall here remain
Until you send back home again
And bring your brother hence ;
For, by the life of Pharaoh, ye
Are spies, and buying bread of me
Is nothing but pretense.”

He placed them in the prison then,
And there he kept those brothers ten
Three days and nights in pain ;
And then he said, “Do this and live—
Your lives to you I freely give
Upon conditions plain :

“Let one in prison here remain,
The nine may then return again
With food for your supplies ;
But when my face again you seek,
Bring down the lad of whom you speak,
Or surely ye are spies.

“And if the lad you bring with you,
I then will know that ye are true,
And that you spake the truth ;
But Simeon shall wear the chain
Of bondage till you come again,
And bring with you the youth.”

PART II.

In the land of the Canaanite Jacob now dwelt,
And worshiped on altars his fashers had built;
For thirty long years in that land he'd sojourned,
Since he from the land of the East had returned ;
A man of affliction, and sorrowing now,
Care-worn were his features, and saddened his brow.
Twelve sons and a daughter in time he had had,
And all were now gone but the youngest, a lad ;
A favorite son he had long mourned as dead,
And ten were now gone into Egypt for bread.
In his tent, on the plain of fair Mamre, sat he,
With his face to the south, that perchance he might see
The return of his sons ; and his gaze was steadfast,
For the time of their looked-for return was now past.
Too long have they tarried—perhaps they are slain ;
But a caravan now is in sight on the plain—
Toward the tent of old Jacob they come, nor delay ;
But he sees only nine—one, sure, is away.
They come to their father—a sad interview—
They tell of their journey, its incidents, too ;
For Reuben, the eldest, recounted it thus :
“The Lord of the country spake roughly to us ;
He said we were spies, that to Egypt we came
To spy out the land, and report of the same.
But when we had told him that we were men true,
The sons of one father—an honored one, too—
That our brother, a lad, was at home with you still,
He fain would have kept us in prison until
A messenger came and returned with the youth,
To convince the stern ruler that we spake the truth.
At length he consented that we might return
With food and supplies, and your welfare to learn—

That Simeon there as a hostage remain
Till we shall go down into Egypt again,
And take along with us our brother, the youth,
And prove to him surely that we spake the truth.
But as we came home—the strangest thing yet—
As we opened a sack some provisions to get,
In the mouth of the sack, there, lo and behold !
Was the money we paid for it—silver and gold ;
We know not its meaning, but fear that the man
Intends to deal hardly with us, if he can.”

And now, as they emptied the stores which they brought,
They found all the money with which it was bought ;
The silver and gold, in full weight, had come back, .
And there it was then, in the mouth of each sack.
Sore afraid now was Jacob—the patriarch good—
Sore afraid were his sons, as around him they stood ;
He said : “ There is little of comfort now left,
For I of my children am sadly bereft ;
My favorite, Joseph, to wild beasts a prey,
And Simeon now is in Egypt away ;
And ye would take Benjamin far from me now—
'Tis against my consent, and I cannot allow.”
Said Reuben, the eldest, “ Trust me with thy son—
Keep Hannoch and Phallu, my two, for the one ;
If Benjamin come not in peace back again,
Let Hannoch and Phallu, my two sons, be slain.”
“ Alas ! ” said the father, “ 'Twould bring no relief ;
The death of my grandsons would augment my grief ;
Ye know that his brother was lost long ago,
And I will not consent that the lad shall now go ;
If mischief befall him—this son of my age—
There's nothing on earth that my grief could assuage,
But down to the grave my grey hairs would go,
Brought down by afflictions, by sorrow and woe.”

PART III.

The famine in the land was sore,
And long had it prevailed ;
Though Israel husbanded his store,
That store at length had failed.

He spake unto his waiting sons,
With voice and mien subdued :
“ To save your wives and little ones,
Go buy a little food.”
Then Judah spake and answered thus :
“ My father, be it so—
Send Benjamin along with us,
And willingly we'll go.
Let not the lad remain through fear
That mischief him befall,
For, if he goes not with us there,
We need not go at all ;
For he, the ruler of the store,
Did swear in Pharaoh's name,
That we should see his face no more,
Unless our brother came.”

“ Ah ! what is this that ye have done ? ”
The troubled father said ;
“ Why told you that another son
Your aged father had ? ”
“ Because,” his sons did answer then,
“ The man did straight inquire :
' Have ye another brother, men,
Or have you yet a sire ' ?
He questioned us of all our state,
And of our kindred, too ;
But chief his questions did relate
To Benjamin and you.
We answered him as we have said,
According to the truth :
' One of our brothers now is dead,
And one at home a youth.'
Could we suppose that he would say :
' Go, bring that brother down ? '
We cannot, dare not, disobey,
And meet that ruler's frown.”
Then Judah *further* spake : “ My sire,
Entrust the lad with me,
And at my hand thy son require
When I return to thee ;

If I return him not in peace,
Let me then bear the blame,
And let a father's curse ne'er cease
To rest on Judah's name ;
For, if we had not tarried thus,
We might have twice returned,
And brought up Simeon with us,
For whom our hearts have yearned.”
Then Jacob spake again and said :
“ My grief is sore indeed ;
Go, get you down and buy us food ;
Since fate has so decreed—
Hard fate has said it must be so—
Take Benjamin with you ;
Arise, make haste, to Egypt go,
And prove that ye are true.
Go, take a present in your hand—
'Tis little we can send
Unto the ruler of the land—
And may our God befriend ;
Go, take the money back with you—
The money which you brought—
An oversight, perhaps, in you,
Or him from whom you bought ;
Take other money, too, along—
Take double money there—
Let naught be found within you wrong,
But prove yourselves sincere,
And may the God of Abraham—
He whom I daily serve—
Go with you to the Land of Ham,
And all your lives preserve ;
May give you favor in the sight
Of that great ruler stern,
And guide your erring footsteps right,
And hasten your return.
O may that doubting ruler be
Convinced that ye are true,
And send the lad again to me—
Your other brother, too.
Ah! little hope to me is left,

And I am sadly grieved;
If of my sons I am bereft,
How sad am I bereaved.
Then go, my sons, to Egypt go;
My prayers shall heavenward rise—
If Benjamin should fall, ye know
With grief his father dies.”

PART IV.

’Twas morning in Egypt; the sun, mounting high,
Illumined the small and the great;
A caravan small with their asses drew nigh,
And stood by the governor’s gate.
The ten sons of Jacob—from Canaan they came,
Away from a famishing land;
The governor saw them—he knew it was them,
And their faces he eagerly scanned.
He saw there a youth—a small, ruddy youth—
Complexion and features agreed
With those of his own, and he knew of a truth,
That this was his brother indeed;
The son of his mother, he knew him, although
He never had seen him before—
For he had been sold from his home long ago,
Ere his mother that brother had bore.
He turned from the men, and he spake to his steward:
“Make ready a feast, very soon,
A feast for the strangers, for be you assured
That they shall dine with me at noon.”
And now are the brethren astonished, for, lo!
To the governor’s house they are brought;
They said: “’Tis because of the money, we know,
And occasions against us are sought;
This ruler will keep us for bondmen, we fear—
The asses also will be his;
We felt and we feared that evil was near,
And, oh, what an evil it is!”
They came to the steward, and communed with him thus:
“Oh, sir, we came down here indeed,
Compelled by the famine which preyed upon us,
To purchase the bread which we need;

And as we returned on the road, at an inn
We opened our sacks, and behold !
The money of each we there found within,
The full weight of silver and gold ;
Indeed, we know not how the money came there—
We have brought it again in our hand ;
We also have brought other money with care,
To buy for our famishing land.”
The steward made reply : “ Fear nothing ; for God,
The God of your fathers, I ween,
Has given you treasures ; your money I had,
And nothing amiss have I seen ;
Dismiss your forebodings and be you at peace,
Since ye have the ruler obeyed—
He commands it, and I now your brother release ;
So be ye no longer afraid.”
Then into the palace he brought them, and said :
“ Here tarry, nor go hence away,
For I am commanded a table to spread—
Ye dine with the ruler to-day.”
The governor came when the morning was spent,
And there the eleven he found ;
They brought him the present their father had sent,
And bowed themselves down to the ground.
He asked of their welfare, and how they had sped—
What them on their journey befell ;
He asked of their father, the old man, and said :
“ Is your father alive ? Is he well ? ”
They answered : “ Thy servant, our father, is well,
And may he in health long remain—
Long time may he live in the land where we dwell ; ”
And they bowed to the ruler again.
But why does the governor’s countenance change,
As his eyes upon Benjamin rest ?
To the son of his mother he made himself strange,
And his feelings with pain he repressed.
“ Is this the young brother ye spake of ? ” he said ;
“ His features all prove it is he ;
They tell me, my son, that your mother is dead—
May God now be gracious to thee.”
Why falters his voice, and why does he haste

To go to his chamber alone ?
Impelled by his feelings, he would have embraced
That brother, till now never known.
He wept in his chamber, and then washed his face
And returned to his brethren again ;
Then ordered the bread to be set in its place,
While his tears he could hardly restrain.
And now the men marvel. Three tables are set ;
One alone by the ruler is graced,
One by the Egyptians—another one yet,
At which the eleven are placed ;
But stranger than all, they saw themselves ranged
In the order of birthright in line ;
From oldest to youngest, the ruler arranged
And placed them as if by design.
The men marveled much that a stranger could know
Their ages, or order of birth—
Diviner of secrets, magician also,
Or prophet of God upon earth.
And now unto each of these brothers he sent
Choice messes—the fruits of the Nile ;
But Benjamin's mess was large in extent—
And they drank and were merry the while.

PART V.

The ruler spake unto his steward :
“ These men are true, I feel assured,
Let them no longer tarry ;
Go fill their every sack with grain,
And as before, so do again ;
Give them as much as all the train
To Canaan's land can carry.

“ And in the mouth of every sack
Put each man's purchase money back ;
You saw the lad, most surely—
Then take my cup, the silver cup,
The one from which I rarely sup,
And then be sure you bind it up
Within his sack securely.”

As thus commanded, so he did ;
The sacks were filled, the cup was hid,
 And Jacob's sons departed ;
At early morn they went away ;
Their mission thus accomplished, they
Considered this a happy day,
 And each was lithesome-hearted.

But soon their joys are at an end ;
And now may God their lives defend—
 A troop is following after ;
They come, they overtake them now ;
The steward is there—to him they bow,
While fear is written on each brow,
 And grief succeeds to laughter.

“ Why have you made such base amends ?
My lord has treated you as friends—
 He gave you quite a revel ;
But not content with him to sup,
You steal away his silver cup ;
False treasures are ye laying up,
 Requiting good with evil.”

They answered him : “ Our God forbid
That we should steal ! we never did
 According to thy saying ;
The cup is not with us, be sure,
And naught we've taken from thy store ;
Why then, my lord, we ask—wherefore
 Against us thus inveighing ?

“ The money found within the sack—
You know we brought that money back,
 At this, our second coming ;
And thou did'st tell thy servant this,
That we had nothing done amiss ;
Then from thy mind the thought dismiss,
 A thought so unbecoming.

“Search every sack and all our stuff,
And if the cup you find—enough—
 We’re bondmen to your master ;
And he with whom the cup is found
Shall die the death, and let resound
Through Egypt, to its utmost bound,
 The tale of our disaster.”

The steward to them did make reply :
“Then be it so ; yet none shall die
 And be forever nameless ;
But he with whom the cup I see
A servant to my lord shall be,
And serve him ever ; but for ye—
 All others shall be blameless.”

Then speedily their sacks were laid
Upon the ground, and there displayed
 Until the search was ended ;
Each thought himself from danger free,
Nor thought the stolen cup could be
Within his sack ; but subtlety
 Had done the work intended.

And then to search the steward began—
Searched Reuben’s sack, while every man
 In silence stood around it ;
’Twas Simeon’s next, and then Levi,
Then Judah, Dan, and Nephtali ;
The brothers’ hopes were rising high,
 For yet he had not found it.

But still the search more eager grew ;
The sack of Gad and Asher, too,
 He searched, nor yet retreated ;
Next Issachar and Zebulon,
Then Benjamin, the youngest one,
And then the eager search was done—
 The cup was there secreted.

And now amazement seizes all ;
They rend their clothes, both great and small,
 And lade in haste their asses ;
Then to the city they return,
With shame, and grief, and deep concern,
The fate of Benjamin to learn,
 Whose grief all grief surpasses.

To Joseph's house in haste they came—
For Joseph was the ruler's name—
 And fell upon their faces ;
He said : “ What deed is this you've done ;
Did not you know that such a one
As I see all beneath the sun,
 Even in the darkest places ? ”

“ You know that I can well divine —
Did not I place you all in line,
According to your ages ?
I saw your theft—a crime quite small
Compared with *one*—I know it *all* ;
I saw your other brother fall
 When you received your wages.”

Then Judah said : “ What can we say !
Our sins have found us out to-day,
 For God could only show thee ;
And now thy servant, lord, is he
With whom the cup was found, and we
Will serve with him and honor thee,
 As all must do who know thee.”

The ruler said : “ My God forbid
To punish you for what he did—
 The youth shall suffer only ;
My servant he shall here remain,
But you shall get back home again,
Your aged father to sustain,
 And cheer his life now lonely.”

PART VI.

Then Judah, approaching the ruler, thus spake :
“ Let thy servant now speak but a word,
In behalf of a father whose heart will sure break
When the news of to-day he has heard,—
We are murmuring not at thy sentence ; indeed,
It is less than our actions deserve ;
But, oh, for the life of my father I plead—
A life I would die to preserve.

“ We remember the words that we spake unto thee,
Thy questions, and what we replied :
You said to your servants, ‘ A father have ye,
Or have you a brother beside ? ’

“ We told you a father in Canaan we had,
That a brother we also had there,
The son of his age, a youth—quite a lad—
The object of all his fond care ;
And you did then swear by the life of your king
That your servants should see you no more,
Unless we from Canaan our brother should bring,
And set him our lord’s face before.

“ But when to our father thy servants returned,
And reported thy words to him there—
When the words of my lord our father had learned,
His heart sank in grief and despair ;
’Twas then that our father long time did refuse,
While his tears in a torrent did flow ;
For he said, ‘ Peradventure my son I shall lose,
As his brother was lost long ago.

“ ‘ Ye know that the lad had a brother before—
My joy, and that joy has fled ;
He went from my presence, I saw him no more,
And long have I mourned him as dead ;

And Benjamin, now, is the only son left
Of Rachel, my favorite wife,
And if of that son I shall now be bereft,
In grief I would end my sad life.'

" 'Twas thus that our words and our arguments failed,
Our father would listen to none ;
But famine, at length, sore famine prevailed,
And he parted in grief with his son.
Then how can I go to my father again,
If Benjamin be not with me ?
And how can I witness his anguish and pain,
Or his death, for his death it would be ?
His life is bound up in the life of the lad ;
If deprived of his son, he will die ;
Then how shall I meet him with tidings so sad ?
O never, no, never can I !

Perhaps you, my lord, have a father ; if so,
You can feel for my anguish and pain.
For the sake of a father, then, let the lad go
With his brethren to Canaan again ;
O let him return to his father in peace,
To comfort him now in his age !
I pray thee in pity the lad to release,
And to serve in his stead I'll engage ;
For I became surety my father unto—
The lad has been placed in my care ;
For the life of the lad, and my father's, I sue,
And I trust you will grant me my prayer.
I then as a bondman to thee will remain,
My days whether many or few,
For I cannot return to my father again,
If Benjamin go not up too."

'Twas thus Judah pleaded ; for him it behooved
The ruler's compassion to claim ;
But why does the ruler appear so much moved,
And why so convulsed is his frame ?

At length he exclaimed, "Let all men depart;
I would be with these brethren alone!"
His nerves were unstrung, and it seemed that his heart
Was bursting with feelings unknown.

And now all alone with his brethren, he wept;
No longer could he now refrain;
That secret which long in his heart he had kept
That heart would no longer retain.
He wept long and loud, and his weeping was heard
In the household of Pharaoh afar;
Surprised were his brethren emotion appeared
His language, his speech, to debar.

"I am Joseph, your brother!" at length he exclaimed;
"O, say, does my father yet live?"
But they were so troubled, amazed, and ashamed,
No answer to him could they give.
"Come near unto me, my dear brethren," he said,
"I fain would embrace one and all;
You sold me to Egypt, and thought I was dead,
But God has prevented my fall.

"Then be ye not angry or troubled that ye
Did sell me in bondage for know
That God sent me here, a kind savior to be
To you and your children also;
Two years has the famine been sore in the land,
With five years of famine to come;
Though ye were the instruments, God gave command,
And sent me away from my home."

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

I lately had a vision strange,—
I stood upon a mountain range ;
Another range hard by was seen,
And there a valley lay between.
I saw upon each mountain height
A host of men in armor bright,
Who looked like men of foreign clime,
Or warriors of the olden time.
Their armor was not such as we,
In this, our land and time, can see ;
For cannon large, and smaller gun,
I looked, but could discover none ;
But they were armed with bows and slings,
And many other simple things—
For there, upon that warlike field,
Were spear and helmet, sword and shield ;
And there, upon each mount arrayed,
A mighty host its arms displayed ;
And it was plain to see that they
Were ranged in battle's dread array.

As there I stood with paling face
And beating heart, there came apace
A ruddy youth with features fair,
A flashing eye and flowing hair ;
He came and quickly hurried by,
But as he passed I caught his eye ;
He cast on me a look askance,
And there was something in that glance,
A something in that flashing eye
Attracted me, I knew not why.
I felt as if I fain would know
From whence he came, and where he'd go ;

And by that feeling strange impelled,
By caution nor by fear withheld,
I followed him, as on he sped,
Without reflecting where he led ;
For, with a speed which few could boast,
Straight went he to the smaller host ;
And as we passed along the line,
By many a warrior's strange ensign,
I looked in vain for stripes and stars ;
I saw no flag with crossing bars,
No eagle and no lion there,
No unicorn or northern bear,
No shamrock and no thistle green,
No crown or crescent could be seen ;
But everything was strange to me,
And naught familiar could I see.
At length he stopped a flag before,
And this was the device it bore :
A golden rod with budding stem,
On which was written, " BETHLEHEM."
He spake and said to one, " How goes
The battle 'gainst our country's foes ? "
But as he spake he turned to see
The now approaching enemy.
I saw upon his face surprise,
A glance of ire shot from his eyes ;
I turned myself to see, and, lo !
Down in the valley there below,
Advancing, came a giant's form,
With countenance like an angry storm ;
And he was clad from head to feet
In armor of defense complete ;
So large was he—full ten feet high—
And clothed in martial panoply,
An object sure was he of dread ;
A brazen helmet on his head,
A plate of brass upon his breast,
And one between his shoulders pressed—
In coat of mail, which must have weighed
Three hundred pounds, was he arrayed.
His legs in bands of brass were bound,

And stood as pillars on the ground ;
A spear with iron head he bore—
It weighed full thirty pounds, or more—
The staff of which to me did seem
As large as any weaver's beam ;
And this he brandished in the air,
And seemed to bid defiance there ;
While one a ponderous shield upbore,
And marched the mighty man before ;
And all the opposing host, I saw,
Of this great champion stood in awe.

Methought he raised his voice aloud,
Like thunder from a distant cloud ;
With tone and words inspiring dread
He spake, and this is what he said :
“ Ye men of Israel, to-day,
Why set yourselves in such array,
Or why your arms combine ?
How dare you madly to oppose
A host of warriors such as those
You see within our line ?

“ Our army far outnumbered yours,
And we have arms and warlike stores
Of which you little know ;
Then why engage in battle strife,
Or why endanger human life,
'Gainst such a powerful foe ?
'Tis plain that Israel must bow
To great Philistia's sceptre now,
Our servants to abide,
Or else Philistia proud must yield ;
And we have met upon the field
The question to decide.

“ But why should you contend with us,
Or why engage in battle thus,
Your freedom to regain ?
For when the bloody fray is done,
And when the victory we have won,
Your thousands will be slain.

“ Ye servants now of Saul, give ear,
And all ye men of Israel, hear :
 If you would end the strife,
It may be settled now, and done
Before the setting of the sun,
 With little loss of life.

“ Choose you a man from out your host—
The strongest that the land can boast,
 I care not who he be—
And let him, armed with coat of mail,
Come down and meet me in the vale,
 And fight the fight with me.

“ And should I then the victor be,
And he should yield his life to me,
 Then ye shall tribute pay,
And be our servants, as of yore,
In Samson’s days and years before,
 As I have heard men say.

“ But if this good right arm should fail,
And he, our champion, prevail—
 A quite unlikely thing—
Then we will be your servants all,
And pay our tribute unto Saul,
 Or him who may be king.

“ Ye men of Israel, once again,
Before your warriors all are slain,
 I challenge for the fight ;
Choose you a champion—one for all ;
Though it should be the mighty Saul,
 It will not me affright.

“ Day after day for forty days,
My challenges, in various ways,
 Ye have not dared to meet ;
And now, this morn, again do I
The hosts of Israel defy,
 Those challenges repeat.

“Set not your armies in array,
But choose a champion to-day,
Whose valor has been tried ;
For by my God, great Dagon, I
The hosts of Israel defy,
Whatever may betide.”

Now when this boasting speech was heard,
I saw the smaller host appeared
Oppressed with fear, and seized with dread,
And many of their warriors fled.

Their broken ranks were scattered all,
And fear did many a heart appall ;
But in the dire confusion then,
Amid the terror-stricken men,
That stripling's voice, distinct and loud,
Was heard amid the surging crowd.
I turned to look, but I could trace
No sign of fear upon his face ;
His eye was towards the giant turned,
His ruddy cheek with ardor burned,
And on his beaming countenance
There sat a look of confidence,
Which seemed to banish fear and dread
From many who had turned and fled.
A single look upon them cast,
A single word, as on they passed,
I saw (and strange it was to see)
Attracted them, as it had me ;
He halted, and he called them
Around the flag of Bethlehem.

“Stay, men of Israel, stay !” he cried,
“For who is this that has defied
The army of the living God,
Which oftentimes, by faith, has trod
The land of proud Philistia o'er,
And conquered it in days of yore ?
Say, who's this boasting Philistine,
This mighty man of Anak's line,

And why should he, I ask you why,
The army of the LORD defy?
Is there no man in all the host
Can stop the mighty champion's boast?
Say, is there none who dares to go
And meet him in the vale below,
There fight with him, as he has said,
And lowly lay him with the dead?"

"Are you," said one, "a stranger here,
And have you never chanced to hear
Or see this mighty man before,
Whose words have troubled Israel sore?
This champion from the city Gath,
The famous giant, Goliath,
Who comes at even-tide and morn,
With words of pride and bitter scorn,
And boasting language, loud and high,
The host of Israel to defy;
While there is neither young nor old
Who dares to meet this warrior bold;

For there is none who ever yet
Encountered him but those who met
A bloody death—for who can stand
Before the giant's mighty hand?
The king would highly recompense
The hero who would take him hence—
Has promised wealth and power for life,
His daughter, too, to be his wife;
But there is none who dares to go
And meet him in the vale below,
Although it humbles all our pride
To hear our armies thus defied."

I saw, while looking on the scene,
A warrior of commanding mien,
Of stature tall, and robust frame—
'Twas Eliab, I heard his name;
He stood the stripling youth hard by,

And looked on him with envious eye ;
He seemed to know the stripling well,
And thus he spake with haughty swell :

“ Vain-hearted boy, why are you here ?
Why have you left our father dear,
And who, I ask you, now will keep
And guard that little flock of sheep ?
Full well I know your haughty heart ;
You came not here to bear a part
Within the battle soon to be,
And which you only came to see.”

The youth replied: “ My brother dear,
The reason why you see me here
I can explain”—then made a pause :
“ I came, and is there not a cause ?—
A cause for everything that’s done
Beneath the circuit of the sun ?
Though now we may not see it clear,
In after days ’twill plain appear,
So plain that we’ll acknowledge then
God makes his instruments of men.”

He turned himself and spake again ;
“ Ye men of Israel, here remain ;
Flee not before this giant’s face,
Although he comes of Anak’s race ;
Let no man’s heart before him quail,
Let no man’s spirits faint or fail,
Let no man yield to fell despair,
For there is one I know will dare
To meet this mighty champion,
Before the setting of the sun.
Yes, there is one who dares to go
And fight with this gigantic foe ;
For who is this uncircumcised,
Who mischief ’gainst us has devised,
And who is he—let woe betide—
Who has the Lord of hosts defied ? ”
A murmur of applause arose,

As rank on rank began to close,
And it was said by one and all,
"Go bear the tidings unto Saul;
Go tell the king a youth is here,
Who, with a look and voice sincere,
Declares that there's a champion
Who dares to meet that mighty one—
Will meet the boasting giant now,
And strip the helmet from his brow."

A dozen messengers or more
At once the welcome tidings bore,
And one was ordered then to bring
The stripling in before the king.

He went; methought I followed, too,
Though strange it all may seem to you;
I followed wheresoe'er he went;
I followed to the royal tent,
And in and out I ventured free,
For no one seemed to notice me.
I've heard it said that men in sleep
Can walk the heights, can walk the deep,
Where waking feet would surely fall;
Even so walked I before King Saul.
I saw that proud, majestic mien
No living, waking eye has seen;
I listened to the royal word
No waking ear alive has heard,
And stood the royal tent within,
Where waking I'll ne'er stand again;
And when the stripling entered, he
The king accosted courteously.

"They tell me," then the king began,
"That you have found a valiant man
Who dares to meet the giant foe,
And lay Philistia's champion low;
I've sought from Beersheba to Dan,

But sought in vain for such a man ;
Now tell me where, my son, is he,
And who can that brave champion be ?”

The youth replied: “ My lord, oh king !
The warrior which to you I bring
May not your expectations meet ;
But let me now, oh king, repeat :
Let no man’s heart or courage fail
Before this giant, clothed in mail,
For I, before the setting sun,
Will meet and fight the champion ;
And all the world will know full well
That there’s a God in Israel ;
For who is he who makes his boasts
Against the mighty God of hosts ? ”

As thus he spake before the king
The courtiers all stood wondering ;
A mingled look—surprise and awe—
Upon each face methought I saw ;
Surprise that one so very young
Could move such numbers with his tongue ;
That he, a youth with face so fair,
To meet that mighty man should dare.

The king surveyed the youth, intent
With looks in which I saw were blent
His hopes and fears, and something more :
A feeling that in days before
He’d seen that youth who boldly stood
A champion for the multitude.

He spake to him in accents mild :
“ Say, who are you, bold, daring child ?
For you are but a child in years,
Compared with him whom Israel fears ;
Nor should you dare, young man, to go
And fight the great Philistine foe ,
Too young you are, by far too small,
To meet the giant, great and tall—

A man whom none has dared to face,
The mightiest man of Anak's race,
Whose name and fame are known afar,
And feared by all our men of war."

All eyes were on the stripling turned,
All hearts with expectation burned,
But on his radiant face there came
No look of fear, no blush of shame.
That look of hope and confidence,
Which seemed to scorn discouragements,
Still shone upon his features fair,
And spoke a firm reliance there;
While still that something in his eye
Attracted every passer-by.
He made a gesture with his hand—
The king for silence gave command—
And then the stripling bowed his head,
And thus unto the king he said :

"'Tis true that my days upon earth have been few,
And I know not how soon they may end,
But I am quite willing to dare and to do,
And with that great giant contend.
You ask me, oh king : "What ! bold, daring youth,
A child in comparison true,
Now dares to engage with a giant in truth,
The largest the world ever knew ?'

"My father, an old man, is now far away,
And his name I wish not to reveal ;
For if I should fail in the contest to-day,
From that father my death I'd conceal.
I'm the son of a shepherd, whose flocks I have kept
On the hills of Judea, alone,
And oft in the wilderness land I have slept,
Where the bear and the lion are known.

"But lately there came a lion, a bear,
And they carried off one of the flock ;
I followed them then, and I followed them there
To a den in the cleft of a rock ;

The lion against me arose in his might,
And his roaring was terrible then ;
No sword I had there, but I slew him outright,
That terror of beasts and of men.

“The lion I slew then, and also the bear,
And this boasting Philistine shall be
As those, the fierce and savage beasts, were,
And his head will be given to me ;
You’ll say it was rash and imprudent for one
So small and so young as I am
To grapple a lion, when help there was none,
To avenge but the loss of a lamb.

“I knew it, I felt it, as onward I trod,
But something still whispering said :
‘Go on, in the strength of Israel’s God,
And trust in Jehovah for aid.’
I went, but went not in strength of my own ;
I trusted in God, the Most High,
And He who delivered me then when alone
Will succor me still when I cry.

“I hear the same whispering voice even now ;
It bids me undaunted go on,
And when I remember the lion, and how
I conquered, my fears are all gone ;

I fear not to meet with that giant so tall,
I dread not his sword or his spear ;
The God of high heaven is stronger than all,
And trusting in him, I come here.”

I saw that as he spake his word
A strong and deep emotion stirred
Within the breast of every one
Who chanced to hear, as I had done ;
And even the king appeared to be
Convinced that friendly destiny
Had sent the youthful shepherd there,
To do what others did not dare,

And hope, unbidden, seemed to spring
Within the bosom of the king,
That he, that daring shepherd boy,
Might turn their fear and grief to joy.

“Go on,” he said, “I give consent;
Go on, and be you confident,
To meet that champion so dread,
And fight the fight in our stead;
And may the God of Jacob go
With you against the boasting foe;
And that you may ’gainst him prevail,
I’ll arm you with a coat of mail;
This breastplate, too, and helmet take,
And wear them for your country’s sake.”

The king’s own armor then, forsooth,
Was given to the shepherd youth,
And he essayed with it to go
Against the great Philistine foe;
But soon returned that coat to doff,
And put the royal armor off.
“I cannot move,” said he, “with ease;
I cannot go at all with these;
But I will go with weapons such
As I have used and handled much—
My trusty sling, my shepherd’s crook,
With stones from out the pebbly brook;
These are the weapons which I choose
Against this mighty man to use.”

With these, I saw from royal tent,
He toward the giant swiftly went,
While mighty warriors stood aghast,
As on and onward still he passed,
Descending to the vale below,
Where still was seen the threat’ning foe;
And there in expectation stood
An anxious, waiting multitude.

A tremor strange appeared to seize
The king, who trembled in his knees;
He spake to one and said: "O, sir!
Pray tell me, Abner son of Ner,
Who is this strange, mysterious youth?
Speak now, and tell me all the truth;
Who can this strange young warrior be,
Pray tell me now, whose son is he?
For surely, surely I have seen
That youth before, and know his mien;
And surely, surely I have heard
That voice, which has so strangely stirred
Emotions in this breast of mine,
And bade me trust a power divine."

The captain of the host replied:
"From thee, O king, I would not hide
The name or station of the youth;
But, as thy soul shall live, in truth
I know him not, nor whence he came,
Nor do I know his father's name;
A stranger he appears, and yet,
Like you, I feel that I have met
That bright, attractive, beaming eye,
Admiring it, not knowing why."

"Go, Abner," said the king again;
"Inquire of all, till you obtain
A knowledge whence the stripling came,
Whose son he is, and what his name;
And when the fact you ascertain,
Then quickly bring me word again,
For fain would I that stripling know,
And whether he be friend or foe;
For there is something whispers me
That this strange youth, perchance, is he
Of whom the prophet Samuel spake,
Who, in the coming time, shall take
The sceptre from the house of Saul,

And reign a king o'er Israel all ;
Else why should I so strangely feel
A fear that I cannot conceal ? ”

Meanwhile the stripling moved along,
And I, amid the wondering throng,
Still followed him, as I had done,
Till he approached the champion,
While he, the giant, came apace
To meet the stripling face to face ;
And thus he spake in haughty tone
Unto that shepherd youth unknown :
“ Come you, ” said he, “ from Saul, the king ?
And what's the message which you bring ?
Has he, your king, selected yet
A man who dares, without regret,
To place his life in jeopardy,
And fight, for life or death, with me ? ”

“ *He has,* ” the youth replied, “ *and I
Have come to conquer, or to die !* ”
“ You ? You ? ” the giant said ; “ indeed
You surely jest ; I cannot heed
Such words from such a boy as you ;
Send me a warrior, tried and true,
A warrior worthy of the name ;
A man of power, a man of fame ;
A champion bold, a champion tried ;
A nation's choice, a nation's pride ;
For I am not a dog, that I
From boys with sticks and stones should fly.
Return, whate'er your name may be,
And do not dare to encounter me ;
Lest I be tempted to resent
Such base insult with base intent,
And give your flesh in very deed,
The fowls and beasts of prey to feed. ”

The youth replied in language meek :
“ You may be strong and I am weak,
Of giant size though you appear,

And tho' you're arm'd with sword and spear,
I do not heed your threat'ning boasts ;
But trusting in the God of hosts,
I come, the stripling that I am,
And God, the God of Abraham,
I trust, in this my trying hour,
Will nerve my feeble arm with power
To overcome a giant's strength,
That all the land, throughout its length,
Shall know that Israel's God is He
Who gives us strength and victory ;
And you, proud man, will soon be slain
By him whom you so much disdain ;
For ere the sun shall set to-day
I'll take that head of thine away,
And give your body, large indeed,
The vultures of the air to feed ;
And all Philistia's host shall be
Appalled with fear, and they shall flee."

" By Dagon, then," the giant said,
" Come on, your blood be on your head !
Since you have dared a bloody fate,
No longer will I hesitate
To send you hence, from life and ease
To spirit land, the land Hades ;
Your dainty form, so fair and frail,
Upon my spear will I impale,
And hold it up, that all may see
The end of youthful vanity."

" I come," the stripling said, " I come ;
Now let your idol, deaf and dumb,
Assist you in the coming hour
Against Jehovah's mighty power."

As thus the giant he addressed,
Still on and forward yet he pressed,
And near and nearer yet he drew,
The giant moving forward, too ;
When suddenly the stripling took

A stone which came from out the brook,
And placing it the sling within,
He hurled it with a whizzing din ;
Unerringly the missile sped,
And struck the giant on the head
With such a force that it was plain
The stone had sunk into his brain.

He fell at once upon his face ;
The stripling hurried on apace,
Until I saw him victor stand
Beside the giant, sword in hand ;
For with the sword the giant wore
I saw him stand the giant o'er,
And from the giant's body, dead,
I saw him cut the gory head,
And as a trophy bear it hence
In triumph, toward the royal tents.

But now, Philistia's champion dead,
Philistia's hosts in terror fled ;
With dread, dismay, and fear imbued,
They fled, and fiercely were pursued
By all the host of Israel then,
And many were the foemen slain.

The stripling joined in that pursuit,
A warrior bold, beyond dispute ;
And when the fierce pursuit was o'er
He came the conquering host before,
And there were plaudits loud and long,
The women joining in the song
Of triumph which the victors sang,
While instruments of music rang
A loud acclaim of general joy,
To welcome that victorious boy.

Great Abner, then, the son of Ner,
Approached the youth and said : " Brave sir,
Receive a nation's welcoming ;
Let me conduct you to the king,

Who waits to learn whose son you are,
And how you came such deeds to dare—
To thank you for the victory won,
And hail you Israel's champion."

Again he came before the king,
Whose welcome then was flattering :
" Brave youth," he said, " a warrior true,
Pray tell me now whose son are you ?
Your name and residence pray tell,
And what your tribe in Israel ?
Your father's house I fain would make
Illustrious for your valor's sake."
The youth, with modesty, replied :
" My name, O king, I've ne'er denied ;
My father lives at Bethlehem ;
He came of Judah's tribe or stem,
And I'm your servant Jesse's son,
Who kept the sheep—his youngest one ;
And oftentimes, within your hall,
I played the harp before king Saul."

Though 'twas in sleep those things occurred,
And but a dream I saw and heard,
'Twas David, son of Jesse, sure—
His name I oft had heard before ;
'Twas David, Israel's shepherd king,
Who long ago did sweetly sing
Those pious Psalms, which have come down
With radiance brighter than his crown,
And will a monument endure
Till things of time shall be no more,
Till bright eternity shall dawn,
And monuments of stone be gone.

DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY MEN.

II Samuel 22:13.

Within Judea's rocky hold
Judea's warrior chieftain lay,
And there his chosen soldiers bold
Watched round him thro' the sultry day;
Upon his brow the fever burned,
And raged like fire his breast within,
While backward still his thoughts were turn'd
To where his early home had been;
Back to the place where long ago,
In boyhood's youthful, happy day,
He tuned his harp to music's flow,
And sang the shepherd's evening lay.
Amid these scenes he seemed to dwell;
His thoughts reverted back to them;
He longed for waters from the well—
The famous well of Bethlehem.

The fever seemed to parch his brain,
His burning thirst was raging sore,
And though he drank, and drank again,
He thirsted still and longed for more.
“Oh, that some one,” the chieftain said,
“Would bring me living water now,
With which to bathe my aching head,
And cool my ever-burning brow.
I drink the waters of the hold,
But small relief to me they bring;
I long for waters, pure and cold,
That come from out the gushing spring;
I ask not power—that magic spell;
I ask not gold nor costly gem;
But, oh! for waters from the well,
The famous well of Bethlehem!

“ My fancy hurries me away,
Amid my wild and feverish dreams,
To where the limpid waters play,
Along the winding pebbled streams ;
I see each well-remembered rill
That e'er my happy boyhood knew,
As, hurrying from the vine-clad hill,
They pass the rolling meadow through.
“ I hear the bleating of the sheep,
Amid the pastures decked with green,
And when I wake, I wake to weep
At such a vain, illusive scene.
Oh, how I long no tongue can tell,
To be at home again with them,
To drink the waters of the well
Hard by the gate of Bethlehem.

“ But I have wandered far away,
And years have passed me swiftly by ;
I've mingled in the battle fray,
And seen the mighty foeman die ;
I've sought the phantom, light, of fame
A royal camp and court within ;
I've sought and gained a warrior's name—
Long time a warrior I have been.
Though royalty has decked my brow,
A kingly sceptre though I sway,
I do not feel the pleasures now
I did in boyhood's youthful day ;
And though I wear a crown of gold,
I'd give my glittering diadem
For water from that fountain cold—
That well, the well of Bethlehem.

“ Though in this mountain fort confined
I lie, and pine from day to day,
My roving thoughts are unconfined,
And they are wandering far away.
Those truant thoughts still spurn control ;
They come and go without my will ;
Like to the restless waves, they roll,

And never, never will be still.
But all my longings are in vain,
And vain, alas ! is my desire ;
For enemies upon the plain
Are round me like a wall of fire ;
My foes beleaguer me around—
They're spread abroad in Rephaim,
And all Philistia's host is found
Between this hold and Bethlehem."

Three youthful warriors, standing by,
O'erheard their chieftain's sad complaint,
And they resolved to do or die ;
Despite of danger or restraint,
They took their course toward Bethlehem ;
They left the hold at fall of night,
And through the vale of Rephaim
They passed in armor strong but light ;
In vain Philistia's hosts oppose,
In vain those valorous men assail ;
Those warriors three withstood their foes,
Against them fought and did prevail ;
They fought; their lives determined to sell
Within that vale of Rephaim,
Or, conquering, gain the famous well
Hard by the gate of Bethlehem.

Then through the mighty host they break,
And on the dangerous way pursue ;
Nor could their baffled foes o'ertake
Those youthful warriors, brave and true.
They passed the vale of Rephaim,
They passed o'er hill, through dale and glen,
Till at the gate of Bethlehem
They stood beside the famous well ;
And water from that well they drew—
'Twas from a clear and living vein—
And then returning, breaking through
Philistia's mighty host again,
They to their chieftain come, and tell

The things that had befallen them—
“See, here is water from the well!
That well, the well of Bethlehem.”

“Oh, how intense I’ve longed for this!”
The suffering chieftain said, “Indeed,
It surely cannot come amiss
In this extremity of need.
Bring me a goblet; I will drink
And quench my burning thirst once more.”
But hold! what makes the monarch shrink?
“’Tis red! ’tis tinged with blood and gore!
I cannot drink, for, see, ah, see!
It sure is blood—the blood of those
Who put their lives in jeopardy
When passing through their countless foes;
The blood of those who vowed to sell
Their lives in bloody Rephaim,
Or bring me water from the well,
The famous well of Bethlehem.

“Go pour it out upon the ground,
A fit libation to the Lord;
And when prosperity is found,
Those men shall have a rich reward.”
’Twas done. The king came to his own,
And peace and kingly power returned;
He sat upon King David’s throne—
A mighty monarch, wise and learned.
And these three valiant men became
The chief of David’s mighty band,
And stood upon the mount of fame,
The chief in all Judea’s land.
Three thousand years have past, and still
Historic pages speak of them,
Who brought that water from the well,
The famous well of Bethlehem.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

II Samuel, 1 and 17th.

How are the mighty fallen now ;
And, oh ! how low the valiant lie !
Pale is the mighty monarch's brow,
And dim the warrior's eagle eye ;
Let mournful notes of sorrow swell,
And tears bedim the weeping eye :
The beautiful in Israel
Is slain upon her places high.

Oh, tell it not within the street,
The street of Askelon, the proud,
Nor yet the story sad repeat
In Gath, nor spread the news abroad—
Lest they, our enemies, rejoice,
And triumph o'er the bloody fall
Of him who was the nation's choice,
The valiant-hearted sovereign Saul.

Upon thy mount, O Gilboa !
Let there be neither dew nor rain,
For there the shield was cast away,
And there was the annointed slain ;
Let sacrifices never more,
Nor fields of offering, be made
Upon that mountain stained with gore,
Where Israel's mighty chieftain bled.

Where now the conquering sword of Saul,
Which ne'er came bloodless back again ?
The bow of Jonathan, withal,
So often bent, nor bent in vain ?

Oh, perished are those weapons now !
They perished when the mighty fell
Upon the rugged mountain's brow,
Where sank the pride of Israel.

More swift than eagles in their flight—
Far swifter Jonathan and Saul ;
As strong as lions in their might,
And pleasant were they yet withal ;
Most lovely were they in their lives—
Nor severed in their dying day ;
The memory of the brave survives,
And will while ages roll away.

O weep, ye Hebrew daughters, now,
For Saul, who clothed you with delight,
Put ornaments upon the brow,
Of gold and silver jewels bright ;
Who clothed you in apparel gay,
With robes of scarlet fair and fine ;
Oh, weep, and chant a dirge to-day,
And join your notes of grief with mine.
How fallen are the mighty men !
The first and foremost in the fray,
Oh, Jonathan ! thou, too, wast slain
Upon the mount of Gilboa ;
How fallen, on the mountain's brow,
Those men of war, those men of state !
How perished are the weapons now
Of Saul and Jonathan, the great.

Oh, Jonathan, my brother dear !
For thee, alas, I am distressed ;
How lovely and how pleasant were
Thy words to me when sore distressed
Thy love was passing strange to me,
Surpassing woman's love to man ;
Oh, Jonathan ! adieu to thee,
Adieu, my brother Jonathan.

PREACHING TO THE NINEVITES.

'Twas in the flight of ages past,
And in a region far away,
There stood a city unsurpassed
By any in Assyria ;
'Twas ruled and governed by a king,
As such large cities often were,
But there was many an evil thing,
And wickedness abounded there.

And as in wealth and power it grew,
It grew in wickedness and sin ;
But there was One above who knew
And marked iniquity therein.
Exceeding great was Nineveh—
None greater in that eastern clime—
And as the years still rolled away,
It grew in wealth, it grew in crime.

At length there came at even-tide
A stranger from a foreign land,
Who, passing through the city, cried
The vengeance of the Lord at hand ;
He heeded not the public gaze,
As through the streets he passed alone,
And cried aloud, " Yet forty days
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown."

As thus in strange apparel clad
(A foreign accent on his tongue),
He passed, with countenance pale and sad,
And clarion-like his voice rung :
" Ho ! Ninevites, beware the day !
Repent, and for your deeds atone ;
Yet forty days and Nineveh,
Great Nineveh, shall be o'erthrown ! "

At first his words unheeded fell,
And many mocked and jeered aloud,
But still in solemn tone they swell
Above and through the surging crowd ;
Still louder and more earnest grew
His words, with awe-inspiring tone—
“ Yet forty days, alas, how few !
And Nineveh shall be o’erthrown.”

The night had passed, the morning came,
That preacher strange again appeared,
The same strange message to proclaim ;
And day by day his voice was heard,
From street to street he made his way,
And cried in that same solemn tone :
“ Ere forty have passed away
Great Nineveh shall be o’erthrown.”

That message, like the knell of doom,
Fell heavily upon each ear ;
Then mockery ceased, and in its room
There came a dread and solemn fear ;
’Twas felt by all, both high and low ;
It seized the king upon his throne ;
Alas ! alas ! it must be so—
Great Nineveh will be o’erthrown !

The king proclaimed a solemn fast
Throughout the length of his domain :
“ Until those forty days have passed,
Let man and beast from food abstain ;
Cry mightily to God on-high,
And make our deep contrition known ;
Perhaps that God will hear our cry
That Nineveh be not o’erthrown.”

When God, who sent that prophet there,
And bade him thus to prophesy,
Had heard their fervent, humble prayer,
He listened to the suppliant cry ;

Though He had said that Nineveh
Should fall, and be to ruin brought,
When from their sins they turned away,
Repented Him, and did it not.

Yet some there be—that know the plan
Of Deity—pretend to say
That things decreed ere time began
Cannot be changed, howe'er we pray ;
That those who were by God contemned
And passed, in his great first decree,
May pray in vain ; they're still condemned,
And lost to all eternity.

It seems the prophet thought so, too.
And he was angry at the change ;
That God had said that He would do,
And did it not, to him was strange ;
The kind compassion of his Lord
Poor mortal man condemns outright,
And yet compassionates a gourd,
Which grows and withers in a night !



POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND MILITARY.

THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

A DREAM.

This poem was written in April, 1861, and was intended as a kind of prophecy or guess at the events about to follow. How far the prediction was fulfilled, and how far it failed, those who lived through those years of war can answer.

A dream I have had, so wild and so strange—
It lasted the whole of the night ;
Through days, weeks, and months my fancy did range,
Till waked by the bright morning light ;
I stood, as I thought, on a wire-hung bridge,
That spanned the Ohio's bold flood,
And the banks of the stream, the vale, and the ridge
Were stained—they were crimson with blood.

I saw that the waters which glided below
Were tinged with the blood of the slain,
Whose bodies were borne by the stream in its flow
Away toward a far southern main ;
Ah, dismal the scenes that arose to my view ;
The demon of War had been there ;
Sad and mournful the sight, and sick my heart grew,
For ruin was everywhere.

Hard by rose a city—'twas Wheeling, I thought ;
Its streets were deserted and lone ;
Civil War desolation and ruin had wrought,
And commerce and plenty had flown ;

The gay, busy throng that once crowded its street
I now looked in vain to behold;
Processions moved slow to the drum's muffled beat,
And the bells for a funeral tolled.

Far away to the south, far away to the west,
The ensigns of war were in view,
And the land by the foot of the spoiler was pressed,
By the conquered and conquerors too;
Far away to the north, and to the northwest,
The war-sounding bugle was heard,
And brothers once borne on the same mother's breast
In hostile array now appeared.

But soon a change came o'er my dream,
And all its scenes were shifted,
And I, adown life's troubled stream,
For days and weeks, had drifted;
And drifting down the stream of time,
It seemed a mighty river,
Which, flowing toward a southern clime,
Seemed rolling onward ever.

And drifting down that turbid stream—
So like the Mississippi—
These warning words disturbed my dream:
"I'll meet thee at Phillippi."
A city of the foremost rank
My floating bark seemed nearing—
'Twas built upon the western bank,
And Western men were cheering.

The shouts of victory loud were heard
Amid the notes of wailing,
And far away fair Freedom's bird,
With drooping wing, was sailing.
Well might it flee, since peace had fled—
The Greek had met the Greek there—
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Had mingled in the street there.

“ Oh, whence,” I asked, “ this dire mischief,
And what has caused this madness ?
And why are some o’erwhelmed with grief,
And others wild with gladness ?
Can men of feeling heart rejoice
O’er such a scene of slaughter,
Or answer with insulting voice
A brother’s cry for quarter ? ”

Yet so it was, or seemed to be—
No mercy sure is due us—
Alas, for man’s perversity !
Alas, for proud St. Louis !

But now the scene was changed again,
And, marshalled on a spacious plain,
Two armies were in motion ;
Full twenty thousand fighting men
Were drawn together there and then,
And wave on wave they came, as when
The storm has lashed the ocean.

One army high a flag unfurled—
A flag respected o’er the world,
And known by every nation ;
The other raised a banner too,
Its colors red and white to view—
A flag whose stars and stripes were few,
And ’twas of modern fashion.

And ranged beneath those flags were men
Who seemed determined to conquer, when
The battle-storm should lower ;
Full soon it came, and oh ! the shock—
Such scenes my powers of language mock ;
I stood transfixed as any rock,
To stir without the power.

Then thrice the deadly onset came,
And thrice the issue seemed the same,
Each still on each encroaching ;

But hark! what sound is that afar?
 The bugle's note, the cannon's jar!
 And see that flag with stripe and star
 The scene of strife approaching!

A re-inforcement from the north,
 In countless numbers, issued forth,
 And soon the conflict ending;
 The smoke of battle rolled away,
 And there in death the thousands lay,
 Who met and fell in battle fray,
 With brothers all contending.

An awful scene it was to view—
 God grant my dream may ne'er prove true;
 The mangled, dead, and dying
 Were mixed and mingled here and there,
 And pools of blood were everywhere;
 And dying men, unused to prayer,
 For mercy then were crying.

The shout of victory died away
 As shades of evening closed the day,
 And nature, hushed in silence,
 Seemed mourning o'er her broken laws—
 That man, for such a trivial cause,
 Should madly rush into the jaws
 Of war, and death, and violence.

Changes still my dream came o'er;
 Rapidly those changes passed,
 First, upon the ocean's shore,
 Then upon the prairie vast;
 But the theme was still the same
 Everywhere—
 Men were marching to and fro,
 Causing blood and tears to flow,
 Covering the land with woe—
 Once so fair!

Far upon the briny deep,
Where I never went before,
Travelled I last night in sleep—
Sailing half the ocean o'er—
But to 'scape the scene was vain;
It was there—
There upon the ocean wide,
There upon the swelling tide—
Ships of war, with blood bedyed,
Sailing were.

Though the night was clear and mild,
And the moon and stars were bright,
Yet a tempest, fierce and wild,
Came before the morning light;
Not a tempest such as wakes
Ocean's foam,
But of angry, human strife—
Scenes of blood with carnage rife,
Brother seeking brother's life—
Far from home.

There, I saw those banners raised—
Those I saw in fight before;
There the murdering cannon blazed
With a dread and deafening roar—
Cries of agony were heard
To resound;
And upon each bloody deck
Men were moving, wild and quick,
While the slain were falling thick
All around.

Still the contest fiercer grew,
Fiercer yet the battle raged,
Whilst the red, the white and blue
'Gainst the modern flag engaged;
But to tell the closing scene
Tongue would fail.

Both those ships in air were blown,
 Friend and foe aloft were thrown—
 And the sea, with fragments strewn,
 Told the tale.

Thus it was, throughout the night—
 Ranging Fancy's wild domain—
 Nothing met my sleeping sight
 But such scenes as gave me pain;
 " How long ! " I asked, " how long until
 Strife shall cease !
 Must this Civil War still waste
 Freedom's land, by science graced ?
 Haste the time, great Ruler, haste
 Smiling peace ! "

List the answer : " Time will prove ;
 From the time the war begun,
 Mars, the god of War, shall move
 His fiery chariot round the sun ;
 Then shall arms throughout the land
 Cease to gleam . "
 Such the answering words, which fell
 In thunder-tones that seemed to swell
 Until they woke and broke the spell
 Of my dream.

THE BATTLE OF LONE JACK.

Fought on the 16th of August, 1862.

'Twas August, and faintly the sunbeams were falling,
 And gently the breezes of summer passed by,
 But they bore to my ears a sound most appalling,
 For death-dealing cannon were thundering nigh ;
 The roar of the cannon and small arms were blended,
 The smoke of the battle to heaven ascended,
 While friends of the Union 'gainst foeman contended,
 And fought hand to hand, at the town of Lone Jack.

The battle began at the early sun-rising;
The hours passed on, and the battle still raged;
I listened intent, and my thoughts were devising
Some means of escape for the friends there engaged;
I knew the Confed'rates by thousands were counted,
The soldiers in blue to eight hundred amounted,
The chances against them I fearfully counted,
And tremblingly thought of their fate at Lone Jack.

No word could I get from the conflict before me,
No messenger came from the harvest of Death;
Naught but the report which the musketry bore—
That men were contending for victory's wreath,
And victory's wreath the Fates were withholding;
But the roar of the cannon a tale was unfolding—
The friends of the Union were still upholding
The stars and the stripes at the town of Lone Jack.

Four hours wore on, and the cannon ceased roaring,
The sound of the musketry, too, died away;
A prayer from the depth of my soul was outpouring—
“May God help the friends of the Union to-day!”
And now that the conflict of battle was ended,
My thought and my reason seemed lost and suspended—
I felt that the friends who so nobly defended
Our flag were all captured or killed at Lone Jack.

Not long did suspense and uncertainty hold me—
A cavalry force was approaching in view;
They came on apace, and my anxious eye told me
’Twas friends of the Union, the soldiers in blue;
They passed by me then in a hurried progression,
File following file in rapid succession—
Those heroes who fought ’gainst the hosts of secession,
And watered with blood the small town of Lone Jack.

But many were left on the dread field of action;
The dead, and the dying, and wounded were there,
Away from sweet home and its every attraction,
Away from their friends and their relatives dear;

And there now in silence those heroes are sleeping,
Though years have rolled by, and the voice of weeping
Is hushed in their homes, and we are now reaping
The fruits of their labors performed at Lone Jack.

SPOTTSYLVANIA'S WILDERNESS.

'Twas when the great Rebellion raged,
'Twas in its darkest, saddest hours,
When Grant and Lee fierce conflict waged,
And marshalled their opposing powers;
When, madly surging, like the swell
Of ocean, deep and fathomless,
The tide of battle rose and fell
In Spottsylvania's wilderness—

'Twas then I saw Alonzo first ;
I saw him in the Union line—
And where the storms of battle burst
He bore aloft the proud ensign—
He waved that banner overhead,
And shouted, " Comrades, onward press !
'Tis victory now, or gory bed
In Spottsylvania's wilderness."

I saw him next, as, pale and wan,
Upon the field of strife he lay;
The struggling hosts were moving on,
And still contending, miles away ;
Amongst the mangled and the dead,
He lay in anguish and distress,
All pale upon his gory bed,
In Spottsylvania's wilderness.

A night of darkness and of gloom
Had passed, and at the morning's dawn
He woke as waking from the tomb,
With countenance pale and woe begone ;

No tender, nursing hand was there,
No surgeon came his wounds to dress,
But there was One who heard his prayers
From out that gory wilderness.

All helpless, mangled, pale, and weak,
With racking pain and anguish riven,
In whispers only, he could speak—
Those whispers faint were heard in heaven,
And succor, timely succor, came.
It found him in his helplessness,
And bore his bleeding, mangled frame
From out that gory wilderness.

His banner, with a soldier's pride,
He begged might still with him be borne—
That banner which his blood had dyed,
And which the bursting shell had torn;
'Twas bound around his shattered arm—
That arm which bore it proudly—yes,
Amid the raging battle-storm
In Spottsylvania's wilderness.

Alonzo lives, and often since
I've met him in life's busy din;
His crutch and empty sleeve evince
In what a conflict he has been;
And, ah! how many wounded thus
We meet, and pass, and ne'er express
Our thanks that they have bled for us,
In passing War's dread wilderness.

Oh! may the nation ne'er forget
The men, who, in that hour of gloom,
Stood by its flag—the foemen met—
Nor quailed amid the cannon's boom;
May monuments be raised which will
A people's gratitude express
To those who 'neath that banner fell,
In passing through that wilderness.

And may the gallant soldier, who,
Alonzo-like, has lost a limb,
Be cheered life's weary journey through,
To know the nation cares for him;
O may the many thousand such
Ne'er suffer from our thanklessness,
But may our sympathetic touch
Be felt through life's sad wilderness.

THE HOME-SICK SOLDIER.

There is a spot, far, far away—
To that my thoughts will roam;
I think of it by night and day—
It is my home, my home.
When shall I see my home,
O when shall I get home?
Long time, alas! I've been away
From that, my peaceful home.

Amid the thunders of the War,
Amid its bloody foam,
I've borne aloft the stripe and star,
Far, far away from home;
I've wandered far from home,
Far, far away from home—
I think by day, and dream at night
Of that once happy home.

I oft have met my country's foes,
And thought that Greece nor Rome
N'er boasted braver men than those
That marched with me from home;
But they are far from home—
They sigh for friends and home—
And many sleep in bloody graves,
Far, far away from home.

I had a brother dear, and we
Together ploughed the loam,
Together marched and fought ; but he
Will never see our home ;
He ne'er will see his home—
Our father's happy home ;
He fell upon the battle-field,
Far, far away from home.

And I was then, by fate, compelled
To meet a prison's gloom—
A prisoner of war I'm held,
Away from friends and home ;
O when shall I get home—
When shall I see my home ?
Long time it seems I've been away
From that, my peaceful home.

THE BANDIT'S DREAM ; OR, HILLS OF SNI-A-BAR.

The night was one of splendor,
The moon was riding high—
A horseman, tall and slender,
Rode by the winding Sni—
Past many a lonely dwelling,
And by deserted farms,*
Which silently were telling
Of war, and war's alarms ;
He rode along all careless,
He noted not the scene,
For he was wild and fearless,
And wore a bandit's mien ;

* The land was depopulated and desolated by "Order No. 11," in the winter of 1863.

He, from his native villa,
Had wandered here afar,
And roamed a stern guerrilla
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

But now the moon is sinking
Away into the West—
Of what can he be thinking,
And why so much depressed ?
He rides no longer fearless
Along the winding Sni,
But from a cabin cheerless
He looks with glaring eye ;
'Tis something sure appalling
Has met the bandit's gaze—
Else why should he be falling
Into such dread amaze ?
For he, a reckless ranger,
Has trampled stripe and star,
And courted crime and danger
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

The night is past and over,
The morning comes anew—
He seeks a fellow-rover,
And bids him thus adieu :
“I can no longer stand it
To live the life we lead ;
I've been a bloody bandit,
A bloody one, indeed,
But I have seen a vision,
A vision of the dead—
I see you look derision,
As doubting what I've said ;
But 'tis not fear of danger
That takes me from you far,
To be no more a ranger
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“Now listen while I tell you
The fearful things I saw—

To see them would impel you
From Quantrell to withdraw.
Last night, while I was waking,
And watching all alone,
I saw a spectre taking
A seat hard by my own ;
My father, who has slumbered
In death for many suns,
And who, I trust, is numbered
Amongst the happy ones—
'Twas he ; I saw and knew him
By the light of moon and star—
My crimes it was that drew him
To the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ And as I sat in terror,
Unable to withdraw,
The spectre held a mirror,
In which I plainly saw
Myself as in my childhood,
In innocence and truth—
Our cottage home, the wildwood,
The happy scenes of youth ;
I saw my school-mates playing
Upon the village green,
And I, with loud hurrahing,
In that gay crowd was seen ;
But the pleasant sight was fading,
Those youths were sundered far,
And one through blood was wading,
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ But then there came another
And yet a dearer scene—
I saw my doting mother,
My sister Josephine—
The faces of my brothers
Were in the mirror there ;
And yet I saw another—
The fairest of the fair ;
They looked, as last I saw them,

With pitying eyes on me,
When something seemed to draw them
To read my destiny;
That destiny unchanging,
Beneath an evil star,
Has sent me madly ranging
The hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ As oft that mirror shifted
The scenes were shifted too,
As though a curtain lifted
Exposed them to my view.
I saw a man lie gasping—
His blood was flowing warm,
And a weeping wife was clasping
His mangled, bleeding form;
I saw his paling features,
And knew them all too well—
One of my fellow creatures,
And by my hands he fell;
And in his grave, unheeding,
I thought he slept afar,
But sure I saw him bleeding
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ Another form all gory
Within that glass appears,
A man whose head was hoary
With the frosts of fifty years;
He, too, I saw was lying
And weltering in his gore—
I saw him bleeding, dying,
As I saw him once before,
When, all devoid of anguish,
And a heart as hard as stone,
I left him there to languish,
And bleed and die alone;
But now my fears had bound me
To Death's ensanguined car,
And victims crowded round me
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ Then came that victim youthful,
With eyes so mild and blue,
Who died for speaking truthful
Concerning me and you.
He looked as when he pleaded
For life at our hands,
And a mother interceded
With stern guerrilla bands ;
But vain was all his pleading,
In vain the mother wept,
He sank to earth all bleeding,
And there in death he slept ;
But though he sleeps with numbers,
With naught his peace to mar,
He haunts me in my slumbers
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ ’Twas thus the scenes kept changing,
But each was full of dread,
And I, it seemed, was ranging
Amid a host of dead ;
A burning town before me—
The flames were spreading free,
And fancy’s vision bore me
To Lawrence massacre ;
I saw our victims lying
Upon the bloody street,
While we in haste were flying
Back to our wild retreat.
A thousand scenes of terror
Arose my peace to mar,
Reflected in that mirror
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ I’ll quit this life of pillage,
These scenes of blood and strife,
And in some quiet village,
Reform my wayward life ;
No longer will I join you
In reckless, wild forays,

And may kind Heaven incline you
To leave these sinful ways ;
Nay, nay, do not resist me,
My course is taken now,
And, oh! may God assist me
To keep my sacred vow.
I never more may greet you—
I'm going hence afar—
But spectres oft will meet you
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.

“ And when, within that mirror,
You see, as I have seen,
Those scenes of blood and terror
Upon these hills so green,
You'll feel, as I am feeling,
A weight of guilty fears,
While conscience stands revealing
The deeds of by-gone years.
Ah! little did I ever
Expect so sad a sight,
And may I witness never
The scenes of the last night ;
Oh! not for wealth uncounted,
Nor throne of king or zar,
Would I see my crimes recounted
On the hills of Sni-a-bar.”

THE DYING SOLDIER AT LONE JACK.

A soldier of the Union lay
Sore wounded at Lone Jack,
And as his life-blood ebbed away,
His thoughts were wandering back—
Back to his childhood's early home,
Back to his native land,
And dreaming fancy seemed to roam
Amid a kindred band.

No wife or child beside him now,
Though wife and child he had ;
No comrade bathed his bloody brow—
His comrades all had fled ;
And there, upon that hard-fought field,
In that small village street,
He lay with those who scorned to yield—
Disdaining to retreat.

No kinsman's hand or voice was nigh
No minister relief ;
But yet there was a pitying eye
Looked on the scene with grief—
A stranger, though a friend, stood near
The dying soldier's side,
And wept his dreaming talk to hear,
And soothed him till he died.

Through scenes of youth he seemed to pass,
Though now his hair was gray,
And once again he led his class,
As in his school-boy's day ;
He called his playmates' names, although
None answered to his call,
For some had died long years ago,
And far, far distant all.

He often called his father's name—
He called his brother's too—
But oftener still his *mother* came
Within his dreaming view ;
He seemed to think that mother near,
And for her hand would feel—
'Twould melt the hardest heart to hear
His piteous appeal :

“ O, mother, help your little son—
My aching head is sore,
And here I lie, with pillows none,
Upon the cold, hard floor ;

O lay me on my trundle-bed,
Or take me on your knee—
She does not hear what I have said;
O where can mother be?"

Anon the scene would change, and he,
By fancy still beguiled,
A husband, father—seemed to be,
And spoke of wife and child;
He spake of them so tenderly,
So often called their names,
Though absent, yet 'twas plain that they
Were present in his dreams.

His days of early manhood came,
And passed in plain review,
His constant struggles after fame,
His disappointments, too;
He spoke of hardships undergone,
He spoke of dangers passed,
And still his thoughts kept wandering on,
And wandered to the last.

But then more recent scenes appeared
To claim his wandering thought—
The storm which Civil War had stirred,
The sufferings it had wrought;
Upon his home and family
His thoughts appeared to dwell;
With them again he seemed to be—
To them he bade farewell:

"Farewell, my wife, my children all—
My country calls away,
And can I hear my country call,
And not the call obey?
I go, and ere I shall come back,
Grim War shall cease to frown;
I go, though men may call me black,
To put rebellion down.

“I go, my wife, I go, my son,
The Union to sustain,
For North and South shall still be one,
And one shall still remain ;
I go, and if I ne’er return,
Farewell, ye loved ones all—
And if I fall, I trust you’ll learn
I fell as man should fall.”

But then his fancy, more and more,
And wilder, seemed to roam ;
He seemed to think the War was o’er,
And he was safe at home ;
And there, as if to friends, he told
Of war and war’s alarms,
Of many a comrade soldier bold,
And many a feat of arms.

Of conflicts sore he spake of one—
A sore, a bloody fight—
The hard day’s march from Lexington,
The skirmish of the night ;
Spoke of the sleepless *bivouac*,
As on their arms they lay
Within the village town Lone Jack,
To wait the coming day.

And then he spake of the attack,
Which came at early morn—
The rebel charge, the falling back,
The hedge and growing corn ;
He spoke of deeds of daring done,
Of many a soldier slain,
The loss of the artillery gun,
The taking it again.

But here his memory seemed to fail—
His voice was failing too—
Alas! he ne’er will tell the tale
To those he loved so true ;

Some other tongue to them will tell
The story he essayed,
Describe the battle where he fell,
The spot where he was laid.

And there, beneath that lonely tree,
Which gave the town its name,*
The traveller will turn to see
And read a warrior's fame.
And when the tree shall cease to stand,
As it must shortly do,
A monument, with marble hand,
Will point to where it grew.

THE SOLDIER FROM THE KANSAS LINE.

A soldier from Missouri,
In manhood's early prime,
Lay with the dead and dying,
Far in a Southern clime ;
On the bloody field of Corinth
His life was ebbing fast,
And comrades, faint and bleeding,
In crowds were hurrying past ;
He saw his young companions—
The friends of happier days—
Retiring from the conflict,
Before the cannon's blaze ;

* The town of Lone Jack takes its singular name from a lone tree of the black-jack species, which stood upon the high ridge of prairie dividing the waters of the Missouri and the Osage, in the immediate vicinity of which was built the little village of Lone Jack. The tree, though dead, was still standing at the time of the battle, and near it were buried the dead of both armies. A monument or marble shaft has been erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, but the Union soldiers sleep without any ; but an iron fence encloses both.

And borne along, all tattered,
The starred and barred ensign,
That flag which he had followed
From near the Kansas line.

A comrade stopped beside him,
And raised his drooping head,
And thus, in faltering accents,
The dying soldier said :
“ Farewell, my friend and comrade,
A long, a long adieu—
Though you may shortly follow me,
I'll ne'er return to you ;
With me the War is over,
My marching's at an end,
And now a dying message
By you I fain would send ;
O bear it to my kindred,
Those distant friends of mine,
For I have friends and kindred
Near to the Kansas line :

“ I have an aged mother—
You know that mother well ;
O bear to her the tidings
How I in battle fell,
And tell her I remember
In anguish her advice
To stay at home in quiet,
Nor join the chieftain Price ;
And if I had but heeded
The good advice she gave,
I would not now be hurrying
Into the yawning grave ;
But I heeded other counsel,
And left that home of mine—
A home of peace and quiet
Near to the Kansas line.

“ You know my brothers, also—
Tell them the mournful tale,

And when in death I'm sleeping,
They will my fate bewail;
They know I strove, all vainly,
Secession's tide to stem,
Till, blinded by a phantom,
I bade adieu to them;
They know the things that drew me
Away from them and home,
And the phantom light that lured me
Through Dixie's land to roam;
And that the heart beat loyal
Within this breast of mine—
But it will never beat again
Upon the Kansas line.

“ Tell to my neighbors, also,
Who preached secession loud,
And counseled me and others
To swell the rebel crowd,
That though they now are loyal
Their lives and goods to save,
'Twas they who sent me, surely,
To fill a soldier's grave;
And though I can forgive them,
I'd have them not forget
That, but for them, I might have been
At home with mother yet;
And though I lie far distant,
This mangled form of mine
May haunt their dreaming slumbers
Upon the Kansas line.

“ And there's a dark-eyed beauty—
I need not call her name—
Who swerved me from my duty,
And fanned the rebel flame;
Her words to me, ‘ Remember,
No hand with mine unites,
Unless I find it boldly
Defending Southern rights.’

Those Southern rights, alas ! friend,
I knew not what they were,
But with you and others, followed
The fleeing phantom's glare ;
I sacrificed my judgment
At beauty's magic shrine,
And joined the rebel regiment
Upon the Kansas line.

“ And now, dear friend, remember
And heed my last request—
I feel my mind is wandering,
I soon shall be at rest ;
Now dim prophetic visions
Before me seem to pass,
And storms of blood and carnage
Are gathering, alas !
And ere the War is ended—
So foolishly begun—
A thousand youths, misguided,
Will do as I have done ;
A thousand doting mothers
Will be bereft like mine,
And thousand homes be desolate
Along the Kansas line.”

And then his reason failing,
The soldier ceased to speak,
And on that field of battle,
Where Greek had met the Greek,
His life was made an offering
Unto the god of War,
Whose victims bled by thousands—
Alas ! alas ! what for ?
The land is dark with mourning,
Draped in the weeds of woe,
And the wailing notes of sorrow
Are heard from high and low,
And many a home is desolate,
As fire and sword combine
To make a howling wilderness
Along the Kansas line.

THE FADED BANNER; OR, HOPE-FORLORN.

The circumstance which gave rise to this poem was the surprise and massacre of the citizens of Kingsville, in Johnson County, Missouri, on the 7th of May, 1865, by a band of about one hundred guerrillas led by A. Clements, a lieutenant of the noted Bill Anderson. The sentiments contained in the poem are taken chiefly from Baldwin's oration, delivered on the 3d anniversary of the massacre, and published in the *Warrensburg Standard* about the 12th of May, 1868. The poem was also published in the same paper a week or two after.

I saw a faded banner wave
Amongst the budding woodland trees,
'Twas planted near a soldier's grave,
And floated on the passing breeze.

"What flag is this," I asked of one—
"This faded banner, worn and torn?"
He said: "That flag, through rain and sun,
Has often led the Hope-forlorn."

"That Hope-forlorn," I asked again—
"Now tell me who and what were they?
And does that Hope-forlorn remain,
Or has it died and passed away?"

"A band of true and loyal men,
By rebel hands when nigh o'erborne,
United for defense, and then
Those men were styled the Hope-forlorn.

"A Hope-forlorn they seemed to be,
For other hopes had failed and died;
They vowed beneath the flag you see
To stand or perish side by side.

"And well they kept that sacred vow;
They stood together night and morn—
They're bound together even now,
The members of that Hope-forlorn."

“ Why is it here—that torn ensign—
Why waves it o’er these lonely graves ? ”
He said : “ Here sleep the murdered nine,
And o’er their dust this banner waves.

“ Here Duncan, Paul and others sleep,
Who fell that fatal Sabbath morn ;
But Freedom’s friends will ever keep
In memory green that Hope-forlorn.

“ The storm of war had passed away,
In which they well had borne their part,
And peace, with its reviving ray,
Was cheering every loyal heart,

“ When rebel bandits, seeking blood,
To Kingsville came at early morn,
And, bursting like a whelming flood,
O’erpowered the feeble Hope-forlorn.

“ They waited till the storm had passed,
Like Booth, to quench their bloody thirst,
And with him they’ll be ever classed—
Of murderers the very worst.

“ Three years have come and passed away
Since that remembered Sabbath morn,
And at their graves we meet to-day
To honor that small Hope-forlorn.

“ Upon this consecrated ground,
When comes the seventh day of May,
Let friends of Freedom gather round,
An annual tribute here to pay.

“ That faded flag above their graves—
That flag by them thro’ danger borne—
Shall wave as now you see it waves,
And point us to that Hope-forlorn.”

THE WATCHMAN; OR, BURDEN OF DUMAH.

Isaiah **XXI.** 11, 12.

This poem—a kind of prophecy or prediction—was written about the last of 1864, and published in the *Independence Messenger*.

THE QUESTION.

Watchman upon the tower, ho !
What of the stormy night?
Say, does the storm-cloud darker grow,
Or is there coming light ?

How long until the day shall break—
How long until the dawn—
How long till peace and order wake,
And strivings be withdrawn ?

How long ere blood and carnage cease
To stain a guilty land,
And till the olive branch of peace
Shall wave on every hand ?

This call I hear from Edom's land,
It comes from out of Seir ;
'Tis borne on southern breezes bland
Into the watchman's ear.

ANSWER.

The night is coming, dark with gloom,
O'er that rebellious land,
And, lo ! the impending hour of doom
Is even now at hand.

A darker night than Egypt knew,
Awaits secession's clime ;
A darker and a longer too,
And soon will come the time.

The power of that ill-fated land
Is broken and dispersed,
And rebel chiefs must kiss the hand
Of Abraham the first.

But though the night approaches fast,
The morn is coming too,
And when the stormy night has passed,
The sun will shine anew.

A glorious day will yet arise,
Cheered by the beams of peace,
And when secession's doctrine dies,
The storm of war will cease.

And now should you inquire again,
"What of the stormy night?"
Ask, and the answer will be plain:
"There is a gleam of light."

Return, the watchman calls, return
Ere it shall be too late;
Return, rebellious ones, return—
Return, each rebel State!

To your allegiance return,
No longer dare rebel,
And from those bloody lessons, learn
In Union still to dwell.

Come to the Federal Union—come
Ere darker grows the day;
Come quickly to your ancient home,
The glorious U. S. A.

THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Written in 1865.

'Tis done—the bloody strife is o'er,
The storm of war has passed—
We hear the marching tramp no more
Of men in armor massed.

The howling storm of war is hushed,
Its echoes die away ;
The mighty rebel power is crushed,
With all its grand display.

The sunny beams of peace illumine
The land from east to west,
And where but late was grief and gloom,
The land in smiles is dressed.

A mighty nation stands confessed,
Its power is fully tried ;
No North, no South, no East, no West—
It never can divide !

Now washed away a darksome stain,
Now free the Ethiop race,
For those who strove to rivet chains
Have torn them from their place.

A land of freedom now indeed,
For Slavery's reign is o'er ;
The fate of war has now decreed
That slaves are slaves no more !

Then let our thanks to Heaven ascend,
And let us grateful be
To those who did the land defend—
Who made the nation free.

But there is many a heavy heart,
And many a saddened home ;
And sires who saw their sons depart
Will never see them come.

The widow's wail, the orphan's cry,
And sounds of grief like these—
The mother's moan, the sister's sigh,
Are borne upon the breeze.

And there are thousand unknown graves,
Where Union soldiers sleep,
And hundreds lie beneath the waves,
Down in the watery deep.

But though they sleep in death, away
From friends and far from home,
Fair Freedom will their names display
Upon her temple's dome.

And when the circling years have sped—
And they are speeding fast—
The mem'ry of the gallant dead
Will live, and long 'twill last.

And those who freely gave their blood
To quench the rebel fires,
Will have a nation's gratitude,
Till gratitude expires !



POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND SENTIMENTAL.

THE LONELY TREE.

'Twas in days long since departed,
When in youth and lithesome-hearted,
Ere my plans of life were thwarted,
 First I saw this lonely tree ;
'Twas in autumn, sere and sober,
'Twas the last of sad October,
After frost, that great disrober,
 Had embrowned the prairie lea,
 And had scattered many a leaflet
 Round about this lonely tree—
Then I passed this lonely tree.

Passing o'er the rolling prairie,
All was wild and sad and dreary,
And my feet were worn and weary,
 Travelling far from Tennessee ;
Autumn's sun was setting bright then,
Scarce a house or farm in sight then,
And the cold and frosty night then
 Closed around me chillingly ;
 I upon this desert prairie
 Slept, and woke at morn, to see
 Standing here this lonely tree.

Fate or chance, my steps impelling,
Led me then to fix my dwelling
Whence, across the prairie swelling,
 I could see this lonely tree.

On this eminence commanding,
Fire, and flood, and storm withstanding,
It has stood, and yet is standing,
 Where it stood in "thirty three,"
 And for ages prior had served
 As landmark on the prairie lea—
 Standing here a signal tree.

Here, upon these open ranges,
It has seen a thousand changes,
And could tell a tale that strange is,
 Could it speak its history.
Indian warriors by the hundred
Here have met, and here have sundered ;
And curious ones have often wondered
 Where those warriors now may be ;
 They have left those grounds of hunting,
 Gone toward the western sea—
 Far from this now lonely tree.

Changes still have been occurring—
Busy mortals have been stirring
Since the time to which referring,
 First I passed in "thirty-three ;"
Rolling tides of emigration
Came from many a land and nation,
Fixing here their home and station,
 Round about this lonely tree ;
 And a town, or village, rising
 Near the spot, as all may see,
 Bore the name of this lone tree.*

Toiling men and enterprising,
Danger and fatigue despising,
Came, and soon were realizing
 Comfort in a great degree ;
Care and toil the world behooving,
Energetic men were moving,
And the land was fast improving
 All around this lonely tree ;

* Lone Jack.

Farms were spreading east and west,
Farther than the eye could see—
Still it stood a lonely tree.

Other changes came quite sadly,
War had scourged the nation badly,
And contending armies madly
Met and fought at this lone tree.*
'Neath it now the slain are sleeping,
Silent watches round it keeping,
And their distant friends are weeping
For the slain at this lone tree ;
Friends and foes together sleeping—
Peaceful may their slumbers be,
Resting 'neath this lonely tree.

Sad the lesson we've been learning—
Farms and houses round us burning,
Exiles far away sojourning,
Friends we never more shall see—
Bitter fruits of fell *secession*—
Followed fast in quick *succession* ;
Fire, and sword, and war's oppression
Left their foot-prints plain to see,
Not a single person dwelling
In the village near the tree—
Lonely now, this lonely tree.

Once again in autumn sober,
Passed I here, in sad October ;
Death, that great and last disrober,
Had disrobed this lonely tree—
It was dead and fast decaying,
Branches pendantsly were swaying
In the breezes, sadly saying,
“ Man has fallen, so must we ;
He has left the country wasting,
Not a human face we see—”
Lonelier this lonely tree.

* August 16th, 1862.

Lonely tree! the worms did gnaw it,
 Passing ravens seemed to caw it—
 Lonelier than when you saw it

First, in eighteen thirty-three.
 True, indeed, 'twas lonely—very—
 And the village, once so merry,
 Then was lying solitary—

Burned, abandoned, sad to me ;
 Where the shops and stores had stood there
 Naught was left but vacancy.

Banished by the military,*
 Dwellers none were on the prairie,
 All was desolate and dreary,

In October, "sixty-three ;"
 Farms were lying waste, or wasting,
 Bitter fruits of war *all* tasting,
 And the land, to ruin hasting,

Mourned for man's perversity ;
 Out of all that population,
 Once so happy, once so free,
 None were near this lonely tree.

Once again complaining proneley,
 Busied in my rhyming only,
 I am by the tree, so lonely, †

Which I passed in "thirty-three."
 Oft with many a care encumbered,
 One and thirty years I've numbered
 Since the time I slept and slumbered

On the prairie near the tree—
 O the many, many changes
 That have passed o'er it and me !
 I am lonely like the tree.

Now its trunk is standing only,
 Where it long has stood so lonely,
 And its branches, scattered proneley,
 Lie around the parent tree.

* By "Order No. Eleven."

† January, 1865.

I have branches, too, that's left me—
Death has oftentimes bereft me;
Soon the tide of time will drift me
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
Then, with wife and children resting,
Let me lie near this lone tree—
They are sleeping near this tree.

*THE PRISONER.**

Another weary day has passed,
Gone down another sun—
My days, my hopes are sinking fast,
They vanish one by one.

'Tis said that hope, long time deferred,
Makes sick the human heart;
And long I've waited for the word
That bids me hence depart.

But still I wait and hope in vain,
That word comes not to me;
A prisoner I here remain—
O when shall I be free?

They tell me I am homesick now;
'Tis true I pine for home,
And were I there again, I trow,
I never more would roam.

I've pined for many a weary day
Within this prison camp,
But still my thoughts are far away—
Forever on the tramp.

* Referring to a youthful friend who died in prison at Fort Douglass,
1864.

They come and go without control,
They will not be confined—
The cravings of a deathless soul,
The pinions of the mind.

I think of home and friends by day,
And dream of them by night;
O how I long to haste away,
And with those friends unite!

My kindred near, my kindred dear—
O how I long to be
Released from my confinement here,
Those dear, loved ones to see!

And that dear father, too—shall I
E'er see that face again,
And tell him how it was and why
I caused him grief and pain?

I fain would tell him how I came
The Southern ranks to join,
And how a prisoner I became
Within the Union line.

He knows that I was loyal when
I left my home and him—
A friend unto my country then,
Whose flag I ne'er would dim.

But when the rebels raiding came,
Conscripting right or wrong
(Perhaps I was myself to blame),
They carried me along.

And now a pris'ner here confined
For many weeks I've been,
And during those long weeks I've pined
A guarded camp within.

In dreams, I often pass the gate,
My freedom oft regain,
And hurry back to friends, who wait
To welcome me again.

My brothers and my sisters, too,
In dreams, are oft with me,
And that dear home my boyhood knew,
In dreams I often see.

But short the joy those dreams impart ;
I wake to realize
That they are dreams, and sick at heart,
I vent my waking sighs.

Long time I may not tarry here ;
I feel that I, ere long,
Shall cease to hope, shall cease to fear,
To do or suffer wrong.

That earthly home recedes from me—
The land that gave me birth—
But I by faith can sometimes see
A brighter home than earth.

Last night my sainted mother came,
My sorrows all beguiled—
Her smile on me was just the same
As when I was a child.

She pointed to a region fair—
To realms far, far away—
And said, “ No pris’ners languish there,
And youth shall ne’er decay.”

She pointed to a gate which led
From out my prison’s gloom,
She pointed to a path and said,
“ That leads you to your home.

“ It is the road your mother trod
When you were but a boy,
It lead her to the throne of God,
To realms of endless joy.

“ Farewell, my son, a short farewell—
I may not tarry here ;
Soon shall you come to me, and dwell
In yon celestial sphere.”

And now I go—vain world, adieu !
No longer here I'll dwell ;
My father, brothers, sisters, too—
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Written upon visiting the home of my childhood, after an absence of eight and thirty years.

Long years had elapsed, and I had grown old
Since leaving the land of my birth,
When again I returned once more to behold
That dearest loved spot upon earth ;
The dear cherished home, where my lot had been cast,
And my eyes opened first on the day ;
Where the days of my earliest childhood were passed,
And my years glided smoothly away.

In the morning of life, in my boyhood's day,
I had left it and wandered afar ;
And then, when my hair was silvered and gray,
I returned on the steam-going car ;
I came to the home of my childhood alone—
'Twas changed, but it still was the same—
I stood on its threshold a stranger unknown,
None knew me or called me by name.

In the house which my father had builded I stood,
And my thoughts travelled backward again
To the days of my youth, to my sunny childhood,
And my pleasure was mingled with pain;
No father, no mother, to greet me I found—
No brother or sister in view;
Long time had that father lain low in the ground,
And my brothers were lying there too.

My thoughts, by fond memory, backward were drawn,
And they whispered this truth to my heart :
“ Companions and playmates of youth are all gone,
And alone, all alone now thou art.”
'Twas sad, and yet pleasing, at once to review
Those scenes to my memory dear,
To visit each spot which my infancy knew
Ere my life had been burdened with care.

The house and surroundings were part of that scene—
The old-fashioned chimney yet stands,
And I thought of the time, when a youth of sixteen,
I moulded each brick with these hands.
Forty years have gone by, and firm and still hard
The bricks in that chimney I see ;
But of those who then toiled in that dusty brick-yard
Not one are living but me.

To the place of the orchard of apples I came,
And I sought for *one* apple-tree fair—
My favorite tree, and called by my name—
But, alas ! not a vestige was there ;
The trees which my father had planted were gone—
Perhaps they had died long ago—
But others, and larger ones, grew further on,
Where the spring and the rivulets flow.

I came to the spring, and still, as of old,
It flowed with a murmuring rill ;
And I bowed me to drink of that fountain so cold,
As it came from out of the hill ;

And the time and the season came back to my mind
When my flutter-wheel danced in the stream,
And the many times since, when in slumbers confined,
I've returned to that spot in my dream.

To the site of the school house I then did repair,
Where it stood on the rocky hill's brow ;
I sought it in vain, I found it not there,
But a barn is standing there now ;
The walnut-tree, too, I remembered so well,
Which threw on the play-ground its shade,
Was gone, but an oak is there standing to tell
Where the children of long ago played.

In fancy the days of my youth did return,
I saw my loved playmates again ;
But reality came with a countenance stern,
And told me such fancies were vain.
I never shall see them again, as of yore ;
In those streamlets they'll never more lave—
All parted and scattered the western land o'er,
And many lie low in the grave.

Ah ! sad, and yet pleasing, it is to come back,
When our heads are all silvered with grey ;
To tread once again the old beaten track
We trod in our childhood's bright day ;
To meet with kind friends who remember our names,
Though the face has changed to their view,
And to kindle again the expiring flames
Of friendship, devoted and true.

Not wholly alone I found myself there ;
For some few of my kindred remain—
Some school-mates and friends, whose welcomings were
A solace for much of my pain ;
Although so much changed that they knew not my face,
They remembered me well as of yore,
Could speak of the time, and could tell me the place
Where last they had seen me before.

And now back at home—my far western home—
My thoughts will revert to those scenes,
And, waking or sleeping, my fancy will roam
Away back to the years of my teens—
And to those of my friends and acquaintances too
Who gave me a welcome so kind ;
And whether my days shall be many or few,
To the end I will bear them in mind.

*FORTY YEARS AGO—NOW AND THEN; OR, THE
OLD MAN'S RETURN TO THE HOME
OF HIS YOUTH.*

Written to William Sharp, an old school-mate, after the visit mentioned in the last poem.

Fain would I write to you, dear friend,
A letter frank and free—
I've lately been to our old home,
Away in Tennessee ;
I've been to the old place, dear Bill,
Where we in childhood dwelt,
But, oh ! I cannot tell you all
Of what I saw and felt.

I walked the valley up and down,
I crossed the ridges o'er,
And stood where we so oft have stood
Upon the river's shore ;
Oh ! great have been the changes there—
Some spots I scarce could know,
While others seemed almost the same
As forty years ago.

I came to where your father dwelt
When we were boys, dear Bill ;
To where the old log house then stood,
Upon the sloping hill ;

That old log house has gone long since—
 I know not when or how—
 But down below the spring there stands
 A large brick mansion now.

They say your brother built it there;
 But he has moved away,
 And those you never saw, dear friend,
 Are living there to-day.
 The trees that shaded that old house
 I saw had fallen too,
 And scarce an apple-tree was left
 Where once the orchard grew.

A little further down the stream,
 And near the public road,
 The place you well remember yet,
 Where I in youth abode—
 'Twas there my father's cabin stood,
 In life's bright early morn;
 'Twas there my infant years were passed—
 'Twas there that I was born.

And after all the changing scenes
 Of all the changing years,
 I see the same old farm again,
 But different it appears;
 The old log house is standing where
 My father built it, still;
 Your sister now is living there—
 Your sister Mary Hill.

I stood in that old house again,
 As oft before I'd done,
 But there were none to greet me there—
 Of kindred—no, not one!
 And those who knew me when, a boy,
 I played barefooted there,
 All failed to recognize the man,
 So old, with silver hair.

Time, in its flight, had changed the place—
I, too, had changed, dear Bill—
But many a spot, to memory dear,
I found remaining still;
The spring was flowing from the hill
As in the days of yore,
But trees were growing round it then
I ne'er had seen before.

The old brick chimney stands there yet—
Two stories high, you know;
Its every brick I moulded, Bill,
Full forty years ago;
But of the many men and boys,
Those boys with sunny brow,
Who toiled with me in making them—
Not one is living now.

They all are dead and in their graves,
One after one they died;
Far, far apart some of them sleep,
And some lie side by side;
Two thousand miles and more away
Some sleep in graves unknown,
While I, with locks now thin and grey,
Am left alone—alone!

Across the streamlet on the hill
Between our homes, you know,
The little school-house stood, dear Bill,
A good long while ago;
'Twas there, when little boys at school,
We learned our A B C,
And studied Webster's old blue book—
Few other books had we.

Besides the rough-hewn writing *bench*,
How often, side by side,
We sat, and made our pot-hooks there,
And read "John Gilpin's Ride;"*

* Cowper's poem of John Gilpin, as found in the old school book,
"Scott's Lessons."

But after "twice ten tedious years,"
And double that had fled,
Far faster, far, than Gilpin rode
Back to that spot I sped.

And there I stood alone, dear Bill,
Upon the old play-ground ;
Not one of all our playmates dear
Upon that spot was found ;
I saw them not beside the brook,
Nor on the cedar glade,
But some of their grandchildren small
Were playing where *we* played.

And thus it was;—place after place
I visited, and found
That time had changed each cherished spot
Of memory's hallowed ground ;
I came to where my grandsire dwelt
In days and years long gone,
Hard by the old mill-stream, you know,
Which still was flowing on.

The mill was standing where it did ;—
The sound of grinding low
Fell on my listening ears again
As forty years ago ; *
The old house, too, my grandsire built,
In days ere I was born,
Was standing as it stood of yore,
But looking more forlorn.

How oft I've met my cousins dear
At grandma's house to play ;
How often, in the orchard there,
We passed our holiday !
But now those orchard trees are gone—
The old catalpas, too ; †
And gone are all the pleasant shades
Their leafy branches threw.

* See Fall of the Old Mill.

† The shade trees in the yard.

I trod the gravel yard again,
I viewed the landscape o'er,
And many an object then I saw
That I had seen before ;
Upon the weather-beaten wall,
Though now somewhat decayed,
I saw the many, many marks
Our arrow-spikes had made.

Oh ! these were sad mementoes, Bill,
Of long departed joys—
'Twas sad to think how few are left
Of those light-hearted boys ;
To think that they, those few like me,
Are now gray-headed men—
To think of all the "ups" and "downs"
That we have seen since then.

The old log meeting-house, you know,
Built in the woodland wild,
Where first I heard the gospel preached,
When I was but a child—
I came to that old church again,
And worshipers were there—
Not those we used to see there, Bill,
But faces strange they were.

I heard the voice of prayer and praise,
To God, the great Triune ;
I heard them sing the same old song,
And in the same old tune ;
You may have sang that tune, dear Bill—
The song you've heard, I know ;
"I am a stranger," so it ran,
"A stranger here below."

And as they sang, I felt, indeed
The force of that sad word—
A stranger in my native place,
Where first that hymn I heard ;

And as I listened to the song
 (My eyes were dimmed I know),
 I thought I saw the friends of old,
 Who sang it long ago.

But that was all illusion, Bill—
 I walked the grave-yard through,
 And there they were, those friends of old,
 But hidden from my view ;
 That grave-yard, Bill, is larger now
 Than when you saw it last—
 Alas! those cities of the dead
 Are populating fast.

There, side by side, my kindred lie ;
Your kindred lie there, too—
 I saw your father's grave, dear Bill,
 And well that grave I knew ;
 The plain head-stone is standing yet—
 A limestone large, you know ;
 I saw it placed above that grave,
 O'er forty years ago.

Another well remembered spot
 I visited, dear Bill—
 'Twas where my aunt Tabitha dwelt,
 Hard by the rippling rill ;
 Where I and her dear children oft
 Have sported through the day,
 And with our games of fox and goose,
 Passed hours of night away.

Ah, well do I remember, Bill,
 Those boys and girls of yore—
 Perhaps you, too, remember them,
 Though some are now no more ;
 Oh, yes—for now I think of it—
 Full well, my friend, I know
 You married one of those dear girls
 Near forty years ago.

Now tell my cousin Betsy, Bill,
 (Your wife I might have said)
That late I passed those play-grounds o'er
 Where we together played;
Her father, and her mother too,
 I learn, had long been dead;
But one dear brother still resides
 Upon the old homestead.

That mansion house is standing yet,
 The old log kitchen too;
The smoke-house stands just as it did,
 The orchard where it grew;
The stables, too, across the road,
 Upon the level plat—
No place I saw had undergone
 So little change as that.

I slept in that old house again,
 Within that little room,
Where you (if I remember well)
 Slept when a gay bridegroom;
And as I lay reflecting there,
 I heard the light foot fall
Of Time, as measured by the clock,
 Which ticked against the wall.*

The *same* old Ely Terry clock
 That wooden clock, you know,
The one my Uncle George first bought,
 A long, long while ago;
And as its measured steps I heard,
 They seemed to speak or chime:
“For fifty years or nearly so,
 I’ve told the flight of time.”

* A letter received by the author from the cousin occupying that house, Hon. Rice Snodderly, on the 10th of May, 1882, has the following: “As I write I am sitting in the same room you mention in your poem, and can hear the tick of the same old Eli Terry clock, apparently as good as ever.”

How lightly fall the steps of time !
And yet what changes great
They've made since you and I, dear Bill,
First left our native State ;
And should you ever go back there,
To the old place again,
You'll find, dear friend, a contrast great
Between the *now* and *then*.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PREACHER.

Written to accompany a reminiscence of Elder Joab Powell, published in
Christian Repository, April, 1875.

How often it is, as in church I am sitting,
My mind wanders back to the days of my youth,
And faces and forms before me are flitting,
Of those who then preached the plain gospel of truth ;
In fancy I see the good, pious old teacher
Who urged me the way of salvation to know,
The plain, honest face of the pioneer preacher,
Who preached on the border a long time ago ;
The plain, simple preacher, the good, honest preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago.

That old-fashioned preacher—I'll never forget him,
But will ever remember his kindness to me ;
Full well I remember the first time I met him,
When I was a boy, in East Tennessee ;
But now I am old, many years have passed o'er me,
And he is asleep on a far, distant shore ;
But often, in fancy, I see him before me
As I saw him in youth, in the good days of yore,
The same honest preacher, the same fearless preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, who preaches no more.

How often I think of his true self-denial,
And often contrast him with men of to-day;
Through heat and through cold, though great was the trial,
He toiled in the vineyard—not asking for pay;
The widow, the orphan, the poor, and the needy,
In sickness and sorrow, had reason to know,
In all their afflictions, that none were so speedy
Relief and assistance on them to bestow
As the plain, earnest preacher, the good Baptist preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago.

But few of those old-fashioned preachers yet linger,
But few now remain; and those few are ignored
For men of more learning, and scorn with her finger
Oft points at the men who so much have endured;
More talented men are the bread of life breaking,
And their words of instruction more fluently flow;
But are they more useful or more sin-forsaking
Than the ignorant preacher of long time ago?
The plain, humble preacher, the well-meaning preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long time ago.

When now, on the Sabbath, the old church I visit—
Where his plain admonitions no longer I hear—
'Tis strange, very strange—can you tell me why is it
His words to my mind will so often occur?
While eloquent men, in language quite burning,
Are preaching the gospel of peace and of truth,
My mind is so vagrant it still will be turning
To the old-fashioned preacher I heard in my youth,
The plain, gospel preacher, the pioneer preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, I heard in my youth.

'Tis said that the age and the world are progressing,
That old-fashioned preachers are needed no more;
That men of more learning, more knowledge possessing,
Must now take the places of those gone before;
Ah! well, with the world I must not be contending—
Perhaps it is so; but there's one thing I know:

While the greatest D. D's. are their tenets defending,
I think of the preacher of long time ago,
That ignorant preacher, the plain, simple preacher,
The old-fashioned preacher, of long, long ago.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The early settlers—where are they?
They are falling one by one;
A few more years may pass away,
And leave but few or none.

My memory often hurries me
Back o'er a lapse of years,
And in my dreams I sometimes see
Those hardy pioneers.

But they are gone, those sturdy men,
And few are left to tell
The hardships they encountered when
They first came here to dwell.

A few gray-headed ones still link
The present to the past;
And sad it is for me to think
That I'm almost the last.

Now, in my wanderings to and fro,
Through prairie, field, and wood,
I pass the spots where long ago
Their rude log cabins stood.

I see them not as once they were—
Scarce one of them remains—
Perhaps a stable here and there,
Bleached by a thousand rains.

Quite rude those habitations were,
And "few and far between;"
Some stood upon the prairies fair,
And some in groves of green.

But now a mound of stone and earth,
The site of homes bereft,
Tells where was once the blazing hearth—
And that is all that's left.

Those early settlers—where are they?
I miss them more and more;
Each year, when it has passed away,
Leaves fewer than before.

Like leaves of autumn from the trees,
They're falling one by one;
And soon will Death's cold, wintry breeze
Remove the last, last one!

When I to church now sometimes go,
Their seats are vacant there;
I miss them—they are gone I know,
But where? oh, tell me where!

Some in the East, some in the West,
Are buffeting life's waves;
But far the greatest number rest
Low in their silent graves.

And when I meet one of the few
Who still are lingering here,
Like brother or like sister true
Seems that old pioneer.

The past, the buried past returns,
We live it o'er again
In speaking of the world's concerns,
So different now from then.

Ye settlers of the western wild,
 Though few may here remain,
 Ye have not labored here and toiled
 And spent your lives in vain.

Another race of men may fill
 The places you have filled,
 And other hands those fields may till,
 Which you have cleared and tilled.

But when ye all have passed away—
 The last old settler gone—
 Your deeds will yet survive, for they
 In living lines are drawn.

Those lines which you have written fair
 Can never be effaced ;
 You leave the country smiling where
 You found it wild and waste.

THE CONTRAST.

Written after attending the Farmers' or Grangers' picnic at Lone Jack, on the Eleventh Anniversary of the battle at that place, August 16, 1862.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two—
 Amid confusion's rattle—
 I came to where the Gray and Blue
 Had lately met in battle ;
 And there, beside a lonely tree,
 Upon the rolling prairie,
 The dead were laid promiscuously—
 The wounded faint and weary.

I came again, and stood upon
 The ground where they contended—
 Eleven years had come and gone,
 Those years of strife had ended ;

And then I saw a different scene,
A scene by far more pleasant—
A thousand men upon the green,
A thousand ladies present.

Where, just eleven years before,
The storm of war tempestive
Had swept the little village o'er,
All now was gay and festive ;
The music floated on the air
Like water o'er the pebbles ;
The men who wore the blue were there,
And those who fought with rebels.

The sun, upon that August day,
Looked down from heaven smiling
To see the Blue, to see the Gray
The happy hours beguiling ;
For, hand in hand, I saw them go
To eat the basket-dinner,
For which I thanked the Lord, although
Unworthy and a sinner.

But though the storm of war had passed—
Its thunder roared no longer—
Another storm was gathering fast,
The breeze was blowing stronger ;
I saw within that festive crowd
Full many a hardy yeoman,
With independent thought endowed
And stern as any Roman.

'Twas then I saw the husbandmen
(The sons of toil and labor,
Whose motto is " Do justice when
You deal with friend and neighbor ; ")
Contending 'gainst the giant wrong,
As with a sling and pebbles—
The Union soldiers marched along,
Beside secession rebels.

Not braver than those farmers bold
The heroes of Thermopylae—
While loud and deep the murmur rolled,
“Down, down with all monopoly ;
We’ve put our hands unto the plow—
We do not mean disruption—
But pause and stand from under now,
Ye minions of corruption !”

They come, they come, they’re filing by—
The army of the grangers—
While scheming politicians cry,
“These men our craft endanger !”
I saw them marshaling their ranks,
More numerous than the pebbles ;
Within them stood the loyal yanks,
And there were royal rebels.

And as they moved with measured tread,
Their step was firm and steady—
A mighty conflict just ahead,
But not a conflict bloody ;
Unlike the one that dyed the ground
Around the tree so lonely,
Eleven years before—I found
That this was peaceful only.

Instead of cries of agony
From soldiers sorely wounded,
The sound of mirth and revelry
On every side abounded ;
And where the *feds* and *rebs* erewhile
Had met and fought as strangers,
They met in quite another style—
As friends and brother grangers.

ADDRESS TO THE GRANGERS.

Written for the occasion, and read before the Lone Jack Grange at the Annual Festival, Dec. 4th, 1873.

When Patrons of Husbandry meet and unite
To consult and to work for the good of the Grange,
Fain would I be there and contribute my mite,
And socially join in the thoughts interchange ;
To speak of the comforts of home, and to plan
Attractions that lend an additional charm ;
For nothing will bring more comfort to man
Than a well-ordered home on a well-ordered farm.

The minions of wealth, who in luxury roll,
Disdainfully look on the husbandman's toil,
But the wealth which the nabobs amass and control,
By the hand of the farmer is dug from the soil ;
By his hand and his labor Earth's millions are fed ;
And how would Earth's millions grow pale with alarm,
If the husbandman *ever* should cease to make bread,
And the other good things that are grown on the farm !

If there is a class possessed of more worth
Than all other classes of men when combined,
'Tis the class of producers, who bring from the earth
The treasures of wealth that are therein confined ;
And if there's a man independent and free,
Depending alone on the Almighty arm—
The arm of Jehovah, who made him—'tis he
Who enjoys the comforts of life on a farm.

Where, where, is that man on a farm who was reared—
In the North or the South, it matters not where—
Though t'other pursuits his life is now squared,
Who, in thought, is not oftentimes carried back there ;
Though in other pursuits for a time he engage,
And success, for a time, may lend them a charm,
He'll never forget, though he live to old age,
The pleasures he saw in his youth on a farm.

Although by the farmer the world has been fed,
 Upheld and supported for six thousand years,
 He's opposed by a class with a stealthy-like tread,
 And cruelly swindled by base financiers ;
 That great moneyed power which companies wield
 For their profit alone, and the husbandman's harm,
 Possesses itself of the fruits of his field,
 And afterwards pockets the whole of his farm.

Monopolies here, and monopolies there—
 They're growing and spreading on every hand ;
 Ye sons and ye daughters of labor, prepare
 That great moneyed power at once to withstand ;
 Stand firmly together, your forces unite,
 And shoulder to shoulder, and arm within arm,
 Press onward and forward—contend for the right
 To live and enjoy the fruit of the farm !

Beware of corruption, of traitors beware—
 Be vigilant, watchful, and on the alert ;
 Our foes are awake and abroad everywhere—
 They strike in the dark, and the farmer is hurt ;
 Too long have we bowed to the sly, subtle power,
 Too long have been led by the siren-like charm ;
 Let them look for the day, let them wait for the hour,
 When the yeomanry comes in his strength from the farm !

Corruption and bribery have entered the hall
 Where State Legislators and Congressmen meet,
 And sad is the sight when our law-makers tall
 And worship the gold that is laid at their feet ;
 Their trust is betrayed, and our interests are sold—
 They feeling but little dread or alarm ;
 But the days of their power are numbered and told—
 They'll never be trusted again on the farm.

The sly politician who sells us for once
 (Though little compunction of conscience he feels)
 Will find that the farmer is not such a dunce
 As not to remember back salary steals ;

And he who has voted to double our tax,
 And put shackles of debt upon every arm,
 And make us pay gold in the place of greenbacks,
 Need never claim kin with the sons of the farm.

And now, brother farmers, let's firmly unite—
 In wrangling together, too long have we dwelt—
 If, united as one, we contend for the right,
 We'll soon be a power on earth that is felt ;
 Already monopolies, far away, see
 This rising of farmers and feel the alarm
 That when from their meshes the farmer gets free,
 They'll no longer swindle him out of his farm.

LETTER TO AN EDITOR.

Written to the Editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle*, in 1873.

When your paper comes to hand,
 Its columns eagerly are scanned ;
 I look it o'er and o'er to see
 Those notes about East Tennessee—
 Oh, Tennessee ! East Tennessee !
 The dearest spot on earth to me
 (With gushing springs and gliding rills)
 Is hid amongst those verdant hills !

'Twas there in days long passed away,
 My eyes first opened on the day ;
 'Twas there my happiest years were passed—
 Alas ! too happy long to last ;
 And now, since years have come and gone,
 Here in a distant land alone,
 By fancy's eyes I often see
 Those misty hills of Tennessee.

'Twas in life's morning, bright and fair,
 I left the little streamlet there,
 And, with ambitious views possessed,

My steps were bent toward the West ;
Since then what changes have I seen,
In youth and age and all between !
A checkered scene of toil and care,
With transient pleasures here and there.

But still, in every lane of life,
In joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
My thoughts would turn, and turning, go
Back to the scenes of long ago ;
Back to the little streamlet where
The minnows played when I was there—
Those pebbly streams I seem to see,
Amongst the hills of Tennessee.

And when your paper I peruse,
'Tis not so much for general news
As 'tis that I, perchance, may trace
The name of some familiar place
Connected with the olden time,
'Ere I had left that genial clime ;
Or else that I may there behold
The name of some dear friend of old.

A few old friends still there remain—
Some friends I ne'er may see again ;
But they, perhaps, remember not
My name, nor e'er bestow a thought
On me, or on those days of yore,
Those days which can return no more ;
But though they may not think of me,
I think of them and Tennessee.

Toward that dear spot my heart has yearned,
But only once have I returned—
Once, only once, since thirty-three,
Have I been there, that spot to see ;
When eight and thirty years had passed,
And age was creeping o'er me fast,
I came to that old place again,
But found a change in things and men.

'Tis not my purpose now to trace
My wanderings from place to place,
Nor will I speak of the contrast
Between the present and the past ;
Those matters I shall not rehearse—
I've written them in other verse,*
From which, if you will read, you'll see
I'm wedded yet to Tennessee.

But when I came to Knoxville, where
Your paper's published, I declare—
When our conductor called the name—
I scarce could think it was the same,
So many changes there I found,
And everything seemed turned around—
The streets of Cumberland and Gay
Seemed running the contrary way.

And then the town had grown up so—
The railroad, too, and its depot
Had all been built since I was there;
Which made the city look so queer
That if I saw a single spot
I e'er had seen, I knew it not;
Within a crowd I seemed alone,
Unknowing all and all unknown.

That town, which first in life I'd seen,
Had still been kept in memory green;
In memory's eye the same it seemed,
And oftentimes, in sleep, I dreamed
That I was there, a boy again,
With heart as light as it was when
I first came there, o'er hill and dale,
With forty pounds of rags for sale.

But when I sought to find the place
Where then I sold them, not a trace
Of that store-house, with painted sign,
Where Roberts sold in twenty-nine,

* "Forty Years Ago."

Could I perceive in seventy-one;
'Twas gone—the sign “Roberts & Sons;”
But old men in the neighborhood
May tell you where that store-house stood.

Those old men, too, remember yet
Some things that I cannot forget:
Election day was drawing nigh,
And Jackson was the battle-cry;
Tom Arnold bold and Pryor Lea
Were candidates, and wished to be
Elected into Congress then,
And both were noisy, talking men;
So, such a war of words was heard
As ne'er before the pool had stirred.

They both were willing, anxious too,
To serve a Congress term or two,
And serve for eighty dimes a day,
Without the back or extra pay;
But times have changed—they have, indeed—
The more we get the more we need;
But now I'm getting off the track,
I'll check myself and hurry back.

'Twas there, in thirty-one, I guess,
The first I saw a printing press,
And strong the impulse seized me then
To be one of the printer men;
And one, perhaps, I might have been,
But Heiskell would not take me in—
For Heiskell was a printer, sir,
And edited the *Register*.

Perhaps, for me, 'twas for the best—
We're oft by disappointment blessed;
Had I succeeded in my plan,
I might have been a congressman;
Perhaps I might have been returned
Unto the Congress just adjourned,
And seeing what they have to bear,
I'm glad, indeed, I was not there.

And now, dear editor, so kind,
 I hope these items I shall find
 Within your paper, more and more ;
 And as I read its columns o'er,
 They'll carry me in fancy back
 To tread the old familiar track,
 Across the hill, across the vale,
 Across the streams which never fail,
 And there to tread the forest through,
 Where chinquapins and chestnuts grew,
 And where my voice in boyhood rang,
 From hill to hill, when digging 'sang.*

But I must bid you now adieu—
 Too long, I fear, I've troubled you ;
 But if too long, pray do not frown—
 Just send it back, or boil it down ;
 And should you meet a friend of mine,
 Just say to him, a friendly line
 Directed to his friend, M. R.,
 Will make me happier by far.

*THE EXODUS OF EIGHTEEN SIXTY-THREE; OR,
 ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN.*

To those living in Western Missouri, this Poem needs no explanation ; and to those not conversant with the facts, it is only necessary to say that during the great Civil War between the Northern and Southern States, Gen. Thomas Ewing, on the 25th of August, 1863, issued an order called "No. 11," commanding and requiring all the citizens of certain counties in Missouri to vacate their homes within fifteen days; those who could prove their loyalty being permitted to remove into the military posts or to certain parts of Kansas—all others to remove from his district, which included the State of Kansas and the two western tiers of counties in Missouri. In consequence of which, the country by the 10th of September was depopulated, except at or immediately near the garrisoned towns or posts.

The book of Exodus you've read—
 That march across the parted sea,
 When Israel, by Moses led,
 Went from Egyptian bondage free ;

*Ginseng, a small root which was then worth about 25 cents per pound.

But some there be who never heard
Of that exode in sixty-three,
The incidents that then occurred,
Or how or why it came to be.

While some remember, some have read,
And some have heard of "Order Eleven,"
When thousands into exile fled,
And thousands from their homes were driven.
Then wake, my muse---my memory, wake,
Relate that story, sad and true ;
Set nothing down for malice' sake,
Nor with extenuating view—
Impartially the tale relate,
Its incidents of grief detail ;
Those incidents we'll ne'er forget
Till life with memory shall fail.

Two years and more the War had raged—
The War was raging wildly still—
And madly was that warfare waged
Through summer's heat and winter's chill ;
The North and South alike contend,
With equal ardor, equal zeal,
While varying fates to each portend
Alternate woe, alternate weal.

The cloud which rose in "sixty-one,"
The dark and stormy cloud of war,
Had darker grown, till moon and sun
Were hid, and hidden every star ;
The howling storm tempestuous roared,
And lightnings flashed from crest to crest,
While chiefly were its torrents poured
Upon the suffering South and West.

Missouri's western border lay
In that tornado's wasting path,
And near the Kansas line for aye
It fell in all its greatest wrath ;

'Twas there the cruelties of war
In broader, deeper currents run—
'Twas brother 'gainst the brother there,
And father ranged against the son.

Though by the Union soldiers bold
The posts and garrisons were held,
The many guerrilla bandits told
The rebel spirit still unquelled;
And night and day those reckless men
Were found marauding here and there,
And watching for the soldiers then,
Bush-whacked and fought them everywhere,
Till Quantrell, Todd and Anderson,
And others, such as they, became
A terror unto many a one
Who still maintained a loyal fame.

'Twas said (I do not know how true,
But, true or false, the charge was made;)
That citizens—and not a few—
Were leagued with them, and gave them aid;
And when the soldiers failed entire
To find or capture such a band,
They often wreaked their vengeance dire
Upon some farmer of the land;
And this, however much we blame,
Retaliating vengeance drew,
And citizens of loyal fame
In turn were made to suffer too.

Then as the contest fiercer grew,
And Time still rolled his car along,
Those bold marauders bolder grew,
And greater grew the mighty wrong,
Until those deeds of blood and sin,
In August, eighteen sixty-three,
Most sadly culminated in
The bloody Lawrence massacre.

I need not tell that story dread—

The world, I deem, has known it long—

But simply state to what it led,

Another grievous, cruel wrong :

The agents of the Government

Had many a time and oft proclaimed

That all should suffer banishment

Who aided those fierce bandits named ;

And oftentime did they declare

In bitter language, far from chaste,

That, if those guerrillas harbored there,

They'd lay the rebel region waste.

Then, when the raid on Lawrence came,

And it was known and told afar,

That those guerrillas known to fame

Came from the hills of Sni-a-bar ;

When it was said by hundreds then

(Although it might not all be true.),

That Jackson County long had been

Their haunt and general rendezvous ;

That other neighboring counties, too,

Contributed their sons to swell

The numbers of that bandit crew,

And other bandit crews as well,—

It is a truth, no sooner had

That raid by Quantrell's men been made,

Than forthwith came that order sad,

Long threatened and till then delayed.

Ah, stern and cruel that decree !

And, oh ! how cruel were the Fates

To those whose dwellings chanced to be

In Jackson County, Cass, or Bates ;

Those three ill fated counties view,

Which once had been so fair and fine—

The northern part of Vernon, too,

All bordering on the Kansas line ;

Those counties, which, ere War had spread

It's cruelties so far and wide,

Were famed abroad, and which were said
To be Missouri's western pride.

But now this Eden of the West,
Which smiled in plenteous beauty's bloom,
Was by this martial order dressed
In desolation and in gloom ;
And citizens, howe'er they grieve,
Of every sex, of every age,
Were given but fifteen days to leave—
Ah, dark that dark historic page !
To leave their homes—each cherished home—
Those homes which gave to some their birth,
And homeless wanderers to roam
Upon a sin and blood stained earth !

Ah, hard the trial, hard indeed—
How well it is remembered yet !
For those who wandered then in need
Those suffering scenes will ne'er forget.
'Twas hard upon her loyal sons,
Who still the Union dearly prized—
'Twas harder on disloyal ones,
Who with the South had sympathized ;
But loyal and disloyal, too,
Were by the order called Eleven
Compelled to bid their homes adieu—
Alike were they in exile driven.

'Tis true 'twas said in that decree,
That they who certainly could prove
A well established loyalty
Might to the garrison remove—
Then some who loyalty did boast,
And some who truly loyal were,
Repaired unto the nearest post,
To live and be protected there.

'Twas small protection they received ;
The most that they of that could boast—
Enrolled as guards, they then relieved
The soldiers stationed at the post.

But far the greater number who
Dwelt in that region doomed to waste,
Got them from home and country too—
Perhaps to be no more possessed ;
A sinking heart in every breast,
In all directions then they moved—
Towards the North, South, East, and West,
As stern necessity behooved.
Sad was the spectacle to see,
And sad and sorrowful the scenes
Of thousands forced from home to flee,
And yet without the needful means.

The hand of War and Theft, it seems,
Before had spoiled and shorn the land,
And only then the poorest teams
And carriages were at command—
Yea, some there were with none at all ;
And they though destitute must go—
What greater hardships could befall,
Or be to them a heavier blow—
The widow and the orphan small,
The aged, infirm, the sick, the frail,
Without a friend on whom to call,
Whose sympathy could then avail !
The time was short—those days fifteen
Were passing rapidly away,
Within which time, as has been seen,
All must that order well obey.

The needful preparations then
By night and day were hurried on—
No Sabbath rest, no Sabbath when
All peace, all quietude had gone ;
Sleep from the eyelids fled away,
The mind, in tossing to and fro,
Still asked the question night and day,
“Oh whither, whither, shall I go ?”

Oh ! how did grief and pain abound
Through those September nights and days,

When weary wanderers were found
On all the roads and public ways,
On every hand, on every side!
On every road which outward led
Was seen the slowly moving tide
Of those who from that region fled;
Through clouds of dust or burning sand,
Their weary way they wended slow,
Away from their dear native land,
Or homes adopted long ago.

The staunch old settlers of the West,
The hardy, gray-haired pioneers,
Who here had lived, and here had passed
Their many laboring, toiling years;
The men, who, thirty years before,
Had come into the western wild,
And through whose labors, more and more,
The wilderness had bloomed and smiled,
Were sundering now the cherished tie
That bound them to those homes so dear—
More dear, as now fond memory's eye
Looks back o'er many a by-gone year.

They, who had seen in wild alarms
This land, so wild and waste at first,
Turned into fair and fruitful farms,
Ere War the land had stained and cursed;
They, who had seen, by slow degrees,
Their numbers once so small increase,
And who with neighbors kind to please
Had lived in harmony and peace—
They and those neighbors now dispersed,
All gone, all banished—every one—
The work of thirty years reversed,
And in a fortnight all undone!
That country full of golden grain,
So lately full of flocks and herds—
A solitary waste again,
Given up to waste, to beasts and birds!

Oh, could the hand a picture draw,
Or could the eye but view the whole,
And see, as the Omniscient saw,
The anguish of each stricken soul;
Or see each mournful incident—
The suffering scenes of sorrow, too,
When those, thus doomed to banishment,
Bade home and friends a long adieu,
It would have moved the stony heart
To sympathize with those who wept,
Or envy those, who, ere the smart,
In death's cold, lasting sleep had slept!

But human tongue can ne'er repeat,
No human mind can ever know,
Or comprehend the aggregate
Of such accumulated woe
As then descended, like a flood,
To whelm the stricken soul with grief—
The souls that manfully withstood
The storms of sorrow past belief.

But though no one has seen it all,
Full many a one has seen his part,
And dark and heavily the pall
Of sorrows pressed on many a heart.

The mother—oh! that mother view,
Whose heart with anguish keen is riven!
Far distant then her husband true,
And she and hers in exile driven;
She and her little ones must roam—
No shelter on the broad, green earth—
Their backs are turned upon the home
That gave those little children birth.
How ill prepared, alas, are they
To move upon the rugged road!
No safe conveyance to convey
Her children from that dear abode—
Naught but an old and worn-out cart,
Without a bed or box to hold

Her household goods or any part,
Or children dearer yet than gold;
The wheels, the shafts, and axle-tree
Were all that then remained of it;
And as for harness, scarce could she
A single trace of harness get—
No covering sheet to shelter them
From sun and from inclement skies;
A hope forlorn that cart did seem
To all but the most trusting eyes.
Their clothing bed, and other things
Were in a bundle firmly bound,
Then fastened on the cart with strings
And ropes that passed them all around.
Her jewels then, the dearest yet,
The children of her love and pride,
Upon the package, there she sat,
And took her station by their side;
Then guiding still, and urging on
The horse so old, so service-worn,
She wept, as they from home were drawn,
With no fond hopes of a return;
How dark and deep was that abyss
Of grief and woe, no tongue can tell—
With others deeper yet than this,
On which it pains the heart to dwell.

'Tis true to such hard straits of need,
Not all, thank Heaven! were then reduced;
But others worse than this indeed
Might then have been and were produced—
Yes, there were widows, poor and lone,
Of earthly friends and help bereft,
Alone, in the cold world alone,
With no protecting refuge left,
Or with dependant daughters there—
What sadder sight to see than they!
Not even a horse or cart to bear
Their little all of goods away.
And as they sought some poor abode,
Beyond that region desolate,

They walked the dusty, crowded road,
With faltering steps and feeble gait ;
That road with wearied steps they tread,
Their feet now bare and worn and sore—
A cow perhaps behind them led,
Or driven slowly on before ;
A bundle small—'tis all they now
Have strength to bear away from hence—
Another bound upon the cow,
Their choice effects the small contents.

'Twas thus, in eighteen sixty-three,
When driven from their cherished home,
The people of those counties three,
As exiles then, were forced to roam ;
Though sharp and poignant was the sting,
They yielded to the cruel Fates ;
Some went to counties neighboring,
While others went to distant States—
The fruits of toil, the work of taste,
As might in truth be well supposed,
By them abandoned in their haste—
All, all to ruin left exposed !

Their houses, farms and orchards, then,
With many a dear memento graced,
The harvested and growing grain
Were left to spoil or go to waste—
The cherished spots, the peaceful bowers,
Where infancy had passed away,
The garden and its blooming flowers
Were left to wither and decay !
Domestic fowls, domestic brutes,
Of many a favorite breed and kind,
The vineyard and its luscious fruits—
All these and more were left behind ;
Yes, sadder yet—with objects still
Than those by far, by far more dear,
Some parted then, who never will
Those objects see again fore'er.

Sad memory yet, though many suns
Have run their rounds, will call to mind
The day when fathers, husbands, sons,
Were to one common grave consigned ;
When those bereft in anguish deep
Were forced to leave their homes, and them
To sleep in Death's cold, lasting sleep—
The autumn winds their requiem.

Yes, memory backward still will tend
To that September Sabbath day—
The time was hasting to an end
When all must leave or disobey ;
By far the greatest part had gone—
A few remained behind, and those
Made preparation from the dawn
To leave before the day should close.

Those families—but few they were—
By kindred ties together bound,
Old citizens together there —
And few more quiet could be found ;
As preparation still they made
The cruel mandate to obey,
A band of soldiers came and bade
Those men to march with them away,
A little way, scarce out of sight—
Their place of execution found ;
Six of the eight were killed outright,
And left upon the bloody ground—*

Ah, sad and sorrowful the scene !
Methinks I see it even now :
A youth, a lad of seventeen,
With smiles upon his sunny brow,
A widow's doting son was he,
Her stay, support, and comfort then—
Cold, cold in death that son ! and she
Will see him ne'er on earth again.

*This incident occurred on the 6th of September, 1863, an account of which was published in the *Missouri Republican*, of the 11th of the same month.

Another man I seem to see,
Of more than three score years and ten—
The blood upon his hair of gray,
As it was witnessed even then ;
Two other fathers, who had passed
Their fifty years of life and more ;
Two younger fathers lifeless cast,
And weltering in life's purple gore—
All, all cut down, together slain !
And, oh ! cut down at such a time—
The young, the old, and yet again
The men of vigor in their prime ;
Their families, grief-stricken now,
Of loved and cherished ones bereft,
Compelled to leave their homes—but how ?
Oh, what of hope or comfort left !
Their cup of grief seemed full before
Of bitterness, even to the brink ;
But now that cup was running o'er,
And they that bitter draught must drink.
The floods passed o'er their heads that day
As wave still follows after wave—
Scarce help enough had they to lay
Those loved and lost ones in the grave.

Let Fancy's hand portray the scene,
And with reality compare :
The wretched group, with anguish keen,
Assembled round the fallen there ;
There, hard beside those murdered ones—
If I may use so harsh a word—
From widowed wives and orphaned sons
The wailing notes of grief were heard.
Imagine now that sire so old,
Whose grief no balm could sooth or 'suage ;
Three score and fifteen years had told
His weary, toiling pilgrimage,
And he, in life's long, devious way,
Had passed through many a trial sore—
But in the evening of his day
A sorer one than e'er before.

Two sons—his only sons—he saw
Cold, cold in death and side by side—
A grandson and a son-in-law,
Whose blood the herbage green had dyed ;
A neighbor kind, whose paling suns,
Like his, had passed the noon of life,
The father of his younger son's
Now stricken, widowed, weeping wife ;
Another neighboring kinsman, too—
Hard, hard the trial to endure !
But what his feeble hands could do,
He did to give them sepulture.
No neighbors kind his hand to aid,
Excepting two, whose lives were spared,
And by those hands the slain were laid
Within the shallow graves prepared ;
In that rude grave, in bloody dress,
Without a dirge or funeral knell,
They laid them down all coffinless,
Hard by the spot on which they fell.
Then leaving them in death's long sleep,
As now the evening sun declined—
Oppressed with gloom and sorrows deep,
They left those fallen ones behind.

Now would you see, on Fancy's page,
That aged sire, as forth he led
The partner of his youth and age,
The mother of the buried dead ?
She, who, for fifty years and more,
Had borne with him life's toils and cares,
Then with him came from out the door,
Where they had lived for thirty years.
Ah, yes, and see those widows, too—
Five widows all so lately made,
Deprived in one short hour or two
Of those on whom their hopes were stayed ;
With sinking and desponding mind,
And weeping orphans gathered round,
They bid adieu to all behind,
Not knowing where or whither bound.

I see the mournful cavalcade,
The small procession moving slow—
As hastened on the evening shade,
When evening sun was sinking low ;
With preparation badly made,
Conveyances both small and rude,
A long adieu again they bade—
And all behind was solitude.

No fancy sketch nor idle dream
The incidents my pen relates.
How many citizens, I deem,
In Jackson County, Cass, and Bates,
Can now go back in memory—
Call up those griefs so manifold,
And testify, and say with me
The half has never yet been told !

That gloomy fortnight passed away—
The wheel of time still moving on—
And when expired the fifteenth day,
The suffering citizens were gone ;
The mandate had been well obeyed,
Depopulation's work was done,
And Ruin's hand not long delayed,
Ere its destructive work begun.

Deprived of its bold peasantry,
The land to hastening ills a prey—
Gone all that brought prosperity—
How swift, how rapid its decay !
And where was that bold peasantry—
The country's wealth, the country's pride—
When one short month had passed away ?
Dispersed and scattered far and wide !
Those who together dwelt for years,
Some who had been together nursed—
Far sundered, and those pioneers
In different regions all dispersed !
'Mongst strangers, in a land of strife,
Their suffering lots apart were cast,

And bitter was that bitter life,
Contrasted with the by-gone past.

As when to Babylon the Jews
Were borne a conquered, captive band,
They sat beneath the willow trees,
And mourned a desolated land ;
So did Missouri's exiles then,
In eighteen hundred sixty-three,
With heavy hearts, go sighing when
Their harps they hung upon the tree.

The hymns of praise which long ago
With true devotion they had sung,
When now essayed, would sink so low,
And faltering, die upon the tongue ;
The bosom oft would heave with pain,
Or from the eye would start the tear
When'er that well remembered strain
Of " Home, sweet home," fell on the ear.
Full well the joys of happy homes
Could they in truth appreciate,
When they were homeless, and their homes
Were empty, waste, and desolate.

How wild and desolate the scene
Which then appeared unto the view !
A solitary waste was seen
By travellers, in passing through,
From north to south for eighty miles—
The length of that deserted land ;
That land which once was decked in smiles
Lay lonely as the desert sand.
Except near garrison or post,
No sign of civil life was seen—
A passing traveller at most,
And they now few and far between ;
But bands of soldiers raided o'er
The land in desolation dressed,
And guerrilla bandits, as before,
Did still the wasted land infest ;

The goods and chattels which had been
For want of transportation left,
Were taken by marauders then,
Or by the cowardly hand of theft.

Another dire affliction sore
Soon fell on that ill-fated land,
Which spread unchecked the country o'er,
With naught its progress to withstand ;
'Twas after frosts of autumn came
And killed the grass and herbage green,
When sun and winds had dried the same—
The raging prairie fires were seen.
They swept across the prairies wide,
And through the farms deserted there—
The billowy flames like ocean's tide—
And left them fenceless, brown, and bare ;
The houses, farms, and orchards too,
Were, by the conflagration dire,
Consumed in places not a few,
And naught remained but marks of fire.

The labors of the yeomanry,
The fruits of many years of toil—
In one brief hour all swept away
From off the bare and blackened soil ;
'Tis sad to contemplate the scene,
'Twas sadder then that scene to view—
The land in nakedness was seen,
With naught its verdure to renew.

'Twas then, when weeks had come and gone,
Since first the exodus began,
There came, at chill November's dawn,
With wearied steps, an aged man,
Returning, as it were, by stealth
To where misfortune dire had come,
To view the wreck of former wealth,
To see a desolated home.

The fencing round his farm was gone ;
The fire had swept it all away,
And hurrying through the orchard on,
Had left it withering in decay ;
The dwelling which with youthful hands,
Long time ago, he builded there,
Now lay in ashes, coals, and brands—
The wreck of earthly visions fair ;
His barns and granaries no more,
His crops of grain and hay consumed,
A visage dark the landscape wore,
Which in its beauty lately bloomed.

Another one, who, in his haste,
Had left his flocks and herds behind,
Returned when weeks away had passed,
To seek and save what he could find ;
Than some by far more fortunate,
He found his lonely dwelling there ;
But oh ! how darkly desolate
That dwelling and surroundings were.

He passed through each now empty room,*
Which echoed back his voice again—
A solitude so full of gloom,
Where'er he turned, appeared to reign ;
And still that silence so intense
Was rendered deeper, more profound,
By knowing all were banished hence,
That this was now forbidden ground.
The crowing of domestic fowls,
The bleating of the flocks of sheep,
The bark of dogs, their solemn howls,
Appeared to make the gloom more deep ;
The herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs,
In those few weeks, so wild had grown
They fled away ; and even dogs
Would scarce their master's presence own.

* See The Exile's Lament.

The fencing down, his farm seemed lost—
All wasting his ungathered grain,
While orchard fruits, touched by the frost,
Lay rotting in the sun and rain.
He visited the homes, so lone,
Of those who once his neighbors were ;
But they, those neighbors kind, were gone,
And none to bid him welcome there ;
For though the doors were open then,
The rooms all tenantless he found,
While gloomy silence reigned within,
And wasting solitude around—
'Twas lonely, lonely everywhere,
Upon the then untravelled roads ;
But lonelier, more lonely far
In those untenanted abodes.

He passed the little village through,
He walked its lone and silent street—
That street was then deserted too,
And bore no marks of human feet.
Abandoned every dwelling-place ;
Abandoned every shop and store ;
And Desolation's frowning face
Seemed scowling out from every door.

He passed the church, that sacred place
Where often he had bowed in prayer ;
But weeks and months had fled apace,
Since worshipers assembled there ;
How many months, or years complete,
How many, many weary days,
Before those worshipers shall meet
Within that church for prayer and praise !

Another one, when chillingly
Cold Winter spread his mantle o'er
That land deserted, came to see
The home where he had dwelt before ;
The snows of winter, cold and deep,
Around and on each dwelling lay,

As o'er the rough, unbroken sweep,
Through driving snows he made his way.
The howling storm blocked up his way—
He felt the cold's intensity ;
Ah, who can e'er forget that day,
The last of eighteen sixty-three ;
No cheerful, blazing fires were there
Within the dwellings which he passed,
But empty, cheerless, bleak, and bare,
As round them howled the bitter blast.
Successively he passed them by,
The hospitable homes of men
Who ne'er perhaps will occupy
Those hospitable homes again ;
And as those cheerless homes he passed,
His thoughts, so sad, still sadder grew,
Till his own home he reached at last,
To find it lone and cheerless too ;
The wailings of the dying year,
The winds from out the evening's gloom—
The only sounds to greet his ear,
The only welcome to his home.

"It was not always thus," he sighed ;
"There was a time, nor long ago,
Ere War, upon secession's tide,
Brought desolation, death, and woe,
That from this now deserted hearth
The light of cheerfulness was spread ;
When wife and children joined their mirth
With friends, now numbered with the dead.
But they, those happy days, have flown,
And now the days are dark and drear ;
While in my empty house alone,
I wait and watch the dying year."

'Twas there, in days gone by, that he
And those he loved and held most dear
Had watched with hope's expectancy
The coming of a bright new year ;

But oh, how changed ! no prattling tongue
Was heard within the tempest's pause ;
No childish hand its stockings hung
To catch the gifts of Santa Claus.
And when the New Year morn appeared,
A colder one sure never blew ;
A colder wind had never stirred
The leafless groves he hurried through,
As burthened with his griefs and woes,
And blinded by his tears and pain,
Returning through the drifted snow,
He sought his loved ones once again.

'Twas later in Time's calendar,
While Winter yet held vigorous reign—
There walked the hills of Sni-a-bar
A female known as crazy Jane.
Poor crazy Jane ! 'Twas long ago,
And in the sunny morn of life,
She came where Sni's clear waters flow,
And there became a loving wife ;
To husband, and to children too,
Love's silken cord then bound her heart.
Ill fortune cut that cord in two,
And bore those loving ones apart.

Time passed ; she lived, but reason fled—
A harmless maniac was she ;
From place to place she went, 'twas said,
To seek her long-lost children three ;
She went, she came without debar,
And strangers oftentimes would meet
Poor crazy Jane, of Sni-a-bar,
On public road or village street.

At intervals of time and space,
The weather foul, the weather fair,
Would find her near the old home place,
Still wandering back and forward there.

An interval of years had passed
Since they had seen her face so plain,
And citizens had almost ceased
To speak or think of crazy Jane ;
But when the land was lying waste,
And all its citizens were gone,
She came, those paths again she traced,
Still by those strange impulses drawn—
The last, last visit to the home
Where she had passed youth's happy days ;
The last, last time her feet will roam
The old and still remembered ways.

It never, never can be known
How far, how long she wandered there,
For she was all alone, alone,
With none to witness her despair.
A few there were—some very few—
Who, in their solitary way,
When passing that lone desert through,
Had met the hopeless Mrs. Gray ;
And piteously she made complaint,
That none to her would ope the door,
Though she from hunger then was faint,
And from the cold was suffering sore.

Night followed night, day followed day ;
And still she wandered up and down,
Still farther on she made her way,
Beyond the then deserted town ;
On, onward still, her footsteps tend ;
She walked as through a wilderness—
No human eye to see the end
Of that lone journey of distress.
That journey ended when or how
The great Omniscient only knows ;
All that we know, or can know now—
It ended ere the winter's close.

Within a farmer's dwelling lone,
Beyond the County's southern bound,

Up in a garret, there is shown
The spot where crazy Jane was found ;
That dwelling lone, that garret cold,
Had witnessed her expiring breath ;
But they nor aught will e'er unfold
The secret of that lonely death.
Whether by wasting and disease,
Whether by hunger, thirst, or cold ;
Or from a cause more sad than these,
Has never yet, nor will be told.

But yet imagination keen
Can pierce the darkness and the gloom,
And vividly portray the scene
Of death in that small upper room ;
Or taking wings, the spirit trace
From garret cold to shining Heaven,
Where joys eternal took the place
Of suffering caused by order Eleven.

But time would fail—we need not dwell,
Or longer yet delineate
The pains and hardships which befell
Those in that region situate ;
But many thousands yet there be,
Who travel o'er those scenes in thought,
Troublous scenes of sixty-three,
Which " Order Number Eleven " wrought.
By military force constrained,
All drank of that same bitter cup ;
Some to the dregs the goblet drained,
And swallowed every bitter drop.
And did they suffer thus for naught,
Enduring ills with fortitude ?
Was Order Eleven only fraught
With ill, without attendant good ?

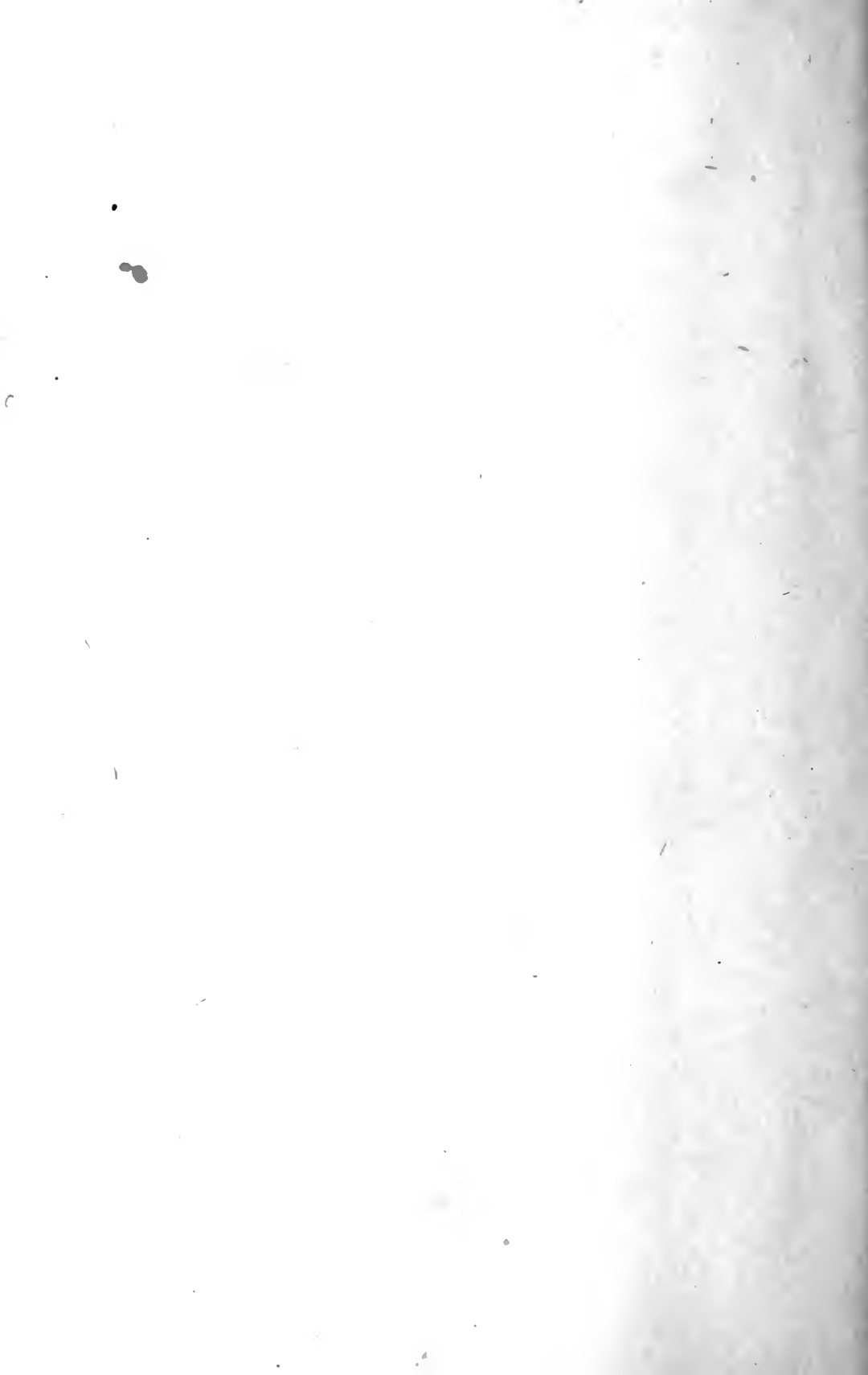
We may not say, for human ken
Can never see within the shade,
And tell what evils might have been,
Had that stern order ne'er been made ;

But those who witnessed those events,
Those thousand hearts with sorrows riven,
All viewed them as the consequence
Of Ewing's "Order Number Eleven."

And if it should be said to-day,
As some perhaps will say it should,
That private interest should not weigh
Against the general public good ;
That all those separate griefs and woes
Were given with the best intent,
To rid the land of public foes,
And benefit the Government—

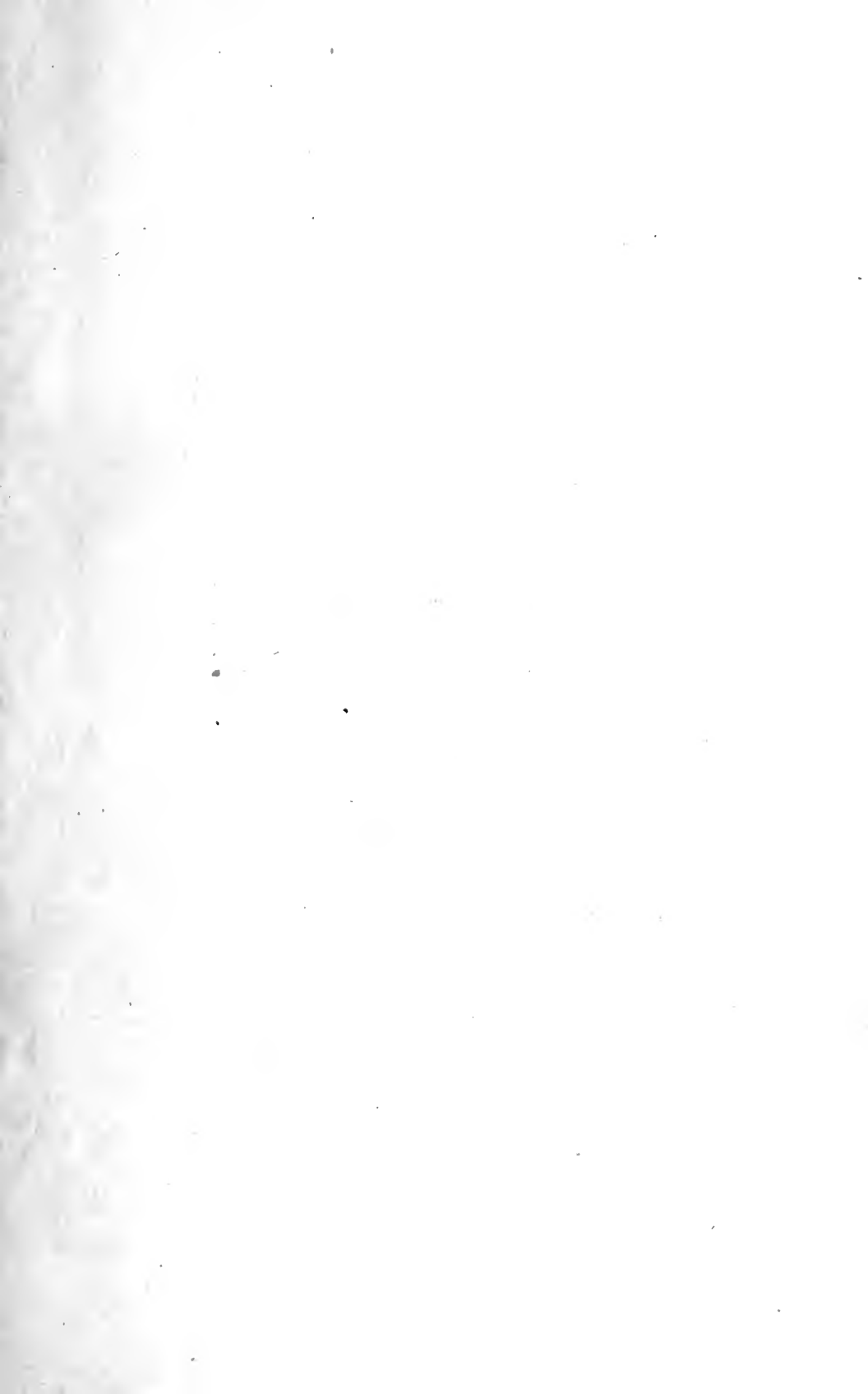
We ask, shall Government benign
Take what our bill of rights defends,
And private property assign
To public use without amends ?
Shall they, those loyal pioneers,
Who long ago this region sought,
Who labored and who toiled for years
On lands so wild, which then they bought ;
Bought from that Government which late,
By agents, drove them homeless hence—
Must they now bow—yield to their fate,
Nor dare to ask a recompense ?
And will that Government for which
The sacrifice was *asked* and *made*
Deny to all, deny to each
The claim so just, so long delayed ?
Forbid it Heaven ! oh, Justice, wake !
No longer let thy hands withhold
The means which, well applied, might make
Amends for ills so manifold !











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